AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

NEW ZEALAND $5.50*
OCTOBER 1985 • $3.75*

SOCCEROOS: WORLD CUP OR BUST

ADELAIDE REVS UP FOR THE GRAND PRIX

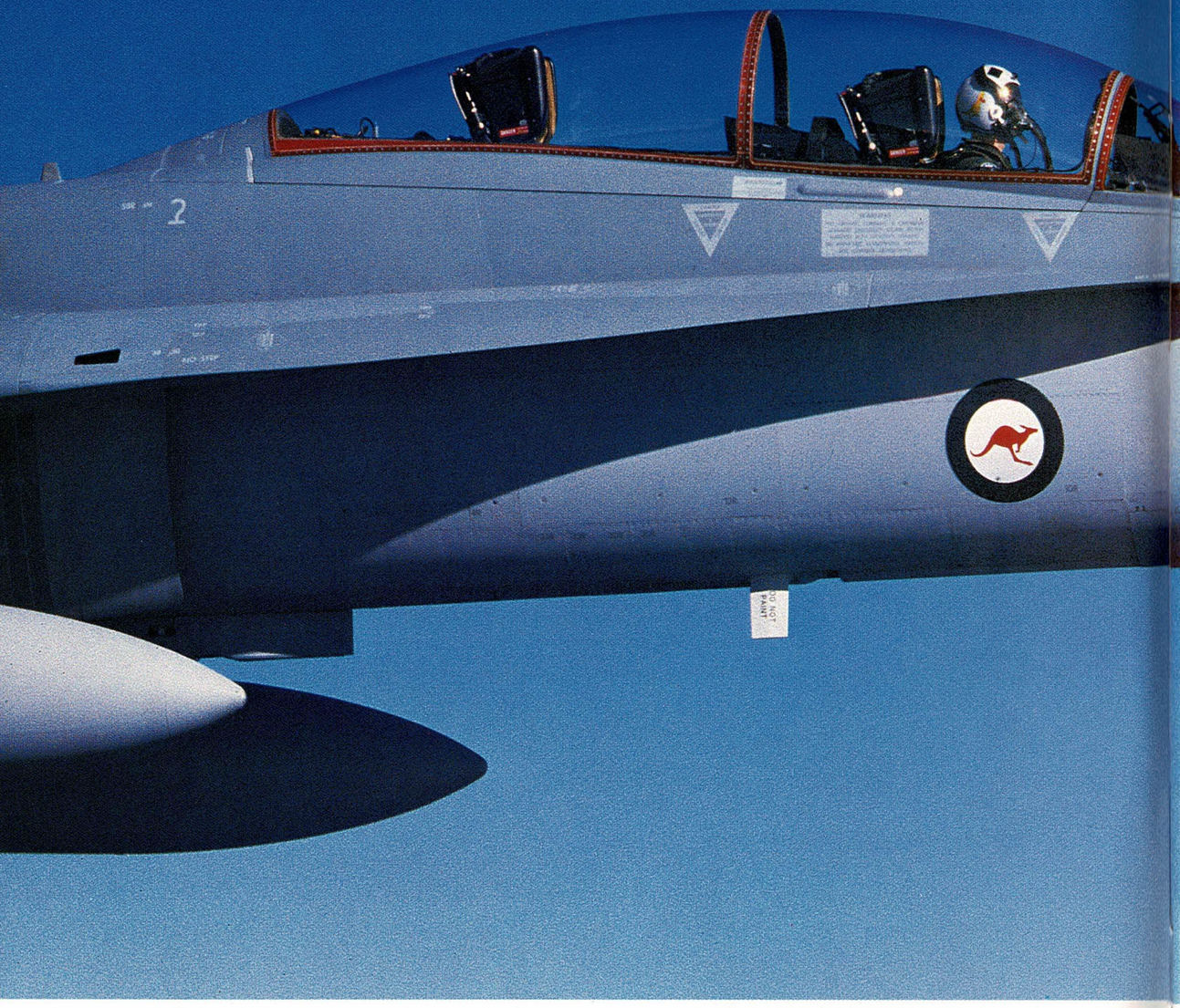
THE WALTONS: JOHN BOY'S SISTER IN A GROWN-UP NUDE PICTORIAL

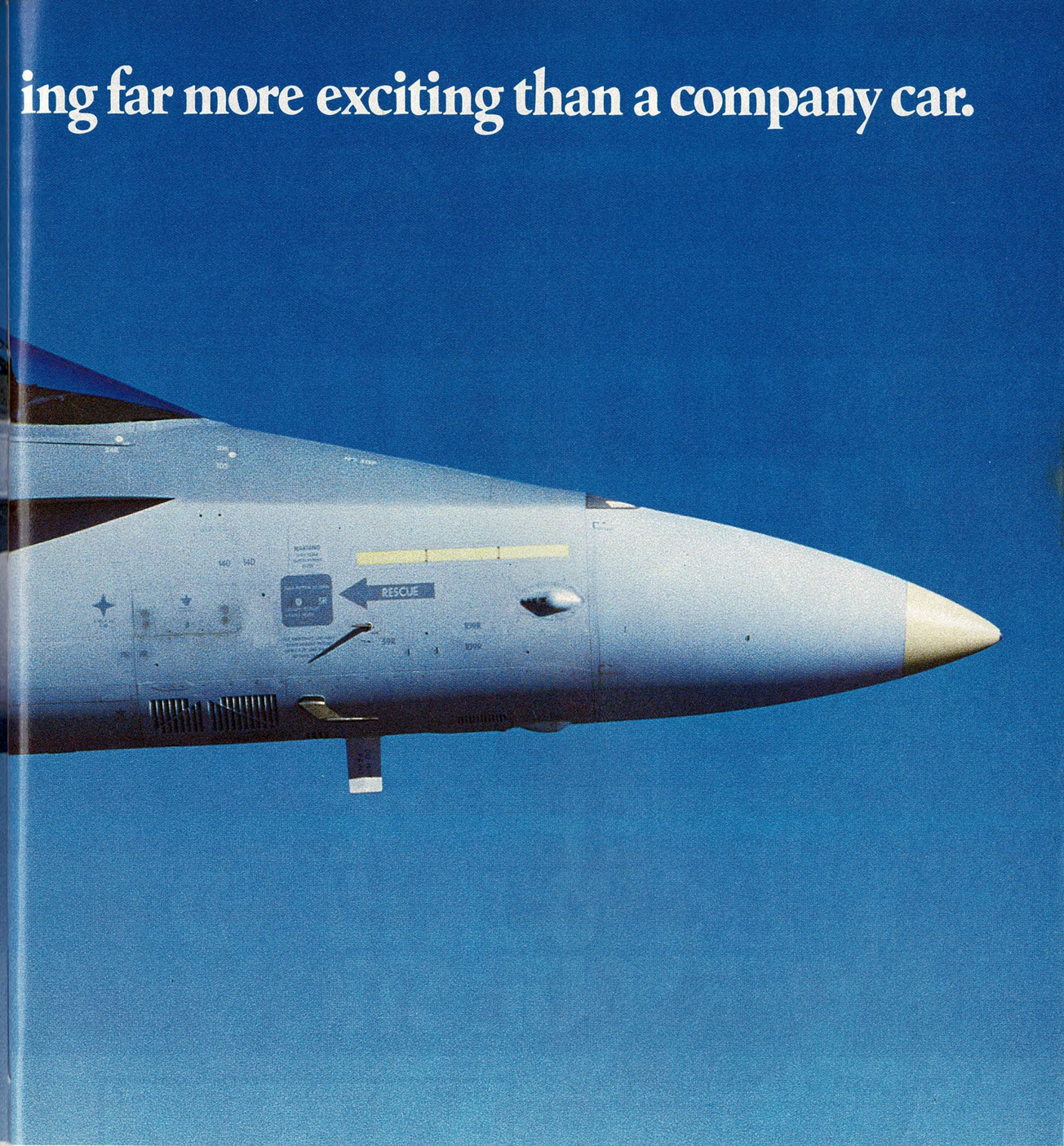
INTERVIEW: BRIAN TOOHEY, THE MOST HATED MAN IN CANBERRA

MULTIPLE MALE ORGASMS

MOVIE MAGIC: HOW THOSE AMAZING SPECIAL EFFECTS WORK

We'll put you in the driver's seat of someth ing far more exciting than a company car.





When an RAAF pilot says he's heading home, it's not behind a steering wheel.

Chances are, he'll have just completed a mission.

Taking a Hornet to the outer limits of its performance in simulated air-to-air combat.

Scanning the oceans for renegade foreign fishing trawlers in a P3C Orion Maritime Surveillance Aircraft.

Hoisting flood victims to safety with a new Squirrel chopper.

Or flying low-level strike/reconnaisance runs in a supersonic swing-wing F111.

Few, if any, careers can offer a bright young man such opportunity.

Not to mention excitement.

Together with the Navigator Tactician and Airborne Electronics Analyst, the Pilot forms a close-knit team called Aircrew.

The spearhead of Australia's air defence.

And like the Navigator Tactician and AEA, the Pilot is an expert on avionics, the theory of flight, physics.

It's a thrilling, well paid career with excellent security. And it could take you all around the world.

To apply, you must be at least 17 and under 27. You must have completed Year 12 with good passes in specific subjects.

You must also be an Australian citizen.*

If you meet our selection requirements, you'll be in the air within the year. Flying to work.

*Or eligible to become one.

Send off this coupon now to find out more about your career as an RAAF Pilot.
To: RAAF Careers, GPO Box XYZ (in the Capital City nearest you).

Name _____

Address _____

_____ Postcode _____

Date of Birth _____ Highest Educ. level attained _____ or being studied _____

Or phone an RAAF Careers Adviser on Adelaide 212 1455. Brisbane 226 2626. Canberra 82 2333. Geelong 211588. Hobart 34 7077 Launceston 311005. Melbourne 697 9755. Newcastle 26 3011. Parramatta 635 1511. Perth 325 6222. Sydney 219 5555. Townsville 72 4566. Wollongong 28 1855.

PILOT

Authorised by Director-General of Recruiting, Dept. of Defence. AFAC 100.DPS.85

GENIE HEADERS KEEPS YOUR HAND OFF YOUR STICK.

Most 4WD vehicles hate hills. Mainly due to inefficient, restrictive exhaust manifolds.

And having to constantly change gears can be a pain in the arm as well as the pocket.

If you fit a set of Genie headers, you'll increase horsepower by up to 25%, improve performance, fuel economy, and your engine runs cooler and more efficiently.

And Genie headers won't crack under the strain of tough off-roading. To prove it, you'll get a 2 year replacement guarantee.

Fit a Genie. You'll flatten hills, and flatten bills.

Available for nearly all 4WD vehicles from exhaust and retail outlets.

For further information and free 'Facts about Headers' booklet send to: Freepost No. 7, Genie Products Corporation Pty. Ltd., 38 Holland Street, Thebarton, S.A. 5031.

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode.....

Phone No. .....

GENIE

DDB GPC 18 PB

ADELAIDE (08) 352 6088 • SYDNEY (02) 534 3344 • NEWCASTLE (049) 69 2683 • MELBOURNE (03) 350 6277 • BRISBANE (07) 359 8022 • PERTH (09) 330 6526 • DARWIN (089) 27 5771

PLAYBILL

If variety is the spice of life, then this month's Australian PLAYBOY is as fiery as a Madras curry. Such tasty, topical ingredients as soccer, survival in the '80s, sex, special effects and sports scholarships all add up to devilishly diverse October reading.

The first Australian Grand Prix takes place in Adelaide next month and there's a deal of scepticism about whether the City Of Churches will cope with the power, pace and pandemonium of such a major sporting event. In two special reports, **Rob Luck** looks at the Formula One front runners, and **Paul Mann** ponders whether SA Premier John Bannon has pulled off a mighty coup or an almighty cock-up with the great race. **Alex Lavroff** has supplied the powerful artwork.

Remember Mary Ellen from TV's *The Waltons?* Little Miss Walton may have been one of the sweetest, humblest and noblest people you'd ever hope to meet, but actress Judy Norton-Taylor, who played the role of Mary Ellen, is an ambitious fun-loving girl who's anxious to shed that goody-goody image. Her very adult pictorial in this issue is a great start!

Back on the sporting front, **Neil Jameson** meets Frank Arok, coach of the Socceroos, and looks at Australia's chances of making it to Mexico for the World Cup finals in 1986. His thought-provoking feature, *Shooting For The Big Time,* has been illustrated by **Mike Golding.**

Writer **Chris West** has been checking out a few firearms shops in the US, dipping into *Soldier Of Fortune* magazine, and coming to the conclusion that survival in the '80s is a matter of life and death. Still, we know they're all whacko in the States and it couldn't happen here. . . or could it? Now that West is back home in Australia, he's convinced that it's every man for himself.

On a far more frivolous note, in *Sink Or Swim* **Colin Bowles** imparts some very funny advice on how to make it as a yachtie. All you need is a boat, plenty of frisky women, cold beer and mad mates. Any knowledge of actual sailing, he advises, is purely incidental.

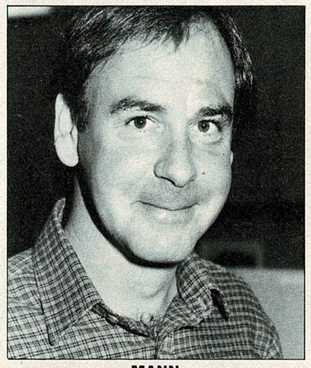
Are you a Mr MOM? No, not a wimpy house-husband, a multiply orgasmic male. If you don't know but would sure as hell like to find out, then **Steve Bunk**'s lively *Tapping The Big O* is required reading. **Nigel Buchanan** crafted the art. And while we're on the subject of discovery, don't miss *How Did They Do That?*, our feature on movie special effects. We've also included a fun quiz to test how closely you've been watching all those galactic goings-on.

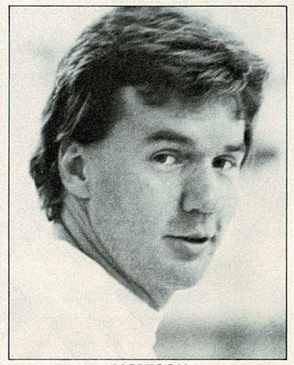
Miss October, Yvonne Jaeger, will put you to a test of a different sort: whether you can bear to turn the pages past her sizzling pictorial spread. We figure you'll have the same problems with Sydney's sultry Jenna Bourke who has been expertly photographed by **Graham Monro.**

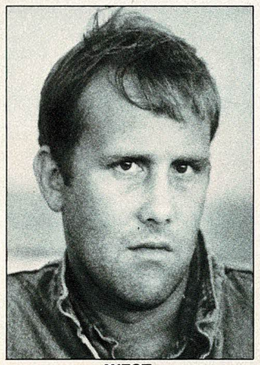
In the Playboy Interview for October, we confront Australia's most notorious newshound, Brian Toohey. As editor of *The National Times,* Toohey has been instrumental in breaking a whole series of stories which have led him to be called "the most hated man in Canberra". Our probing interview reveals why.

Richard Beckett has come up with some spirited drinks to keep you fit, our monthly Sport column deals with the US system of sports scholarships and their possible application Down Under, **Susan Kurosawa**'s Women column tackles the plight of the walking wounded, and our regular pages on Money, Men and Showbiz present a ton of informative reading.

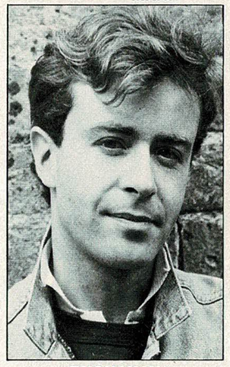
As we promised, the spice of variety is our keynote this month. We guarantee there's enough red-hot reading and electrifying women to keep your tastebuds tingling all month long.


MANN

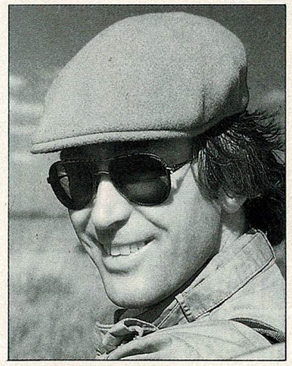

JAMESON

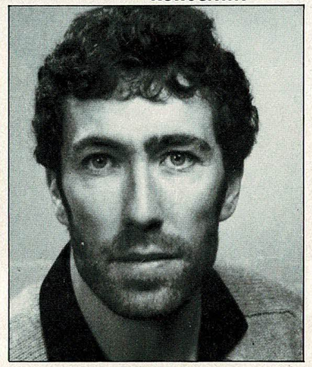

WEST

KUROSAWA


BUCHANAN

BUNK


LUCK


BOWLES

CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1985 • COVER: VANESSA BRUCE. PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB WATSON

DEAR PLAYBOY.....9
AFTER HOURS 11
STREETLIFE 12
MONEY 16
MEN.....18
WOMEN 19
SHOWBIZ 22
SPORT 26

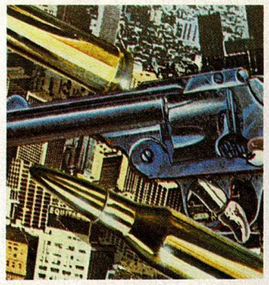
29
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
Australia's most notorious investigative journalist, Brian Toohey, on spies, scandals and corruption in high places.

36
IN THE FAST LANE
A driver's eye view of winning Australia's first Grand Prix.

41
THE PUNCH IN JUDY

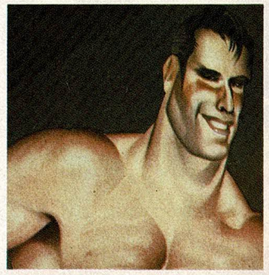
Judy Norton-Taylor who played Mary Ellen in *The Waltons* has grown up and how!

46
EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF



Survival in the '80s is a matter of life and death.

50
TAPPING THE BIG O
Any man can become a multiply orgasmic male.



53
GEMINI RISING
The stars foretell a fabulous future for Playmate Of The Month Yvonne Jaeger.

66
SHOOTING FOR THE BIG TIME
It's glory or extinction as our Socceroos fight for a place in the 1986 World Cup finals.

71
HOW DID THEY DO THAT?
Behind the scenes with the wizards of movie special effects.

76
SINK OR SWIM
How to make it as a yachtie.

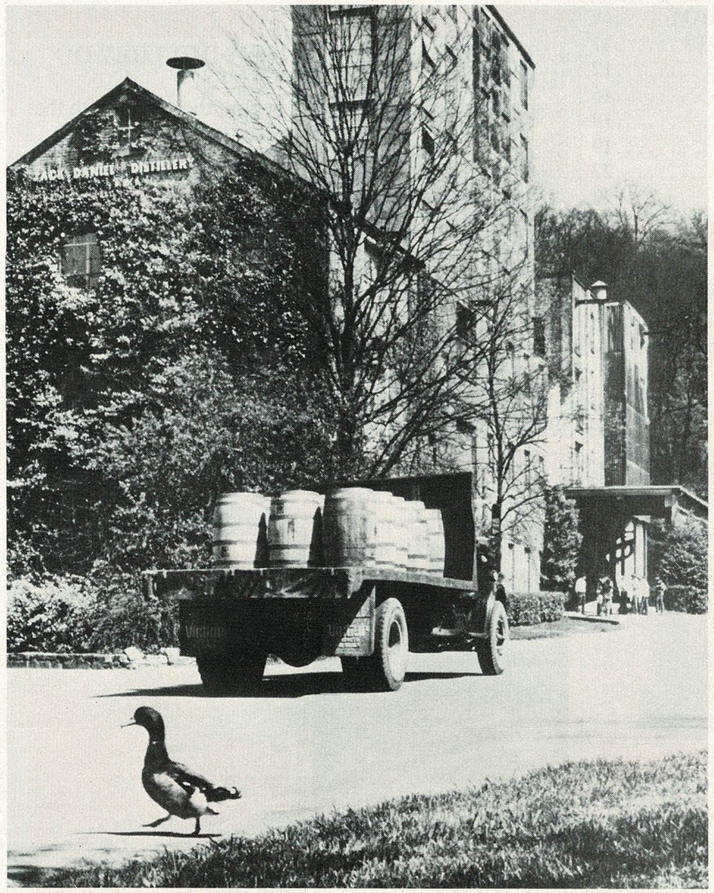
81
GOING MY WAY
Sydney's Jenna Bourke is a girl on the go.

88
HEALTH KICKS
Spirited drinks to keep you fit.

94
THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

Can Adelaide hack the power, pace and pandemonium of the Formula One performers?

116
SEX
Up-to-the-minute info from around the world.



A TIRED DUCK finds a quiet home abounding with cool limestone water and fine grain in Jack Daniel's Hollow.

Every so often, a newcomer discovers the Hollow and settles down to enjoy our quiet, unhurried way of life. You see, we never bustle around much, for we make an old-time Tennessee Whiskey, slowly charcoal mellowed to a sippin' smoothness. We think that makes a lot of patience worthwhile. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll agree.

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4157/85 JWT644.P286K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

PHILIP MASON
publisher and editor-in-chief

EDITORIAL
SUSAN KUROSAWA chief copy editor; TONY LOVE features editor; GRAHAM BARRY copy editor; ROB LUCK motoring editor; VITEK fashion editor; MIKE AGOSTINI sports editor; ALICIA LARRIERA editorial assistant; IAN TONKIN proof-reader; NEIL JAMESON, PHIL JARRATT, PAUL MANN senior contributing editors; RICHARD BECKETT, RENNIE ELLIS, CRAIG McGREGOR, STEVEN SCHWARTZ contributing editors.

ART
TIM DONNELLAN art director; TONI HOPE-CATEN assistant art director.

ADVERTISING
BARRY STEWART national sales director; GORDON HINDS senior sales executive; AMANDA EYLES sales executive; BELINDA BRADFORD fashion co-ordinator; ANGIE DASKALAKIS assistant to the sales director; CHRISTINE HART advertising assistant; CHERYL BROWN advertising production; victorian sales GEOFF WOODSIDE (03 63 1811); queensland CLAUDE OLIVE (07 229 7744); south australia SYMONS MEDIA (08 31 5135); western australia RAY BURNS (09 322 2066); japan RAYMOND F. FALK (tokyo 545 3977); usa DEFILIPPES CORPORATION (212 697 8185).

PRODUCTION
MONIQUE PASILOW production co-ordinator.

FINANCE
PHILIPPA BRENNAN accountant; PHYLLIS AGIOS accounts receivable; ANASTASIA BATSILAS accounts payable.

MARKETING
LYNDA PRINCE promotions manager; LYNN SOWMAN subscription manager.

PLAYBOY USA
HUGH M. HEFNER editor and publisher; LEE HALL director, international publishing; HARESH SHAH assistant director, international publishing; MARIAN BUSSIE, JEAN CONNELL, JUDIE FELDMAN rights and traffic.

AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is published 12 times a year by Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 6566. Telex: 72964) on behalf of Frantonell Pty Ltd. The magazine is photoset by Anna Pappas Typographics Pty Ltd, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010 (Telephone: 02 331 7246), printed in Hong Kong by Toppan Printing Co (HK) Ltd and distributed by Network Distribution Co, Sydney (Telephone: 02 268 0666).

©1985 Mason Stewart Publishing Pty Ltd ©1985 PLAYBOY as to material published in the August and September 1985 issues of US PLAYBOY. PLAYBOY Rabbit Head design and Playmate are marks of Playboy Enterprises Inc (US). All manuscripts, photographs and other material submitted to Australian PLAYBOY must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Contributions are submitted at the sender's risk and Australian PLAYBOY cannot accept responsibility for loss or damage. Articles reflect the personal opinions of the author and not necessarily those of the publisher. Price in Australia $3.75. New Zealand $5.50*. *Recommended and maximum price only. Annual subscription rates: Australia, $42.00; Overseas, $A52.00 (by surface mail).

CREDITS:
Jenna Bourke pictorial: leather clothing by Valenti; shoes from Raymond Castle's; furs by Bernhard Hammerman; lingerie from Can-Can; Buick "Wildcat" owned by Gavin Borthwick. Cover: shorts by adiaction Just Sport, Sydney.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

VIVE LES CENTREFOLDS!

For some time I have been meaning to write and congratulate you on taking sex seriously! But what has finally prompted me to write is that I've heard a rumor the centrefold will soon be relegated to history.

When I was 16, PLAYBOY showed me hints of mysteries undreamed of. It guided myself and many others through the sexual wilderness, always providing pleasure but never exceeding the bounds of good taste.

I am now approaching 40 and consider PLAYBOY as much a part of civilisation as the Beatles or the Pope. I will miss the role the centrefold has played in my life. I hope Australian PLAYBOY will fight a rear-guard action against what I consider is a very sad sign of the times.

Charlie Boyle,
Norwood, SA.

No need for nostalgia, Charlie! The rumor you heard relates only to the US edition of PLAYBOY. Our American cousins have adopted a new method of binding the magazine and have surgically removed the staples from the Playmates' navels. We at Australian PLAYBOY will be staying with our existing format — never fear, the centrefold remains intact — Ed.

LIGHT ON FACTS?

As a private pilot I welcome the advent of ultralight craft and the concomitant possibilities of keeping down flying costs. But I would like to correct the false impressions generated by your article, *Charge Of The Light Brigade*, by Rob Luck in the May issue.

Your writer's view of the relationship of stalling speed and landing was simplistic and misleading. Insufficient attention was given to the vulnerability of ultralights in strong winds and turbulence. I feel the projections of range and carrying capacity of these machines were rather optimistically stated. Your cost comparison chart failed to take account of the second-hand prices of small light aircraft and got one fuel price completely wrong.

Ultralights are exciting for recreational purposes but they have extremely restricted general application.

L.T. Cullen,
Fisher, ACT.

Rob Luck replies: The article showed that ultralights are an affordable form of recreational flying. Our cost chart clearly stated there was no intended comparison with light aircraft, and safety statistics from latest sources were supplied. We acknowledge the limitations of these aircraft for general aviation and trust that other readers will be alert to these factors.

BEST OF THE WEST

It's an absolute knockout to see that Aussie PLAYBOY is featuring so many gorgeous women from our State of Excitement. I was very impressed with your choice of sultry Susan Dean as Playmate Of The Year (and the pictures of her in your April issue are fantastic) and equally as pleased with your presentation of Sheree Allbeury in the August issue (great cover, too).

I've always believed that Western Australia has the best-looking women in Australia. How about a Girls Of Perth pictorial? And how about a picture of Sheree on the Dear Playboy page?

Anthony Wilson,
East Perth, WA.

Thanks, Anthony, and all your fellow sandgropers who've written in congratulating Susan on her win. And we're delighted to offer you a further taste of sweet Sheree — Ed.

RABBIT-HUNTING

I wish to congratulate you, not only for your numerous regular pages, great pictorials, the entertaining and informative interviews and funny cartoons, but for something else that perhaps some of your readers are not aware of.

It's the hidden bunny on the cover: the very first thing I do when I get each issue is to scour the cover. I go over every millimetre of it in search of that elusive rabbit head. It's absolutely ingenious. Sometimes my friends and I take up to 15 minutes to find it. Your February 1985 issue proves that to the sceptics!

Mark Vlasowski,
Boronia, Vic.

PAL OR PARASITE?

Nobody, simply nobody, calls New Zealand a parasite and gets away with it. Good journalists are something of a rarity. Feather-brained scribblers have to resort to sick humor and sarcasm to make a story.

I refer, of course, to your article on New Zealand in the May issue of Australian PLAYBOY. It is indeed unfortunate that a publication such as yours couldn't do Australians a service by providing an in-depth article on New Zealand. I would tell the writer, Harold Withers, that as a New Zealander for 45 years, I had to come to this country to find out that only the Aussies were Anzacs. For his benefit, two of my great-uncles died at Gallipoli, one at 18 and the other 17. Would Withers classify them as friends or parasites?

As for the article itself, it's laced with that main ingredient of third-rate reporters — bullshit!

Bruce Whiteside,
Miami, Qld.

ALL ABOUT EVE

I never thought that Australian PLAYBOY would stoop to blatant deception! I refer to the pictorial of Sarah in your April issue. Sarah from the bush indeed! Anyone of even limited intelligence could immediately see that she's really Eve, the world's first temptress.

The obvious truth is that Michael Ancher used a time machine to kidnap her from the Garden of Eden. But Australian PLAYBOY's use of an alias for her failed to hide her identity. Michael's photographic coverage of the uncovered first lady revealed it. She is perfect. Her tits and figure faultless. Her nonchalant nudity and her excitingly innocent eyes betrayed you.

Clearly no male could refuse an apple from Sarah, oops, Eve.

Congratulations to you all, and to hell with the Devil! Let Sarah tempt us again some time soon.

Merv Baker,
Adelaide, SA.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

Enjoy the flavour of the world's No.1

25 FILTER CIGARETTE

PM

VENI VIDI VICI

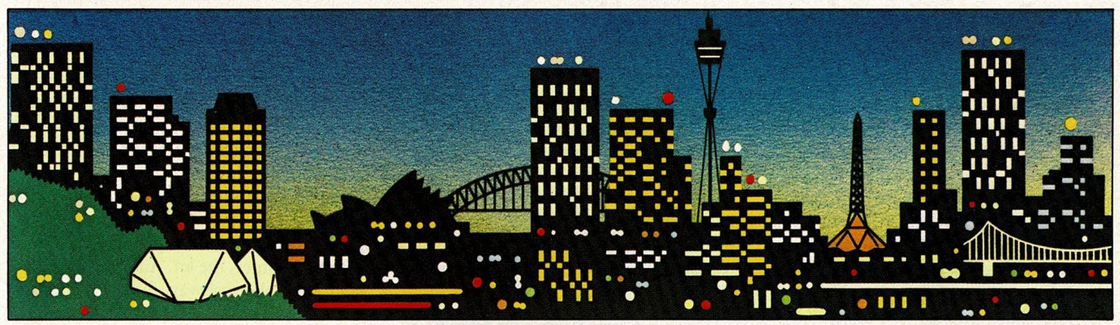
Marlboro

WARNING–SMOKING IS A HEALTH HAZARD

Marlboro

LEO BURNETT 2.3128 CC1961/85

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



BUM STEER

Regulars of the Victoria Hotel in the South Australian fishing haven of Port MacDonnell have a weird sense of humor. Among the usual fishing trophies and angling bric-a-brac which festoon the walls of any fishermen's pub lurks something a little different. A relic of some obscure monster of the deep, it usually baffles visitors who consider themselves experts on fish species. Nobody has ever picked it outright and the guessing game provides all kinds of fun for the locals.

The answer is quite simple really and most visitors have been known to blush ever so slightly when told what marine species it really is. It's the arsehole of a mako shark. Souvenired, preserved, and, er, mounted for, um, posterity.

ONE-WAY STREET

An 18-year-old youth recently appeared in court at Newcastle, NSW, charged with 69 counts of stealing cars. Because the young man had a pronounced affection for Commodores he had been nicknamed "The Commodore Kid". The court was told that The Kid had been in and out of juvenile homes most of his life and his only skills were stealing cars and housebreaking. Apart from these minor character defects, the court was told, he was a pretty nice kid. The judge agreed, saying, "He seems like a likeable young man." Then he sentenced The Kid to five years in jail. Likeable maybe. But not irresistible.

DATE-A-NUT

"Good-looking schizophrenic male seeks sophisticated schizophrenic female for intimate foursome," read the classified in the *Pacific Grove/Pebble Beach Tribune*.

STORMING THE BUTCHES

Eager marines from the *USS Tripoli*, which docked in San Francisco recently, thought they'd hit the dating jackpot when they saw 250 women partying on the same pier. The women, however, were gathered for a lesbian fund-raiser for the city's Gay Games II.

BOY, DID SHE HAVE A HANGOVER

Britain's *Private Eye* magazine reports a Mr Bobby Topper was forced from his home by a neighbor's practice of exposing her breasts to him.

"On one occasion, Mrs Pip — a very well-built woman— hung them over the garden fence," claims Mr Topper. "But the incident that made me move to a secret address involved her leaning out of the top floor window, stripped to the waist, and shouting: 'Big ones! Big ones!'"

OOPS, 'SCUSE ME!

An SAS exercise in England went wrong when one soldier shot his mate in the back with a sub-machine-gun at close range. The SAS usually conducts its exercises with live ammunition, an officer said, and there were no suspicious circumstances. Except, of course, a house full of men charging around firing machine-guns at each other.

Despite signs like this, the small Victorian town of Somers has not banned women from its environs. The sign at a local beach was aimed at deterring nude bathing. Local feminists were furious at its appearance, while most of the town's men formed a search party and went looking for the girl who'd posed for the sign.

BUM'S RUSH

Again from England comes this shocking tale of factory foreman Michael Bowles, who, it would seem, considers himself a bit of a merry prankster. Just for a bit of a laugh one day at work he grabbed a female employee, Mrs Mary Terry, 52, bent her over and shoved a high pressure air hose up her bum. Three weeks later, speaking from her hospital bed after a successful colostomy operation, on the news that Bowles had been fined 100 quid and ordered to pay 500 more toward the upkeep of the colostomy, Mrs Terry said: "It's such a pity really. He only meant it in fun."

CLASS ACT

At last, the great private clubs of Australia have a genuine rival. It's called The Beaut Views Grotty Yacht Club and it is headquartered at Queensland's Airlie Beach. That is the same beach, you may recall, which hosts an annual bare boat race. The boats which take part and everyone on 'em are bare. Apparently the club is dedicated to preserving the decorum of the race and celebrating its spirit on a year-round basis. But it isn't easy to join. You must be asked first and once asked you have to pass a rigorous initiation. This involves leaping head first into a revolving ceiling fan. A stuffed platypus is tied to the fan and the idea is to head butt the platypus without decapitating oneself. The club's commodore, Kathy McKenzie, explained that there is an initiation fee of 80 cents because "we like to keep the riff-raff out".

BUM STEER 2

Dope fiends in the northern Malaysian state of Kenlantan have been hard hit by the government's crackdown on dope peddling. Malaysia, you ought to know, is the place where you get hanged for pushing dope. Draconian, maybe, but it's working. Anyway, those poor deprived junkies are so desperate for a hit of something, anything, that they've resorted to sniffing the fumes from burning cow shit. The government has no plans to execute people for sniffing burning cow shit. Yet.

STREETLIFE

When Sony put headphones on the world, it created a new wave of walking traffic hazards.

Everyone has their pet hates. Mine is those Walkman radios/tape machines. Not the gadgets themselves, just the people who bop around the streets wearing them, looking like space cadets, nodding their little heads and humming away like loonies. Yeah, and it's not the machines or the people I hate really, it's the way they walk and jog and ride and skate through the traffic in the goddam things, oblivious of the fact that at any second 30 tonnes of 18-wheeler might steamroller them into eternity. Can't the little noddies see that dialling out one of your most vital senses in the traffic is like playing Russian roulette with an extra slug in the breach?

So I've tried to do my bit for the silly turds. The first time was right after two council buses nearly made a pedestrian sandwich out of one of these mobile sound gnomes right in the middle of a marked crossing. That's another thing, they all see white stripes on the road and think of it as some kind of car-proof minefield: just put one toe on the zone, and every rubber-wheeler in sight will turn inside out trying to stop for you. Animal nous says the kamikaze moto-fiends mightn't even be looking. Bitter experience tells you animal nous was right, yet those tarmac turkeys get wired for sound and add lack of hearing to lack of eyesight and absence of brains before they shuffle out into the racetrack.

So right after this zapped-out zombie almost turned himself into a wheelchock for a 40 foot Mercedes diesel, I accosted him as he clung to the safety of the telegraph pole he had just galloped behind.

"Turn that thing off, will you, I want to talk with you a minute," I gestured at this cantering musical freak.

"Whaaat?" was all I got. Plus a vacant stare. I could clearly hear Tina Turner demanding some respect. I sure as hell wasn't getting any. Eventually he conceded one earlobe, still head-nodding like a puppet with a broken neck-string.

"You just gave those two buses back there a big fright, why don't you turn that thing off when you're cruising the streets?"

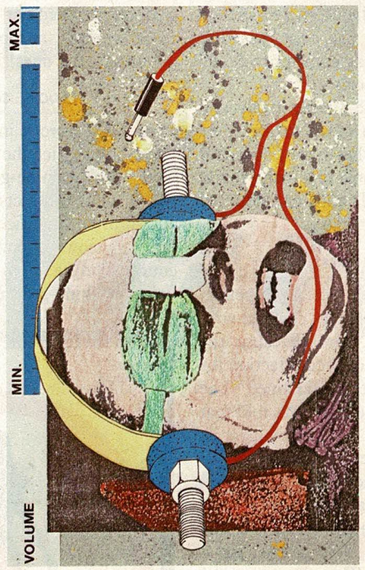
"Whaa... oh.. uhuh... oh yeah, man... stay cool... she'll be right... okay?"

I hung a right turn instead and went into the bank. For crissake, there was another one in the queue for the tellers, dum-de-dumming away, and drum-beating the railing with his fingertips. A real cool dude this one. So cool in fact, he hadn't noted the queue in front had moved up five places. He was still getting off on Rose Tattoo and the sight of the deep cleavage that was hanging over the inquiry counter showing travel brochures to a little old lady. I guess I shouldn't have done what I did next, but it wasn't my fault, my fingers just seemed to have a mind of their own...

Seeing as the tapedeck was hanging right there on his hip-belt and seeing the controls were irresistibly located right there on top, I just sort of reached over and wound the throttle right up to the full.

"Holy shit!" screamed the trendy little depositor. He didn't know he screamed holy shit, but I can tell you he did. So can the tellers who came out of their bank-induced lethargy to a man. So can the customers who wheeled around at every corner of the bank to find the source.

The bi-ped bopper wrenched at the headphones but they tangled in his matted hair. Rose Tattoo kept up the yahoo, and the groover started doing a ceremonial dance, tearing at his hair and yelling, oblivious to the noise he was making and the attention he was getting. It was better than a double feature of Rodney Rude and Austen Tayshus — one of the tellers was so badly convulsed she dragged the desk-top computer into the cashtray where it started making all kinds of threatening electronic noises; a guy carrying a pile of statements walked straight into a glass partition and bounced off, showering himself and the carpet with leaflets; two bank johnnies had a head-on collision, Laurel and Hardy style. And, best of all, a darling old thing stuck her head in the door, took one look at "Wired For Sound" and bolted.



I just moved quietly a few steps away, and when he finally got his shit together, got the silencer on the thing, and started looking accusingly around, there were already several suspects closer than me.

He was unrepentant, carefully untangling the mess, replacing the speaker boxes on his dome, adjusting the volume and continuing to do his banking to a musical backdrop. There was, I figured, no hope.

I thought that right through the following week and the next. Then suddenly a brilliant idea hit me. There was this guy see, this Adidas jockey I saw pumping down the roadway almost every night on my way home from my own health club, the Four In Hand (I always work out in the Mixed Lounge).

He was a real serious goer, this one, with all the trick togs, headphones, armband distance counter, the lot. And he always ran right along the roadway, facing the traffic. Reckoned he was safe there, didn't he?

Coming up from behind him on this long, straight, deserted stretch, I turned the headlights off and drove dead slow, right up to his heels. Then, at the same moment, I switched the headlights on, and wrenched on the handbrake. All hell broke loose. The tyres let out a deafening screech, and the headlights picked up the back view of the de Castella clone just as he cleared the two metre vertical mark. He seemed to go sideways in mid-air about another 10 metres and as he was coming down, his legs were spinning so fast that he hit the footpath, bounced once or twice and cleared a footpath garden, a metre-high hedge, two lawn gnomes, a carport and two side fences before I lost sight of him as he punched a hole in a thicket of trees.

I didn't wait. The handbrake had turned the car halfway around, so I grabbed first gear and did a U-ee and sped off in the opposite direction.

I checked at the hospital and local asylum for new admissions later that night, but nothing had showed up. I came home from the booz — I mean fitness club — a different way the next few nights. But a week later I could stand it no more. I borrowed a car and drove slowly down the same route. There were some obvious changes to his demeanor and presentation. For a start he had on a fluorescent orange, fully reflective, armless jacket, reflective-taped joggers and socks, reflective waistbelt and armbands. He was a long way up the footpath, and he was minus the audio bone-dome.

But, best of all, he was... wait for it... running backwards!

Victory at last! — ROB LUCK

What do sailors share when they're away from home?

The secret of the dark, rich satisfying taste of Guinness.

AB 1327/85

Ogilvy MGU 0043

Inside this camera is a video recorder.

Shuttle Search for quick access to any part of the tape.

Electronic viewfinder provides instant playback in the camera.

Built-in recorder takes VHS compact tapes.

High resolution Saticon pickup tube for operation in very low light.

Clip-on rechargeable Ni-Cad battery.

High-sensitivity condenser microphone.

Power-operated 6:1 zoom lens with macro position.

Direct TV connection allows playback through any set.

Weighs just 1.9 kilos plus battery.

Actual Size

JVC 3 Forbes Macfie Hansen

MONEY

Thinking about a franchise? Give Colin's Hamburger Palaces a miss and play it safe with the big shots.

A few years ago, you could have bought a fast food franchise for next to nothing. Today, the same franchise sells for half a million dollars. But don't despair, it's definitely not too late to go into business for yourself.

Franchises are independently owned-and-run businesses all dealing in the same product and following the same format. Although the precise legal arrangements may vary, all franchises involve a relationship between an individual businessman and a parent company. The parent company (known as the franchisor) grants the businessman (the franchisee) the right to produce or sell a product or service. Along with this right, the franchisor usually provides training, supplies and guidance; the franchisee provides capital and labor.

Franchising isn't a new idea, though the concept was slow to catch on in Australia. Today, it is possible to purchase franchises for a wide range of businesses including fast food (McDonald's, Pizza Hut), printing (Kwik Kopy, Snap Instant Printing), real estate (ERA, Raine and Horne, L.J. Hooker), hardware shops (Mitre 10), toy shops (Toyworld), and even computers (Computerland).

Australia's 16,500 franchises currently account for about 15 percent of total retail sales — $10 billion per year. Industry experts expect franchises to account for half of all retail sales by the close of the century.

Deciding whether to start your own business from scratch or buy a franchise is a matter of weighing the relevant costs and benefits. Let's take costs first. Franchises are almost always more expensive to get under way than independent businesses because of the $10,000 to $20,000 franchise fee that must be paid to the parent company. Including franchise fees and start-up costs, a printing franchise requires about $65,000 to set up; the same business established independently requires $50,000 (a new McDonald's franchise will set you back $450,000 or more). Franchises are also costly to run because many franchisors demand a royalty calculated on a percentage of the company's gross turnover. Current royalties range from two to more than 12 percent per year.

Although the costs associated with buying and operating a franchise are initially higher than those involved in an independent business, a franchise's benefits may outweigh its higher costs. The most important benefit is the value of the franchisor's experience. Statistics indicate that as many as 80 percent of new businesses fail to survive the first two years because of the money wasted by their owners as they learn about how to run a business.

Purchasing a successful franchise can help the entrepreneur avoid common errors while at the same time giving him the benefits of the instant customer recognition a high-profile franchise can provide. In addition, because of their large buying power and big advertising budgets, franchisors can often help franchisees to obtain quantity discounts unavailable to the independent small businessman.

Naturally, since franchise fees and royalty payments add considerably to the cost of running a business, buying a franchise is only justified if the franchise's name ensures customers and if the parent company provides useful advice and services. The franchisor's name is particularly important. Which would you rather own: a McDonald's franchise or one from Colin's Hamburger Palaces Ltd?

In the worst case, a poorly financed franchisor may go bankrupt, leaving franchisees worse off than if they had gone into business on their own. A few years ago, entrepreneurs beguiled by the money to be made selling biscuits bought franchises off a specialist in the cookie market. The NSW franchisor, however, went into liquidation and franchisees were left in the lurch.

If you are tempted to buy a franchise, investigate the parent company carefully before you buy. *Evaluating A Franchise*, a pamphlet produced by the Department of Commercial and Industrial Development, will help you learn what questions to ask. Also, make certain you talk with someone who already owns a franchise. This is the only way you can get a franchisee's view of the parent company's performance. If you still find yourself interested, have a solicitor examine the franchise agreement. Be particularly suspicious of franchisors who demand most of their fees at the outset rather than claim a percentage of your turnovers. The franchisor may never expect you to make money.

In the life of a franchise, or any other business, the first two or three years are crucial. Even a great franchise may not become a profitable business without adequate planning and skilled management. So before you sell your house and car, withdraw your life savings and plunge in, take a dispassionate look at what lies ahead. You don't have to do this alone. All states have small business advisers and you will find your bank and your accountant equally useful sources of information. For those with a scholarly bent, there are also business courses available at many Technical and Further Education institutions. Learn all you can about controlling costs, keeping records and managing personnel.

It is also important to keep a sufficient supply of cash in reserve. More businesses fail because of undercapitalisation than any other reason. Your accountant can usually estimate how much you will need but getting it will be your problem. Start with your own savings and then move on to friends and relatives. Try to negotiate loans rather than sell a piece of the business. This way, you won't have to put up with a lot of not-so-silent partners. When you have touched everyone you know, it's time to approach the banks, finance companies and venture capital companies. (In some cases, small businesses may also be eligible for loans from state government industrial development agencies.) You will find that those institutions and agencies require detailed business plans and objectives before they will part with their money. Moreover, venture capital firms which specialise in high-technology enterprises often insist on a piece of the action.

Assuming you have chosen your franchise wisely, and that you have sufficient capital, a flair for management and the energy to work hard, the odds are that your business will be successful; you may even become rich. In fact, becoming rich is the point of the whole game. Remember, no one ever made a million by saving a little of his pay packet each week. Just ask the 7000 McDonald's restaurant owners who *averaged* sales of $1 million each last year.

— SETH GREGORY

Introducing the JVC VideoMovie. And features you've never had before.

The VideoMovie is a genuine breakthrough in home video recording.

Quite simply, it is the smallest, lightest, most convenient VHS video camera-recorder ever made.

Small wonder, then, that it was created by the people who invented the VHS system in the first place – JVC.

The breakthrough is in its size and its completeness.

Weighing just 1.9 kilos*, it combines a fully-featured video camera, recorder and battery pack in the one unit.

There are no separate packs to hang around your hips. No clumsy leads to get in your way.

But typically, there is no loss of performance.

The JVC VideoMovie has an electronic through-the-lens viewfinder which lets you see exactly what you're shooting.

It plays back through the viewfinder to show you exactly what you've shot.

It has a power-operated 6:1 zoom lens with a macro setting for screen-filling close-ups of objects as small as a postage stamp.

A high-sensitivity condenser mike hangs on every word.

Its high resolution Saticon pickup tube allows it to be operated in light as low as 15 lux. And that's about as low as you'd find in an "intimate" restaurant.

The built-in recorder uses the JVC-invented VHS compact video tapes which give you a convenient thirty minutes of recording per tape – just the right length to record the highlights and avoid the low interest in any memorable event.

And when you buy the VideoMovie, you get a complete kit which includes battery, battery charger, direct TV connection unit, compact cassette, motorised VHS cassette adaptor, dubbing cable, shoulder frame, straps and handle – all packed in its own protective carrying case.

*1.9 kg plus battery pack.

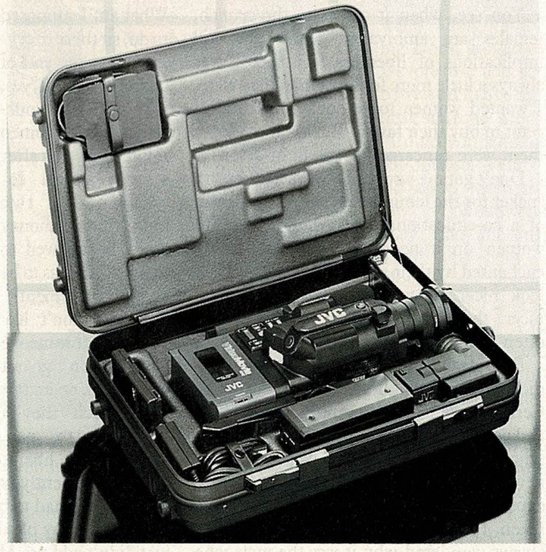
While the JVC VideoMovie is big news in the home video world, innovation is not new to JVC.

Amongst other inventions, they introduced the world to the home graphic equaliser, the quartz-lock turntable and the metal tape compatible cassette deck.

And the VHS system they invented is now the most widely accepted home video format, accounting for approximately 75% of the world market.

In fact, JVC has led Japanese manufacturers through a succession of technical breakthroughs.

When you buy the JVC VideoMovie, you get a complete kit in its own protective carrying case.



If you look for the JVC name on video and audio equipment, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing you're in touch with the latest technology.

After all, when you're ahead in Japan, you're ahead of the world.

JVC Ahead in Japan. Ahead of the world.

JVC 3 Forbes Macfie Hansen

MEN

Brothers, I was a premature male feminist and I've paid through the nose for it!

Remember that rash of movies a few years ago that all had the most outrageously confessional titles? The cycle began with *I Was A Communist For The FBI*, and each succeeding one went further over the top, with flights of imagination such as *I Was A Teenage Frankenstein* and *I Was A Teenage Werewolf*. Eventually they grossed out on the shock-horror of their own excess, and the genre probably shuddered to a halt with *I Married A Monster From Outer Space*.

Well, borrowing from all those guys who spilled the beans in the McCarthy era about their pre-war activities and were dubbed Premature Anti-Fascists, I feel compelled to make my own confession. I was a Premature Male Feminist (PMF). Indeed, you might even say I was a Premature Anti-Male Chauvinist Pig (PAMCP). I fought the good fight for many a long year, though small good it ever did me. And if the acronyms sound a little bit like the PMTs (pre-menstrual tension, you male chauvinist swine), stick around, comrade, you might well be on to something.

You see, when it comes to the crunch, females are ambivalent about the full implications of liberation. In fact I was always a little more feminist than they were. I wanted women to be equal and I didn't want to buy their favors. But as far as a lot of them were concerned I was tight-arsed.

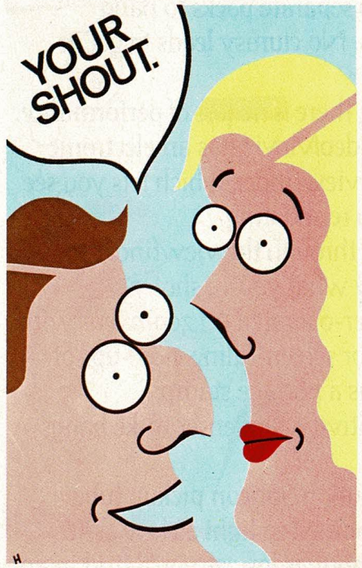
Don't get me wrong, I always have been a sucker for the feminine mystique. Deprived of a co-educational background, I've put women on a pedestal and been utterly enchanted by their sheer *differentness*. They look nicer, they smell nicer, they dress nicer, they *are* nicer than us and they're often as not more intelligent.

But straightforward logic has always dictated to me that human beings are equal. Certainly we have different biological roles and complement each other sexually, but at school or in the big wide world, I could never see any reason for one gender to expect to have it over the other. By the same token, that's why, since the age of 12 I've always wondered why it was the male who had to pay. That was when I went with Norma Fenton to the movies and innocently asked at the box-office for her money, whereupon she said she'd forgotten her handkerchief and ran home.

After all, we got the same meagre pocket money; later on we all got the same lousy wages (indeed very often the girls got the jobs while we had to stay at school). But no, there it was, enshrined in holy writ like some weird hangover from a bygone era when men went out to "business" and women stayed home and embroidered. Yes, men looked after money, men asked women out, women waited to be asked even to dance, for chrissake, and men had to pay through the nose for the power it gave them.

I've often thought that men had to exert that power because we felt inferior to women, because we felt we had to buy them. Having put women on a pedestal in the days of courtly love, we had to prove *ourselves* good for something, so we plumped for physical strength, the role of the hunter, which had to translate into naked power and male superiority once we'd progressed beyond simple tests of strength. But surely, since both sexes have been out in the workforce for most of the 20th century we don't have to maintain this charade.

On the whole, women are quite happy to go along with the charade. It has some short-term advantages for them, but believe me, they do themselves no good in the long run. For example, a female colleague once said to me: "Oh, come on! What am I supposed to do, sit there divvying up at the end of the meal?" Well, yes, why not? Ask yourself, do two women mind doing that after a social meal together? Do two men? Should money really be allowed to loom so large as to be an embarrassment?



If you don't like and respect someone you shouldn't go out with them, no matter how much they're prepared to pay. Before these liberated times, part of the problem evidently was sex. If a girl asked a guy out, she had to be "easy" or "dying for it". But for any bloke with half a brain that just didn't add up. My first couple of sexual encounters after my segregated childhood demonstrated to me that girls in general liked it just as much as I did.

Clearly there was a power play going on on both sides. If a girl condescended to go out with a guy, she couldn't be seen to be easy, so she expected the guy to prove he "respected" her by the amount of money he lavished on her. This is the aspect that stunned me. Certainly a girl could demonstrate her power in this way, but at the end of the evening she was left wondering whether she'd be expected to even things up by coming across. Perhaps she'd even think something had been earned. Christ, I thought, what's the difference between that and prostitution?

Yet girls still had this hang-up about asking guys out. What were they afraid of? Possibly the same thing every bloke fears when he asks a girl out: the ego-shattering blow of being knocked back. But perhaps, perish the thought, they were being mercenary?

Things certainly got better with sexual liberation, when it became okay for women to admit they liked it too, and they improved immensely when women's lib got going and feminists could insist on paying their way rather than being bought. Wonder of wonders, women could even *shout* men if they felt so inclined and if the occasion warranted it.

I've often felt vindicated by women's lib, even though the lover I manned the barricades with eventually ditched me for another woman, but it is incredible in the mid-'80s how far we still have to go even after the supposed achievement of sexual equality. Ask a woman out and it is still the male prerogative to pay. After a couple of dates she will tentatively offer, wondering if male pride will oblige you to knock her back. And naturally there are a lot of men, all of them mysogynists, who insist on paying in order to retain their power and their chauvinistic self-image (it ain't generosity, baby). They still believe, often with good reason, that this strange creature they're keeping company with will thus be obliged to come across.

It's argued that whoever does the asking should pay, and there's something in that. But honestly, how often do women do the asking? Once in 20 times? Once in 50? The first time a mature woman asked me out I was so overwhelmed I consented to marry her despite my vows after my first attempt.

Male-female relationships still have a long way to go before I can get over my PMF. Please, let it be before I'm into my MMPs (male menopause, brothers, trust me).

— GRAHAM BARRY

WOMEN

Debbie and Peter and Jenny and James. . . we'd rather be lonely than risk heartache again.

You've seen how ace fighter pilots in all those Hollywood war epics keep a running tally of the number of planes they've shot down. You know, drawings or symbols on the side of their aircraft to signify the total. Well, a girlfriend of mine, let's call her Debbie, has a chart on her kitchen wall. It's full of pictures of men she's known, arranged in rows with neat red slashes through them, sort of like those ubiquitous *Ghostbusters* logos.

Debbie's a victim of the battle of the sexes. She roams alone, or sometimes in packs with other walking wounded. Her strategies are carefully planned. She strikes swiftly and, just when her prey is least ready, she throws a practised line, a cheery wave, a glib goodbye. Gems like: "Sorry, but you're in this deeper than I am and who wants to be tied down, anyway?"

Debbie's no isolated case. Australia in the '80s is riddled with men and women on the rampage, ready to bomb the hearts of the unwary. But Debbie wasn't always like this and neither were her fellow marksmen. Here are some of their stories.

JAMES AND TERESA

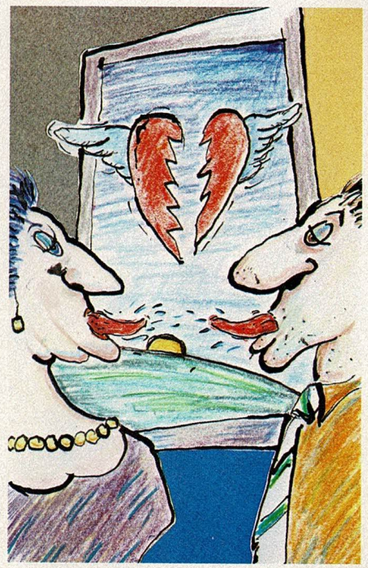
James was a bit of a bore. He was only ever invited to parties if the host was desperate to make up numbers. His idea of fun was a video movie at home and a takeaway pizza with the works. His sex life was limited to brief sessions with prostitutes. He would have liked them to scream and moan but he never dared ask. Sometimes he would deliberately bruise these women, squeeze their flesh, pull their hair. Then along came Teresa. No work of art, young Tessie. Thin hair, bitten fingernails and flabby thighs. But lovely blue eyes. Pools of dreamy sapphire in the depths of which James found new hope, renewed vigor. Then one day Tessie failed to show up for a dinner date. Left James sitting for an hour in a swanky French restaurant. Later that night she called him. She'd met a gorgeous miner that morning and was moving to Mount Isa.

DEBBIE AND GREG

Debbie was just mad about Greg. He'd done male modelling, had one heck of a body and, although their sexual encounters were sparse, he was warm, witty and very tender. They talked a lot, too, and he adored her cooking. Ate up every single scrap of all the Italian pasta dishes she could make. One night, after she'd excelled at a jumbo lasagna, Greg suggested they go for a spin in his sports car. As she slithered into the front seat, Debbie noticed a monogrammed handkerchief and a leather cap on the floor. They weren't Greg's. Then one afternoon Debbie came home early to cook Greg a surprise dinner and found him in bed with two guys.

PETER AND JENNY

Peter's father left home when he was six months old. His mother had a succession of live-in lovers, none of whom took much notice of him. One of the men tore up Peter's Batman comics when he was seven and used them to light the fire. His mother took to hitting him, hard, when he wouldn't go straight off to sleep. Peter bashed his first wife a few times and she left him. With his second partner, Jenny, he decided he really wanted to make it work. She didn't tell him at first about her heroin habit. He took her to Tahiti for a luxury holiday, hoping he could help her quit. She took all his cash, found a local dealer and demanded that he sign over his travellers cheques. "Don't you think we should spend some time talking about this?" he tried to reason with her. "Get nicked!" she screamed and took the first plane back to Sydney.



MELISSA AND JAMES

Lissy met James at the local pizza parlor. She was working behind the cash register and they struck up a few conversations when he came by to order food. One night he summoned the courage to ask Lissy out to dinner. She accepted. There was an air of vulnerability about this guy she found appealing. They went out together several times and made love one night in front of the fire. Everything seemed warm and wonderful. One Saturday afternoon James waited for Lissy outside a city cinema. After 20 minutes he went home. Lissy rang to explain that she couldn't get a taxi. "Don't give me that shit!" he yelled. "You bloody women are all the same!" "Huh?" said Lissy.

IAN AND DEBBIE

As Ian gazed into Debbie's eyes he suspected that he was really, truly, in love. She had everything. Great body, flashing eyes, good sense of humor and, oh boy, what a great cook. "What are you staring at?" she squawked at him. "I was just thinking what incredible brown eyes you have and how much I love you," Ian murmured. "Yeah, tell me another one," she retorted, gulping her wine. "And whose eyes are you going to be staring into this weekend?" "What do you mean?" said Ian. "I told you it's just a fishing trip with my mates." "You must think I'm stupid, you bloody poofter!" she spat as she stormed out of the restaurant.

JILL AND PETER

Jill felt tingly all over every time she saw Peter. He was hard to get to know but she persisted and soon they were seeing each other a couple of times a week. She knew he'd had a couple of bad marriages but she wasn't interested in his past. She was busily planning their future together. They went away for a weekend in the country, took long walks along rambling lanes, gorged on Devonshire teas and browsed through little antique shops. "Could you lend me $50 please, Peter?" Jill asked when she saw a Wedgwood plate that she just had to have. "Peter. . . I left my purse back at the motel. . ." He was out the door and driving off before Jill could finish her sentence.

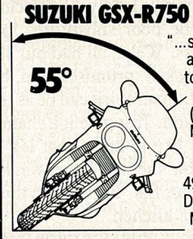
See what I mean? There's more. I found out recently that James is seeing Debbie. When she accused him of being a closet queen, he countered with his damnation-of-all-women-on-earth routine. They were quiet for a while, then Debbie muttered, "Why the hell are we behaving like this?"

Self-protection is all very well but it can be excruciatingly lonely. Suspicion and sarcasm can be poor substitutes for trust and tenderness. We've all had our share of let-downs, broken promises and bruised egos, but the human spirit can be as resilient as a rubber band. Just give it a chance. Oh, and you may like to know that last time I spoke to Debbie she said James was helping to redecorate her flat. Bet you anything he's starting on the kitchen.

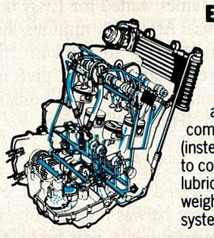
— SUSAN KUROSAWA

THE SUZUKI SENSATION: MAN & MACHINE WORKING AS A SINGLE MOVING PART...

SUZUKI GSX-R750 HYPER SPORTS



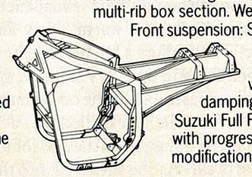
"...smashes all previous limits... a new benchmark in power to weight ratio and outright performance."
(Noel Christenson)
Max. hp: 73.5 kW (100PS) at 11,000 r.p.m. (DIN). Max. torque: 66.5 N-m (6.8kg-m, 49.2lbs-ft.) at 10,000 r.p.m.
Dry Mass: 176kg (388.0lbs)
Max. bank angle: 55°



ENGINE

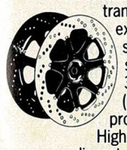
4 cylinder, 4 stroke DOHC. 4 valves per cylinder, with TSCC specially modified to achieve maximum combustion efficiency. Oil (instead of air or water) is used to cool the engine as well as lubricate it. This eliminates the weight of a separate cooling system.

CHASSIS/SUSPENSION



Frame: ultra-strong cast aluminium alloy multi-rib box section. Weighs only 8.1kg. Front suspension: Suzuki Positive Damping Fork System, with valves to harden damping. Rear suspension: Suzuki Full Floater System with progressive damping modifications.

GEARS/BRAKES/TYRES/WHEELS

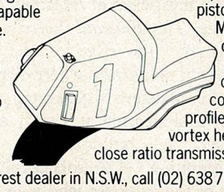


Gears: 6 speed close ratio transmission. Brakes: Suzuki exclusive Decapiston brake system. Twin 300mm spiral slotted discs (front). Single 300mm spiral slotted disc (rear). Tyres: Ultra low profile racing type. Wheels: High rigidity, low weight diecast aluminium.

RIDER

Suzuki leads in engineering road-going safety into machines capable of race performance. Lightness, manoeuvrability, a smooth power band and superb braking system, make the GSX-R750 a forgiving machine for all riders.

PERFORMANCE OPTIONS



Rear seat cowl. Special cylinder-head, pistons, valves and springs. Modified flat valve carburettors. Dry-sump clutch and clutch cover. Polished connecting rods. Racing profile camshaft. 4 into 1 vortex header/muffler. 6 speed close ratio transmission. Sprocket options.

For your nearest dealer in N.S.W., call (02) 638 7711. VIC. (03) 645 3533.

SUZUKI AUSTRALIA

SUZ 012

SHOWBIZ

Zombies rule the earth, dinosaurs rediscovered and man returns to the tropical forest.

MURDERERS ROW: *Return Of The Jedi* director **Richard Marquand** returns to Earth for his next film, *Jagged Edge,* which he describes as a movie about layers and layers and layers of truth. A bit like peeling an onion down to the core, he reckons. *Jagged Edge* stars **Jeff Bridges, Glenn Close** and **Peter Coyote.** Bridges plays the editor-in-chief of a daily newspaper who is accused by the city's politically ambitious district attorney (Coyote) of murdering his wife with a jagged-edged hunting knife. For legal support the editor turns to the paper's corporate lawyers, in particular Teddy Barnes (Close), a divorced mother who once worked for the DA. She hires a crusty detective to unravel the case: who's guilty; is the editor lying?

•

REELING AND ROCKING: **Annie Lennox** has a part in *Revolution,* starring **Al Pacino** and **Nastassja Kinski**. . . **Bette Midler,** who has signed with Disney to produce and star in movies, has also been working on a live album. When asked about the recent rash of Hollywood weddings, including her own, she quipped, "It must have been last call at the singles bar". . . One of rock's best credited film-makers, Australian **Peter Clifton,** has signed a publishing deal for his memoirs, to be titled *Hello Goodbye — A Personal Recollection Of 20 Years Of Rock.* Clifton's films include **Led Zeppelin**'s *The Song Remains The Same, Sweet Soul Music* and *The Punk Rock Movie.* He made the first **Rolling Stones** film in London in 1966 and the *Hello Goodbye* clip for the **Beatles,** besides working with everyone from **Otis Redding** to **Procol Harum** and **Pink Floyd**. . . **Madonna** mania: The San Francisco hotel where Madonna stayed while on tour turned down an offer of $10,000 for her bed linen.

•

THE DEAD LIVE AGAIN: Steel your nerves and clutch your stomach if you're going to confront **George A. Romero**'s new *Day Of The Dead*, the third of his *Living Dead* shockathons. Zombies now rule the world except for a handful of human survivors who escape to an underground bunker in Florida. There, a jovial mad scientist, played by **Richard Liberty,** is trying to domesticate a monstrosity nicknamed Bub, played by **Howard Sherman**. Meanwhile a psychotic military commander (**Joseph Pilato**) makes life hell for the resident civilians, who include **Lori Cardille** as a spunky, highly credible heroine, and **Terry Alexander** as a philosophical helicopter pilot. Romero's speciality is overkill, with a touch of black humor. The real victors this time around are the special effects team and maniacal make-up artists exploring new dimensions of gore. If you want to see the latest ways to tear a body limb from limb and to lop off a head or two, this is right up your alley.

•

PREHISTORIC PUZZLE: In the grand tradition of monster movies, *Baby: Secret Of The Lost Legend* has **William** (*Greatest American Hero*) **Katt** and **Sean Young,** the gorgeous robot from *Blade Runner,* as a paleontologist and her journalist husband stumbling across a surviving family of dinosaurs deep in the African jungle. The opening, with the heroine's growing awareness that she may be on the verge of a real find, is worthy of an adult audience, but once the happy pair make friendly contact with the prehistoric relicts, *Baby* becomes strictly undemanding children's fare, with **Patrick McGoohan** as an unscrupulous scientist enlisting the local black military to get a specimen back to civilisation at all costs. Strange stuff from director dam: Tommy is taken by a tribe whom no one has ever seen before and his father spends the next 10 years searching for him as the dam grows. When, miraculously, he finally finds him, Tommy is a young warrior who has adopted the ways of the tribe totally. It's a spectacular adventure, and one for the environmentalists.

Above: Daryl Hannah sheds her Splashy tail fin for The Clan Of The Cave Bear. Top: Charley Boorman saves his father in The Emerald Forest.

B.W.L. Norton, whose reputation depends on the cult movie *Cisco Pyke* and producer **Roger Spottiswoode** who gave us *48 Hours* and *Under Fire.*

•

GREEN DREAMS: **John Boorman** returns to the atmosphere of *Deliverance*, with a touch of the mysticism of *Excalibur*, for his latest movie *The Emerald Forest*, which takes place at "the edge of the world", the Amazon rain forest, where 40 percent of the world's oxygen is generated and which is now disappearing at a truly alarming rate under the bulldozers of encroaching "civilisation". The story revolves round the son of the engineer who is to build a huge

IDOL GOSSIP: Sequels on the drawing board include a follow-up to *Beverly Hills Cop* (**Eddie Murphy** is still considering whether or not to reprise his role). . . a new edition of *A Touch Of Class* with **George Segal** and **Glenda Jackson** reuniting . . . a second instalment of South African **Jamie Uys**'s *The Gods Must Be Crazy* and, wait for it, **Tony Perkins** will star in and direct *Psycho III*. . . After eight years of false starts, it finally looks as if a film version of the Dick Tracy comic strip just might make it to the big screen with **Martin** (*Taxi Driver*) **Scorsese** directing and with **Warren Beatty** probably playing the title role.

Bacardi rum. Sip it before you add the cola.

You'll discover the reason why any drink made with Bacardi rum tastes so good . . . it's the Bacardi. Smooth and subtle, Bacardi rum has a character all its own.
For a copy of the Bacardi rum Party Book with more than 80 recipes, write to: Bacardi rum Party Book, PO Box 498, Milsons Point, NSW 2061.

Get to know the real taste of Bacardi rum.

AB 3832/85

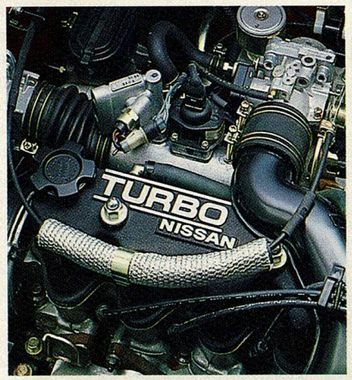
BACARDI and the Bat Device are registered trademarks of Bacardi & Company Limited.

Ogilvy MBA 0071 PH

The Nissan Turbo Team

It's no accident that Nissan leads the way with factory turbo-charged vehicles in Australia.

Nissan has long been testing, racing and developing highly efficient turbo-charged engines. Today, Nissan's turbo expertise is evidenced by a wide range of turbo cars and trucks to suit every need. Nissan now leads the world in both turbo technology and sales.



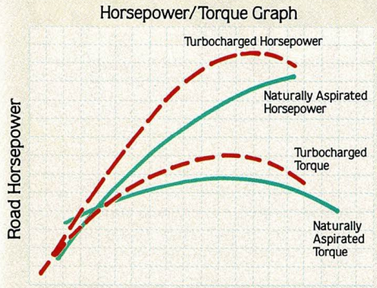
What is turbo charging?

Put simply turbo charging is probably the most efficient and powerful way to run an engine. A turbo-charged vehicle literally uses exhaust gases that would normally be discarded by a conventional engine to drive a turbo-charger – resulting in more power and torque.

What about fuel efficiency?

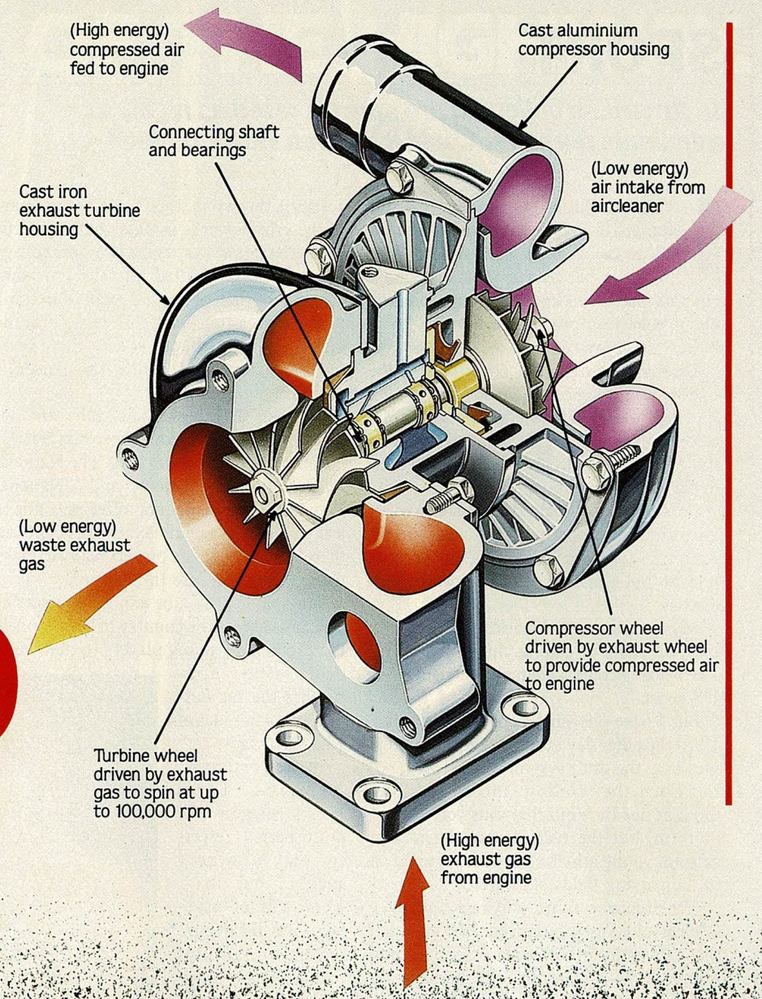
To ensure optimum engine efficiency Nissan employ the most sophisticated computer fuel injection system from Japan, the Electronic Concentrated Engine Control System or ECCS. This not only ensures accurate fuel injection and engine tune, it also has a built in self-diagnosis program which, should there be a malfunction, assists in detecting the problem area.

Nissan today offers turbo-charged vehicles for all types of drivers from the exciting Pulsar EXA to the 5-door turbo Pulsar ET, the turbo



Patrols for off-roading or the turbo Cabstars to carry your load.

Why not experience turbo charging for yourself at your Nissan dealer soon.


(High energy) compressed air fed to engine
Cast aluminium compressor housing
Connecting shaft and bearings
(Low energy) air intake from aircleaner
Cast iron exhaust turbine housing
(Low energy) waste exhaust gas
Compressor wheel driven by exhaust wheel to provide compressed air to engine
Turbine wheel driven by exhaust gas to spin at up to 100,000 rpm
(High energy) exhaust gas from engine

NISSAN PATROL TURBO

NISSAN PULSAR ET TURBO

NISSAN EXA TURBO

Nissan Motor Company (Australia) Pty. Ltd.

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE NISSAN

NSN 2436

SPORT

In American colleges, pro sport is rated as highly as academic pursuits. Could it happen Down Under?

It follows that if you know what Joe Montana does for a crust, what town the Padres call home, and can tell the difference between a shortstop and a running back, you know more than a little about American pro sports.

But these days doesn't everybody?

Baseball, football and basketball — the mighty threesome that add up to US sporting megabucks — come beautifully color-wrapped via television satellite, and the Aussie networks are feeding them to us in ever more generous doses.

As surely as Ronald McDonald had us mirroring US appetites, this crash diet of American pro sport is altering our perception of the games we love to watch and discuss.

My concession to American culture once stopped short of calling chips "fries" but I've since become a shameless consumer of US sport.

But I have one small confession to make. Until the other day I didn't have the faintest idea how the draft system worked. No, not the open-the-window-and-in-it-blows draught nor the kind that puts you in army uniform, but the recruitment system that gets hot young athletes out of college and on to the playing fields of America.

My education came via Craig Shipley, a 22-year-old Aussie baseballer who attended the University of Alabama before landing himself a $90,000 bonus for signing on for the Los Angeles Dodgers. The ex-Sydney shortstop is currently working his passage through the minor leagues, hoping that the ambition that carried him all the way to America will stick around to see him into the big-paying ranks of the majors.

Because he isn't a US citizen, Shipley wasn't subject to the "lottery" system that determines how clubs and recruits will be paired. Instead, he had the choice of clubs and was happy to learn that the one he wanted was more than keen to enlist his services.

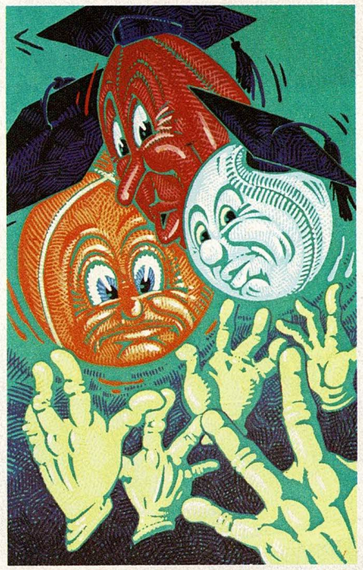
That experience plus his three years at Alabama gave him a clear understanding of how this most free enterprise of sporting societies operates a recruitment system based on socialist principle. The simple merit behind the draft system is that the weakest clubs (the poorest performers of the previous season) get first harvesting rights on the talent crop grown by the numerous colleges scattered over the US.

But let's start at the beginning. At the base of the American pro sports machine sits the college system. This vast network scoops up the talented young kids fresh from high school, offers them a first-class education in their special sport with a bit of academe thrown in, then projects the cream of the crop towards professional contracts.

Baseballers who attend a two-year college (junior) can be drafted into the pro ranks after their first or second year. For those who attend a four-year college such as the University of Alabama, at least three years must be completed before the player is eligible for the draft.

Football and basketball clubs are not permitted to sign senior college players who haven't completed four years. The National Basketball Association and National Football League do not offer the minor league facilities sanctioned by baseball, and therefore seek mature players ready to make the step straight into the big time.

The major pro clubs employ as many as 50 scouts across the country to keep tabs on the progress of young players so that when draft time approaches the big outfits have a fair idea of who they want.



In free enterprise America, form would suggest the draft period resorts to one almighty auction, but that's where a bit of "let's-help-the-little-guy" sentiment ensures that sanity prevails.

From last to first, the clubs are placed in the order of selection. That means the most successful club in the country will have last choice. In that order the clubs select one player each from the thousands of outstanding players eligible for that particular draft. The one player selected by each club is called a first round draft choice. When each club has chosen a player, the process is repeated. And so the cream is scooped from the college talent pool of basketball, football and baseball players.

If there is one consistency in this whole system that cuts across the top pro sports, it's that the clubs with the best scouts usually land the best talent. Clubs not regarded for the ability to groom young players to senior stardom will often trade away a parcel of young draftees for a proven performer from another club.

It's a process that suggests sports graduates have little choice as to where they will settle. A talented player might attend a Southern Californian high school, be offered a scholarship at a Louisiana college and be drafted by a pro club based in Seattle. But, according to Shipley, the more obviously gifted players have a fair idea which clubs are interested well before they're drafted.

Just before I was about to thank Craig Shipley for advancing my sports knowledge it occurred to me that this draft system might have some local application.

"I've thought about that one," Craig replied, "but I can't see how it would work.

"The American system operates because there are so many colleges that offer scholarships and make up the numerous conferences and competitions. Australia simply doesn't have the facilities or the population."

It seems that we don't have the right attitude either. In the American halls of learning it is accepted that pro sport is as honorable (and more glamorous) a way of earning a buck as, say, law or medicine. Therefore, the colleges are happy to provide sports education for those who display the aptitude. When it comes to learning, the Aussie institutions are geared almost exclusively for academic pursuits.

There is another, far more compelling reason why the Yank colleges have placed so much importance on their sports programs. Sport equals bucks. The University of Alabama football team, confided Craig Shipley, generates more income than all the other university activities combined. Craig explained that US college sport attracts big crowds and television coverage. But my mind was elsewhere... the Wagga Wagga Teachers College versus Hawkesbury Agricultural annual footie clash, grudge match of the Eastern College Conference with the winners to meet Ipswich Tech in the Ceramic Bowl final...

No, Craig's right. It would never work. Down Under we'll have to be content watching the real thing on telly and dealing with the draught we know best — out of beer taps.

— NEIL JAMESON

THE SONG OF THE HIGHWAY.
When the road is one long asphalt ribbon, sometimes the only thing that keeps you riveted on what you have to do is your music.
And if you want that music to be as brilliant and lifelike as the landscape scudding past your window, insist on a Sansui car audio system.
Like the RX-2000AMX, a high-performance cassette receiver featuring quartz synthesizer tuning with presets for 12 stations, Auto Scan tuning to automatically locate stations, a local/DX switch and ASRC for clear, low-distortion FM reception, loudness, a computer logic auto-reverse tape transport and even an LCD clock display.
We've saved the biggest feature of this impressive cassette receiver for last: it's the C-QUAM* AM Stereo System. Now you can enjoy the exciting sounds of AM music programs in awesome, hi-fi quality stereo.
The song of the highway — it sounds best on Sansui.
*C-Quam is a registered trademark of Motorola, Inc.
RX-2000AMX QUARTZ PLL SYNTHESIZER CASSETTE RECEIVER
RX-2000AMX
Cassette Receiver with 6 watts max. power, 12 station presets, AM stereo and auto reverse
SANSUI CAR AUDIO
Sansui
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD.
14-1 Izumi 2-chome, Suginami-ku, Tokyo 168, Japan
VANFI (AUST.) PTY. LTD.
297 City Road, South Melbourne, Victoria 3205, Australia Telephone: 690-6200
283 Alfred Street, North Sydney, N.S.W. 2060, Australia Telephone : 929-0293

Bar Jockey

JOCKEY

Jockey Classic briefs. A great way to stay in shape. Now in new colours for you to exercise your style.

SPA 2038

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRIAN TOOHEY

A candid conversation with Australia's most notorious newshound about corruption, politics and the role of the free press.

The wake of Brian Toohey can easily be recognised as he meanders through the corridors of power with all the finesse of an enraged bull. He's the bloke who leaves a trail of sensational headlines, red faces, battered egos, broken careers and assorted court cases wherever he goes. On the ABC program Four Corners, he has been described by a former colleague in the Canberra press gallery as "the most hated man in Canberra". And it is just possible that the lawyers of Australia might one day erect a monument to Toohey for all the work he has put their way.

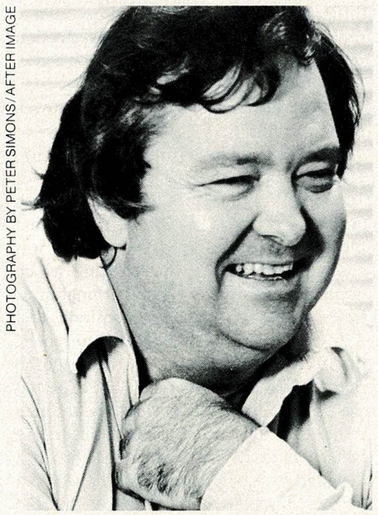
As editor of The National Times he has been responsible for or instrumental in breaking the following stories: the stepping down of former NSW Minister for Corrective Services, Rex Jackson; the establishment of links between the Nugan Hand Bank and the CIA with alleged involvement in the downfall of the Whitlam government; the leaking of tens of thousands of pages of classified documents known as the AUSTEO (for Australian Eyes Only) papers, which revealed, among other things, widespread illegal phone tapping and electronic eavesdropping in Australia; the bringing of charges against High Court judge Lionel Murphy of attempting to pervert the course of justice; leaks of several Costigan Commission papers; the proposed MX missile test firing into the Tasman Sea; the repositioning of an American satellite, utilising US spy bases in Australia, to spy on Greece; and, of course, the acquittal of Susan Hawke on appeal over drug possession charges, which contributed to Prime Minister Hawke breaking down and crying on national television.

During his busy tenure as editor of The National Times, Toohey has worked closely with reporters Marian Wilkinson and Wendy Bacon (herself a former interview subject in these pages), both of whom he credits for doing much of the hard slogging in connection with some of those newsbreaks. But it is Toohey who has emerged through this string of scoops as a one-man Antipodean version of Woodward-Bernstein, the American reporting duo who brought down President Richard Nixon.

Toohey was born in Brisbane, educated mostly at state schools and earned a degree in economics at the University of Queensland. His first job was as a researcher for the Queensland branch of the ALP. When the Labor Party won the national election in 1972, Toohey went to Canberra to become private secretary to Lance Barnard, the new Minister for Defence. He lasted only six weeks before accepting an offer from the then editor of the Financial Review, Max Walsh, to fill one of the six vacancies created by reporters flocking to jobs in the Whitlam government. From there he went to the Fairfax bureau in Washington DC, returning in 1981 to assume the deputy editorship of The National Times, becoming editor in 1982.

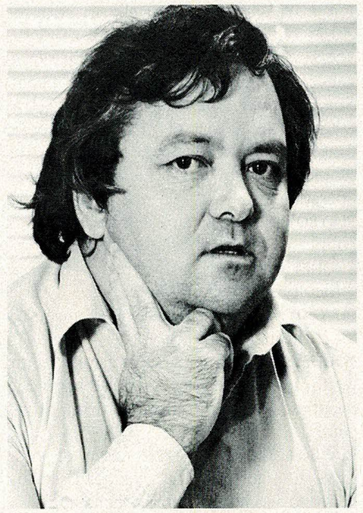
Toohey is 41, married, has two young sons and lives in the funky inner Sydney suburb of Glebe. He is known to enjoy a drink and is a two-time winner of the James Quirk Award, an acknowledgement of anti-charisma, presented by the Canberra press gallery each year to that journalistic colleague who performs the most outrageous animal act of the year. (The award is named in honor of a now departed correspondent famed for his recreational exuberance.) Toohey is also known as a cunning drinker and, whilst he

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER SIMONS/AFTER IMAGE



"I've probably got a greater interest in economics than defence issues. People can say I'm obsessed with spies but I only regard it as a healthy journalistic interest."

"It was a quite extraordinary proposition that the CIA expected the first loyalty of ASIO would be to them rather than to the elected prime minister."



"People find it interesting that the former head of the ACTU was a close personal friend of one of the biggest businessmen in this country."

may often be seen at the bar, he drinks slowly and alternates beers with mineral water so that when everyone else is paralytic the Toohey ears and mind are still comparatively clear.

Despite his fearsome reputation as a scandalmonger, despite the public opprobrium he has attracted, despite the physical appearance of a BLF front row forward, Toohey can be remarkably mild of manner and soft of speech. Senior contributing editor ***Paul Mann*** *reports: "When he arrived at the offices of Australian PLAYBOY for our interview, he appeared almost diffident and Toohey maintains he is merely a conscientious reporter doing his job to the best of his ability without fear or favor to anyone. We are assured by those who have known him a long time that this, too, is Toohey cunning. While he makes a living from people who can't keep their mouths shut, he gives away as little of himself as possible. Turning the tables on Toohey can be as much fun as trying to interview the giant Queensland clam. I decided to start the loosening-up process with a topic close to Toohey's heart — spies."*

PLAYBOY: Is it true that when you were a young man you applied to join ASIO?

TOOHEY: No.

PLAYBOY: Have you heard that rumor?

TOOHEY: Yeah. . . I've heard that I'm supposed to have joined ASIS, in fact. Unfortunately they failed to give me an overseas posting.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever apply to join ASIS?

TOOHEY: No. I don't think my history suggests that I would want to join either organisation.

PLAYBOY: Were you politically active in the '60s?

TOOHEY: I was editor of a student newspaper, the Queensland University paper, *Semper Floriat*. I prefer to think of myself as sceptical in a sort of small "l" liberal tradition. I very much enjoyed the '60s, the sense of both social and intellectual liberation.

PLAYBOY: Did you smoke dope and talk politics in the newspaper office?

TOOHEY: Much to my regret I have great difficulty smoking anything.

PLAYBOY: We understand you've made up for it through drinking.

TOOHEY: I was never a heavy drinker in my youth, I was more a heavy drinker in my late twenties. I couldn't afford to drink in my youth.

PLAYBOY: We understand much of your time in Canberra was characterised by heavy drinking and boorish behavior.

TOOHEY: Most of my time in Canberra was characterised by a great deal of hard work as a journalist.

PLAYBOY: You only became tired and emotional after a long day's work?

TOOHEY: Along with many other members of Parliament House, be they politicians or staff or journalists, I enjoyed a drink.

PLAYBOY: So you were always a prudent and circumspect young man in Canberra?

TOOHEY: I wasn't that young. I was 27, I think, when I went into journalism.

PLAYBOY: Was it the sudden wealth of a regular salary that enabled you to blossom as a social creature?

TOOHEY: I dropped money when I became a journalist.

PLAYBOY: Was the *Financial Review* your first real job in journalism?

TOOHEY: I used to write occasionally for *The Nation Review* and I used to write heaps of highly persuasive material for the Labor Party.

PLAYBOY: When you left your job as Barnard's private secretary to go to the *Financial Review* were you pushed or did you jump?

TOOHEY: I could have stayed on if I wished. I just found the job offer very attractive and I took it.

They (the CIA) expected and trusted ASIO to report, in effect, on whether an Australian prime minister was a security risk.

PLAYBOY: We understand one of the reasons you left is because you couldn't get along with Sir Arthur Tange, the Defence Department chief at the time?

TOOHEY: I didn't want to continue to work in the defence area — that's true. I think I could have handled Sir Arthur as the occasion would have arisen. There was an incident which occurred around that time with someone else on Barnard's staff, Clem Lloyd, whom both Barnard and Tange quite wrongly had banned from going to a meeting with the visiting British Defence Minister, Lord Carrington. I'd already resigned but shared Clem's disgust at this approach. People may think that had something to do with my leaving and I *would* have resigned over it had I not already resigned to go to the *Financial Review*.

PLAYBOY: It's been said that you have had an obsession with spooks and spies for years. You could have fed that obsession much more successfully if you had remained with the Defence Department. Why didn't you?

TOOHEY: I sometimes regret I didn't spend longer in government, seeing at close quarters how it actually works. I was looking to move across into the economics area — I've probably got a greater interest in economics than defence issues. People can say I'm obsessed with spies but I only regard it as a healthy journalistic interest. It's part of my job. I think the generals and the spies and all these people need to have a close eye kept on them. I like to think I have an intellectual curiosity that makes me want to find out about lots of things; I hope I never lose that. Part of that impels me to have a look at what intelligence organisations are up to, especially when they have a history of activities that are hardly beneficial to society.

PLAYBOY: So it's not a schoolboy fixation with the cloak and dagger world; it isn't paranoia, it's healthy curiosity?

TOOHEY: [*laughing*] That's obviously how I'm going to put it. . . but I've not written that many articles about intelligence organisations. Maybe what I have written has had some impact because it's involved some strong newsbreaks. One example, which if you wish to call obsessive you can but I certainly don't apologise for it, is getting hold of the top secret telegram containing details of a CIA briefing to ASIO. It was sent just before the November 11 sacking of Whitlam and I don't think the full implications of that have yet been explored. It's a key document in Australian political history and you can say the process by which I obtained that document is an obsession. I'd prefer to think of it as the process by which good reporters get information which gives considerable input into contemporary history.

PLAYBOY: You believe, do you not, that the CIA prompted the Whitlam dismissal?

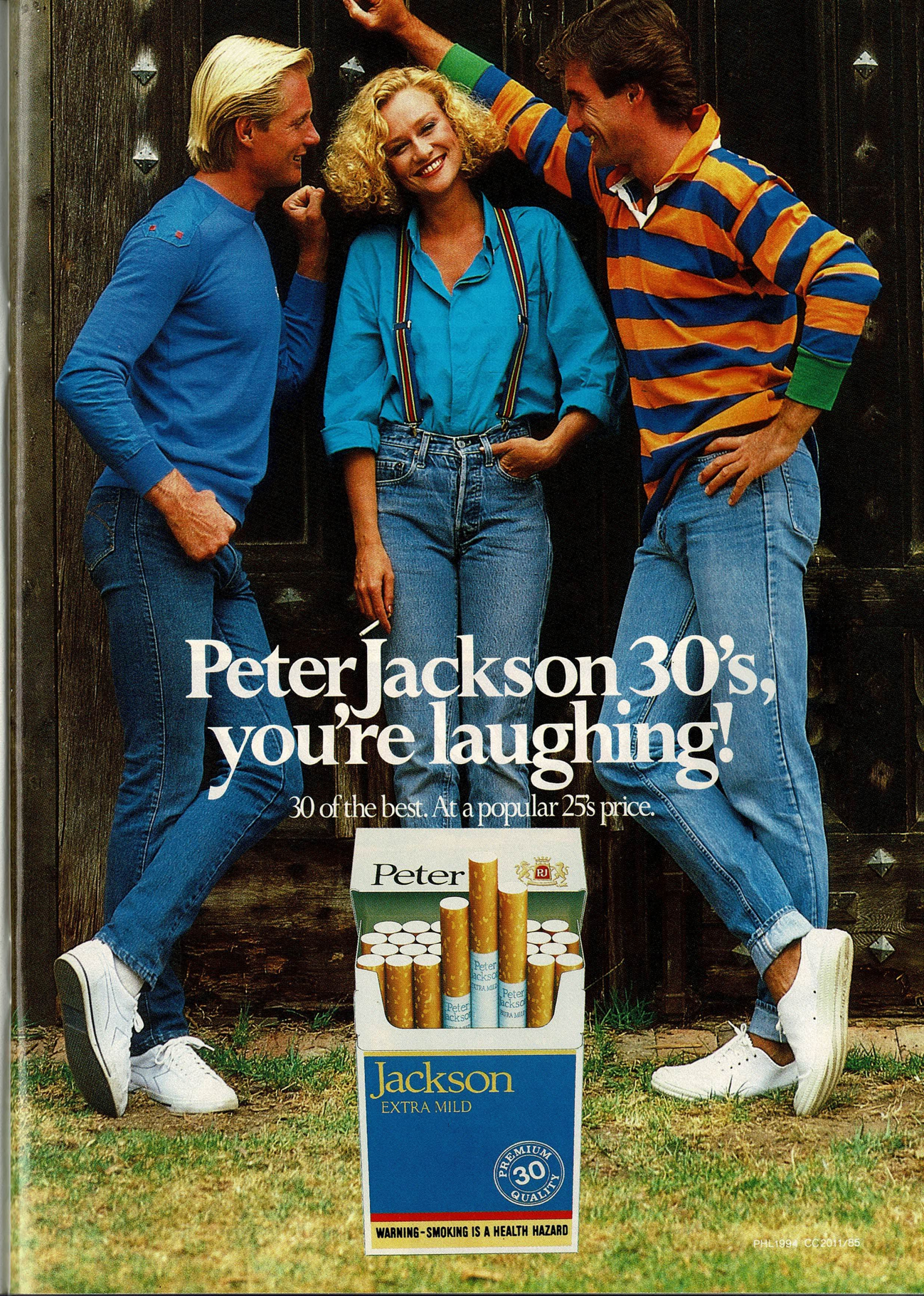
TOOHEY: I've never written that. I think Whitlam, primarily through his failure to control the wilder actions of some of his ministers, particularly Rex Connor and Jim Cairns, and his general failure to come to grips with what were admittedly extremely difficult and unprecedented economic problems, was going to lose the election regardless of whether he had been sacked or not.

PLAYBOY: But you believe the CIA gave a helping hand?

TOOHEY: I've never written that they did.

PLAYBOY: But is that what you believe?

TOOHEY: I'd rather people go on what I've actually written. What I've written is what the CIA was about and what ASIO was about as revealed in that briefing which occurred on November 8 in Washington. It was a quite extraordinary proposition, that they expected and trusted ASIO to report, in effect, on whether an Australian prime minister was a security risk. They expected the first loyalty of ASIO would be to them rather than the elected prime minister. My belief about CIA involvement in Whitlam's downfall is that Whitlam was going to fall *anyway*, but it is quite probable that the CIA assisted around the margin in his demise and would have willingly done so because of the number of things Whitlam had done which had greatly annoyed the



Nixon administration and then the Ford administration. Kissinger, for example, had an intense dislike of Whitlam because of the withdrawal of Australian troops from Vietnam and Whitlam's criticism of the Christmas bombing of Hanoi and the withdrawal of ASIS officers from Chile at a time when the CIA was in the business of destabilising the Allende government. Those, and a number of other events, caused great consternation and displeasure in Washington about an ally who, for the past 23 years, had always docilely done what it was told.

PLAYBOY: Have things improved?

TOOHEY: I think ASIO has probably improved since then. I don't think the problem arises with the Hawke government. I don't think there would have been a more pro-American prime minister than Hawke.

PLAYBOY: Getting a copy of that telegram was a terrific piece of newsbreaking yet it didn't produce much of an outcry. How did that affect you?

TOOHEY: It can't affect me. I don't write articles for the effect they will have on events or for public acclaim.

PLAYBOY: Then what is your motivation?

TOOHEY: I can only hope, without sounding pompous about it, that exposure of the truth is beneficial to society but there is nothing much I can do about the way people will respond. It's more in a rationalist tradition than, say, a political tradition where your objective is to change the world. My satisfactions are possibly more philosophical than political. That, too, will sound pompous. . . but it's an effort to explain why I'm not greatly downcast if the world doesn't change because I reveal some tiny corner of the truth somewhere. I don't think there's anything very unusual about what I do as a journalist. It's nothing more than good journalists do on *The Sunday Times* in Britain or *The New York Times* or *The Washington Post* in the US. It's very much within a mainstream of reporting.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as a crusading journalist?

TOOHEY: No, I don't, I certainly don't. I clearly would prefer an Australia in which certain values were given more weight than they are at present. . . areas such as equity, unemployment and greater freedom of speech.

PLAYBOY: They're commendable principles. Why do you think they have earned you the epithet of the most hated journalist in Canberra?

TOOHEY: I don't know if I'm the most hated journalist in Canberra and I certainly don't care. I'm able to talk to a very wide range of people in Canberra and I have friends who are senior politicians and senior public servants. Part of that thing may only apply to the Prime Minister who seems to have this trait that he must be loved by everybody.

PLAYBOY: Some of your colleagues describe you as a bit of a mad dog and refer to your obsessive pursuit of stories.

TOOHEY: I don't see anything wrong with being obsessive. If you're a journalist, it's how you get stories. They should try it some time. I was head of the *Financial Review* Canberra bureau for five years and their Washington correspondent. I don't think you'd have those jobs if you were a mad dog. Want to point to something I've written that justifies that label?

PLAYBOY: The Hawke daughters?

TOOHEY: I think it was a perfectly legitimate thing to write about the way his children and his worries about them spill over into the way he does his job.

PLAYBOY: His worries only spilled over when you authored an article in *The National Times* about his daughter Susan's drug conviction being overturned.

TOOHEY: No, those problems exist regardless of what we write; they don't only come into being because a newspaper writes about them. His other daughter, Rosslyn, was a heroin addict quite independent of the fact that it was written about. It's part of contemporary Australian political history.

PLAYBOY: You authored an article in *The National Times*'s Clancy column that stated: "According to an interview she (Rosslyn Hawke) gave to a journalistic colleague some time ago, (Sir Peter) Abeles apparently thought so much of her that he had been moved to give her a Citroen car as a present for her 17th birthday." What is the value in publishing a thing like that?

TOOHEY: It's a fairly standard item for that sort of column.

PLAYBOY: It's history. . . there's a very tenuous link to the present.

TOOHEY: No, no, no. She'd just got a job with Peter Abeles's company, Ansett. It was hardly a major article, just one paragraph in a whole newspaper and it broke a small news item that the Prime Minister's daughter was getting a job with Ansett at the Canberra airport and noted that the person who runs Ansett seems always to have had a high opinion of her.

I think, not from that one paragraph but from many other things, most notably Blanche D'Alpuget's biography of Hawke, that there is a very close relationship between Abeles and the Prime Minister.

It is a relationship which continues in the working sense because Hawke has put Sir Peter on to the Reserve Bank board and on to EPAC, the Australian government's highest economic advisory body.

PLAYBOY: You know very well that every article carries a message and often a clear implication between the lines.

TOOHEY: Well, it can carry various messages according to the reader. You hope you write things with such clarity that it doesn't allow a wild range of interpretations but experience teaches you in journalism that people read all sorts of bizarre things into articles.

PLAYBOY: You claim that linking those items from the past and present about Rosslyn Hawke was a dispassionate presentation of the facts?

TOOHEY: Happens all the time in journalism. Read a newspaper every day of the week and you'll find past events linked with current events. . . it's called backgrounding.

PLAYBOY: We're not buying that. You know very well that presenting a limited number of facts creates a distinct impression. You are drawing the attention of your readers to the close link between Hawke and Abeles. Now what do you mean by that?

TOOHEY: It happens all the time in political journalism. You let readers know who very powerful people, like prime ministers, are closely associated with. It's a standard part of political biography. People wanted to know who Malcolm Fraser was close to, who John Gorton was close to, who Billy McMahon was close to, who Gough Whitlam was close to. They find it interesting to know that the former head of the ACTU was a close personal friend of one of the biggest businessmen in this country. It's absolutely and totally within the mainstream of journalism to write that sort of thing.

PLAYBOY: Okay. The impression that people have formed is that you have a vendetta against Hawke.

TOOHEY: No, I don't. I find that astonishing.

PLAYBOY: For our part, we are astonished that you find that astonishing.

TOOHEY: I think Hawke, more than any other politician I've ever known, desperately wants to be loved by everyone and if you're in any way sceptical or critical of him he takes it very badly.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he's hurt because you don't love him?

TOOHEY: I think he wants to be loved by everyone. Gough Whitlam once suggested to Max Walsh that he not make me head of the Canberra bureau of the *Financial Review*. Malcolm Fraser wouldn't let me fly on his VIP plane. Having prime ministers of both political stripes *not* like me is no new experience for me. Nor would I suggest for a moment that it's a dishonorable experience for a journalist. It simply suggests that I'm doing my job properly. I haven't noticed too many other journalists who lick the arses of various prime ministers writing very useful stories.

PLAYBOY: So your journalism is more morally upright than the journalism many of your colleagues are pursuing?

TOOHEY: No, I don't feel that way at all. I regard most of my colleagues as very good journalists. All I'm saying is that I haven't noticed those who bother to lick the arses of various prime ministers in the past really writing anything that stands up as good reportage about those people.

PLAYBOY: Do arse-lickers in journalism vastly outnumber unbiased, independent-minded journalists?

The sooner you see your travel agent for your copy of 'The Way Out' brochure, the sooner you can be on board and raging.

Ogilvy MPO 4194 PB L

Berths start at about $80 per night.

Ogilvy MPO 4194 PB R

TOOHEY: [*laughing*] I don't think I was quite making that dichotomy. The main job of journalism is to report what's going on and investigative journalism is simply doing that, probably with a bit more depth than is allowed by the daily demands of journalism. In Canberra, for instance, most of the time is taken up with trying to report the massive things that are happening. It's an extremely demanding job, and then people who write columns and feature articles try to analyse it. Australia has been very lucky over the years in having a very high standard of political reporting out of Canberra. I don't disparage most of my colleagues. . . but there will always be some journalists who get more of a glow out of playing cards with the Prime Minister than putting him through a strenuous series of questions.

PLAYBOY: And you have a healthy contempt of those journalists?

TOOHEY: In any job you'll always find people like that. I'm just saying that the fact I've not been loved by a succession of prime ministers is not something that greatly disturbs me.

PLAYBOY: Do you think there is often an unhealthy cosiness between the Canberra press gallery and the governments of the day?

TOOHEY: That charge would be made most against the Whitlam government. On the other hand, events quickly caught up with Whitlam. I think Hawke has had the most extraordinary honeymoon with the press gallery of any prime minister I can recall. . . but the honeymoon appears to be over now.

PLAYBOY: What is your attitude towards Hawke?

TOOHEY: I think Hawke has an excellent chance of losing office having achieved very little. He will have been a pragmatist whose prime goal was to hang on to power. . . and lost it. This must be qualified by what happens on the tax front, which is not clear at the time of doing this interview. If what Paul Keating wanted had taken place, it would have been one of the most radical changes seen for a long, long time in Australian politics, and it would certainly have been an achievement marked up to the Hawke government. If it had gone through you couldn't have argued that they just sat there and enjoyed the fruits of office.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Hawke has feet of clay?

TOOHEY: I've never been very impressed by Hawke.

PLAYBOY: Are you speaking as an editor or a voter?

TOOHEY: As a journalist who has, over the years, had to cover a lot of the political action in this country. I don't see him as having anything like the same political stature as either Whitlam or Fraser.

PLAYBOY: Who did you vote for in the last election?

TOOHEY: [*long pause*] I'm not sure I voted in the last election. I don't have any fierce views on who should be running the country out of the available contenders. Personally, I like John Howard but I'm not terribly attracted to many of his ideas for the country. I find them a bit too red in tooth and claw. . . that emphasis on letting everyone sink or swim in the marketplace. . . it turns society into a bit of a jungle where the weakest get done.

PLAYBOY: A number of people would put your politics to the far left of the Labor Party, the faction which seems to cause Hawke so much trouble.

TOOHEY: I haven't been a member of the Labor Party for a long, long time. I really see myself as a sort of wishy-washy, small "l" liberal.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered that the kind of scrutiny to which you subject people like Hawke actually deters others from entering politics and that you may have contributed to Hawke's ill health?

TOOHEY: I don't think we've subjected Hawke to much scrutiny at all. I've only ever written one or two articles about Hawke. Our correspondents in Canberra, Geoff Kitney and Alan Ramsay, give a very professional reporting and analysis of the scene. I don't think we've subjected Hawke or Peacock or any other politician to anything like the scrutiny they deserve.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think Hawke feels you are conducting a vendetta against him?

TOOHEY: I don't know that he feels that way. If he does, I don't know the answer.

PLAYBOY: Are you aware that Hawke spoke to Sir James Fairfax at a function in Melbourne, criticising both you and *The National Times*?

TOOHEY: I don't know how much of it was against me but he was certainly highly critical of *The National Times* and said he'd like to see it close down, which I find fairly disturbing. I don't believe any previous prime minister would have expressed that view. I don't believe Gough Whitlam would have said he'd like to see *The Bulletin* close down even though it might have given him a hard time over the years. Given that there are so few media outlets in this country, I find it distressingly intolerant of the Prime Minister that he'd like to see a major paper shut down. It's certainly not the view of most of his senior colleagues who feel that *The National Times* adds very considerably to high quality reporting of national politics in this country.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe Hawke and his family are fair game and that anything you discover you'll print?

TOOHEY: Not *anything*. Obviously you could discover lots of things which you might decide are not of interest to people. There are a million facts out there, you've got to decide what's worth printing.

PLAYBOY: Are you a glory seeker?

TOOHEY: Obviously I like professional recognition for my work.

PLAYBOY: Do you want to be a one-man Woodward-Bernstein and bring down a government?

TOOHEY: I'm not a Woodward-Bernstein. I don't do much writing anymore. Most of the investigative work on *The National Times* is done by Marian Wilkinson and Wendy Bacon. If there's any credit for investigative reporting it should go to them.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe the NSW Labor government is as corrupt as the Askin government was?

TOOHEY: I believe there is more corruption in NSW now than in the Askin era and that the corruption has penetrated some parts of government itself.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TOOHEY: Basically because of a lack of will and political skill. If you really had as the number one priority to root out corruption in NSW, a much better job could have been done of it than has been done.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel all the momentum for cleaning up corruption has come from outside the government?

TOOHEY: The history of corruption in NSW has been one of denying well-based allegations and, in some cases, successfully denying them so some really serious matters in NSW have never been investigated. On other occasions, inquiries were finally forced and came up with adverse findings for the government. I would think that the level of corruption which exists in both the NSW police force and the overall administration of government would never be tolerated by someone like John Cain

(continued on page 114)

"He's determined to have all the things he was deprived of as a child."

Alfa 33 Ti. Performance Plus.

ALFA ROMEO 1910-1985 75 YEARS OF MOTORING LEGEND.

Since 1910, Alfa Romeo has been totally dedicated to pursuing only one goal: setting the standard in motoring excellence.

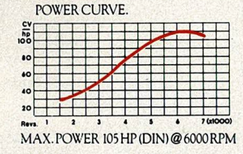
Today, after 75 illustrious years, this commitment has culminated in the Alfa 33 Ti.

The performance-plus Alfa 33 Ti is powered by a state-of-the-art 105 bhp twin carb boxer engine, an engine which is not only breathtakingly responsive but unhesitatingly smooth and efficient. The Alfa 33 Ti will take you from the kerb to the legal speed limit in a lightning flash. It is passionate. Not temperamental. So you can depend on it day in and day out for years to come.

Standard sports inclusions include special telescopic-hydraulic shock absorbers, hand stitched leather clad steering wheel, oil pressure and voltage gauges, special front rally seats and 'Speedline' alloy wheels with P6 low profile radials.

And added to Alfa's legendary performance features are luxury inclusions necessary for total motoring pleasure in the '80s: adjustable steering wheel and instrument binnacle, central locking system, electric front windows and, of course, an AM/FM stereo cassette.

ALFA ROMEO PLUS
ALFA ROMEO'S EXCLUSIVE ALFA PLUS PROTECTION PLAN
• 12 MONTH UNLIMITED KILOMETRE WARRANTY
• 6-YEAR ANTI-CORROSION PROTECTION

POWER CURVE.


MAX. POWER 105 HP (DIN) @ 6000 RPM

And as tangible evidence of Alfa Romeo's commitment to building not only the most exciting cars in the world, but also the most reliable, the Alfa 33 Ti is covered by Alfa Plus, a full 12-month unlimited kilometre warranty and 6-year anti-corrosion protection. See your Alfa Romeo dealer today and test drive the performance plus Alfa 33 Ti. Test yourself against this true driver's car.

The Style. The Power. The Legend.

Alfa Romeo

Alfa Romeo Australia Pty. Ltd. (02) 666 4122

LHV/AR 729

INTO THE FAST LANE

A driver's seat is the closest you can get to the Adelaide Grand Prix. Rob Luck puts you there.

ADELAIDE INTERNATIONAL airport, October 1985: Ayrton Senna, the hottest new property in Formula One, pushes through the airport throng virtually unnoticed. While Piquet, Rosberg and Lauda have endured mob scenes, Senna, slim and self-effacing, is almost overlooked. Almost. Near the exit a young boy thrusts a program at him and Senna scrawls a felt pen hieroglyphic on it. Then he's in the VIP car with a team contact,

LAVROFF '85

ILLUSTRATION BY ALEX LAVROFF

escaping the milling crowd, heading for his downtown hotel.

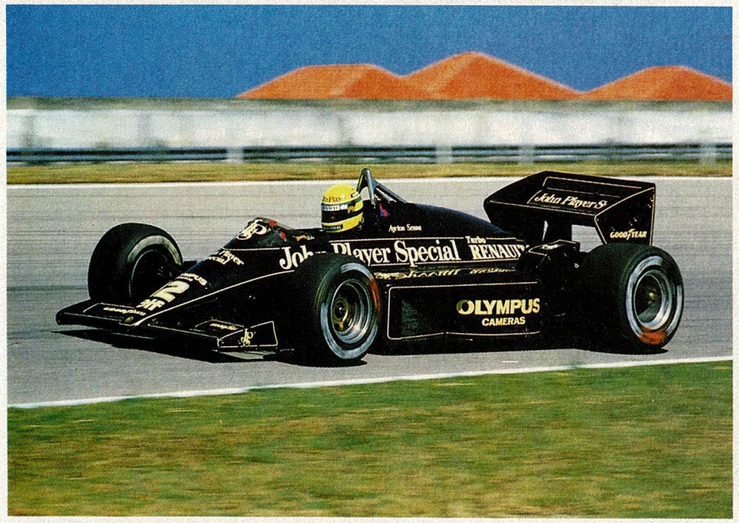
"The circuit, it is very fast, eh?" he says, staring out the window.

"Yes, very. Perhaps the cars will do 350km/h on the main straight. The information from the Porsche computer says lap speeds will average 160 or 180 kilometres."

"Good," says Senna abruptly, still staring through the Polaroid tint.

He is surprised how bright and hot this place Adelaide is. He's been tyre-testing in Europe for weeks, as well as trying to shrug the approaching northern winter cold from his lean and hungry frame. But this Adelaide, it is a good place. Warm, like his own Brazil. There is good ambience here, he decides.

At the hotel he swaggers through the Italian contingent, propped up under their Ferrari flags and "Michele" banners, checks in and takes the elevator immediately to his room. The racebag is hurled on the bed as he picks up a small pile of papers already stacked on the table. Messages from the hotel management, from the organisers, a schedule from the team with a contact list of phone numbers, circuit maps and diagrams, a book on the city, a stack of fan mail and, on the bottom, a heavily perfumed letter. He stabs his finger at the flap and spills its contents. It's a color photo of a girl naked. There is a note. It reads: "Ayrton. Please call me, any time. Sherry." No reaction. He consigns it to the pile and begins unpacking. No time for women yet. He is here to race.



Senna's Lotus team car bound for Adelaide's fast street circuit.

Ayrton Senna, a 25-year-old Brazilian, is the man who would be king of Formula One. He starred in his very first year and that was only last year, and in one of the lesser competitive machines. Even early in that season at Monaco he served notice on the circus of his intentions. Pulling the Toleman up from the back of the pack he hunted it through the teeming Monte Carlo streets like a sinister mechanical shark, savaging some of the greatest names in Formula One including Lafitte, Arnoux, and even Lauda, the world champion. In the blinding confusion they stopped the race moments before he could snatch victory. No one liked that decision, but Senna was satisfied with second. A tough job, well done.

For the rest of the Grand Prix world, it was as if a warning flare had been fired over the Formula One hemisphere. This was a man with the stuff of a champion, and they rushed to get his signature. Before the season was out, he had grappled with offers from many team managers, including Ferrari, and put himself in the Lotus camp. Announced before season's end, the team swap nearly caused a riot, and Team Lotus were obliged to pay heavily to buy out his Toleman contract.

It was a decision that neither regretted as the 1985 Formula One calendar began to unfold. In his first four Grand Prixes, Senna put himself on the front row of the grid four out of four, taking three pole spots. There were problems, of course: the Renault turbo engine that pulses more than 750 horsepower through the carbon-fibre Lotus chassis had already gained a reputation as one of the biggest drinkers on the Grand Prix circuit. Already it had proved painful, costing Senna the lead, the victory and the spoils at Imola in Italy as he emptied the fuel cell a few kilometres from the checker. There must be no more sickening feeling to a Grand Prix driver than to find himself running on empty with the finish line in sight. Senna took it like the potential champion he is. No tantrums, no Latin American fireworks.

Senna is on the phone now to the revered Gerard Decarouge who has arrived even earlier than the Brazilian driver. Yes, Decarouge, the magician of chassis design, a man capable of lifting a slender tub of space-age reinforced plastic and its straggly suspension entrails to supreme feats of steering and handling. No matter that the Goodyear tyres that have dominated Formula One for so long and looked to be the right choice this year have slipped behind Michelin's march-stealing new radials; Decarouge is a man who can tweak that extra edge out of a chassis to put it right back in front. Together with the refined, explosive talent of a man such as Senna, the combination can be unstoppable.

Senna wants to case the circuit and he wants Decarouge there while he does it. Downstairs they meet Peter Warr, Lotus team manager, and travelling human computer, a man noted for his ability to seam-weld a motley group of nearly 50 pit-crew into a perfectly harmonious unit. Spanners (mechanics), timekeepers and recordkeepers, engineers, rubber men, machinists and fabricators all pull at the same stroke when Warr is coxing the crew.

Decarouge and Warr start filling in the gaps like a mental dot-for-dot, smoothing over the young driver's doubts. Actually everything is very well under control. The team has been able to bring four of its seven cars. Every Lotus chassis is identical except for modifications made progressively from workshop and testing sessions. In European circuits, not far from the UK Lotus home base, it's possible to cart most of them in the team transporter. On the remote stops on the Grand Prix circuit, such as Australia, there is a limitation forced by the airlift capacity available to all the Formula One Constructors Association (FOCA) teams.

Because all the Grand Prix teams travel as a "circus", sharing facilities for transport and costs, there has to be an equitable distribution of available air cargo space. Already, two Qantas jumbo freighters bulging with 150 tons of Formula One gear are in the air, winging it Down Under. On board, Lotus has its cars bolted to the Formula One pallets, screwed down on skinny transport wheels, aerodynamic extremities removed and carefully packaged. Tools, spares, wheels, tyres, workshop equipment and pit gear are all boxed and bolted down. Everything is on the way, including the engines. Renault is providing the turbos, and they may need heaps. They've found reliability, but this circuit could prove one of the fastest on the calendar. One thing is for sure: it will be far and away the fastest street circuit.

Warr, who has already travelled the circuit a dozen times, including one late night "speeder", already has the hire car pointed down the long straight of Dequetteville Terrace, 900 metres of flat, straight tarmac entered from a 150km/h corner, and well worth a terminal 325-350km/h.

"The wing settings here are going to be critical," observes Senna. "If we want to make the top speed on the straight, then

we'll have to back the wings right off. The surface looks good, not too bumpy, so the car shouldn't jump around. But how are the tight parts, are we going to need some downforce there?"

Decarouge fills him in. "You will really find out in practice at racing speeds of course, but we can't see where they have left any tricky bumps in place. This whole circuit has been completely repaved, you know."

Senna looks really concerned. What about Dallas, where the track fell apart in the race? And Spa in Belgium only early this year — huge chunks of bitumen flying in the air in practice like black deathstars and the race cancelled. What guarantees do we have it won't happen here, in Adelaide?

Warr is calmer. "None of course, but the Government here has put $5,000,000 on the ground and they seem to have laid it carefully." He explains the schedule and the system, smoothing away Senna's legitimate fears. Certainly, on paper, it looks as good as it possibly could.

For a start, the organisers did their homework overseas, studying the disasters first. The vital indicator was curing time, so the track committee aimed to dig up all the roads, set the new foundation and get the new slick surface laid and in place before the end of June. That way the surface could be traffic-packed for a full four months before the first Formula One flat slick stomped on it with more than 700 tarmac-ripping horsepower. In that time, any trouble was sure to show.

Under the direction of road engineer Bob Barnard, the SA Government highways task force nailed down a special substance known as Mobilplast A, a petroleum-based product which enables the edges of the strips to weld neatly together into a flat surface. Quite important on Adelaide's long, flat sections of very wide roadway.

There are weak links in every system and one is the all-new road section laid inside Victoria Park racecourse, which covers the vital start/finish line in front of the main grandstands. No traffic passes over this part so the road engineers commissioned a team of rollers to constantly pack it during the curing time. But there are no guarantees, which is why Keke Rosberg says a pre-race should always be run on street circuits.

Come raceday the South Australian Highways Department engineer will be rubbing his hands with joy. . . or slitting his wrists.

The Budget rent-a-Lotus crew flash their passes at the racecourse gate and wheel into the pit area. A stroke of luck, Barnard is there, poring over the pavement with an engineer. It is a great opportunity for Warr, Decarouge and Senna to analyse the road surface and the talk immediately gets hyper-technical.

Decarouge wants to know about surface compounds, curing temperatures, and track variations around the circuit. His vital concern is tyres, and how hungry this surface will be. The team will devour perhaps $30,000 worth of Goodyear prime rubber in the four Grand Prix days, and every skin counts. There are three practice sessions: on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, and two qualifying sessions: on Friday and Saturday only. The five and a half hours of total practice time is good but, for qualifying, both sessions have a total one hour each and every team will put its balls on the line and quickest tyres on the car to get fast laps. The "qualifiers" are worth no more than two laps each tyre — maybe less on an abrasive surface that cuts the rubber up. So track finish is critical.

Then there are the unknown variables: the track surface in the off-line areas used for passing, how the junk builds up on the track edges (tyre chunks, grit, oil and dust), what the bumpstrips are like on the corners, how clean will the surface stay?

Obviously there are considerations for the race, too. And the suspension and tyres will have to be tuned to the road camber.

Former world champion Alan Jones observed wryly that the driver who gets the best break at the traffic lights will get the fastest qualifying.

Decarouge has heard some of the corners are heavily crowned on the racing lines, and some are off-camber. Getting the tyres to stick flat without the aid of heavy wing downforce will be tough.

"Let's look," says Senna, and the Lotus group splits from Bernard and his group of highway engineers to tour the circuit. From the startline opposite the grandstand and line-up of gold viewing boxes, the circuit stabs across the horse-race track and the surrounding parkland and through a vicious kink into Wakefield Road. It pulls a series of fast right-angled right and left curves in the zig-zag up East Terrace, hurling a right hand turn across a busy intersection on to the four laner.

It is right there that several months before, former world champion Alan Jones, leading a group on a bus excursion of the circuit, observed wryly that the driver who gets the best break at the traffic lights will set fastest qualifying. It is a joke that is echoed in earnest only weeks later at the residents' meeting when a distinguished, lucid woman in her eighties asks who will have right of way at the Wakefield Road traffic lights on raceday. Seems her grandson always drives her right through there Sunday mornings on the way to church.

The City of Churches looks more like a speedway at this point. Every corner is lined with concrete barriers, linked together like a giant Lego set and stacked with shrapnel shields of wire mesh fencing, arching a total four metres in the air. The barriers are not only portable, quick-assembly bolt-down units, they are strong enough to sustain full impacts from the larger sedan cars that will run in preliminary race events, so no Grand Prix car should penetrate or mount them.

Senna and Decarouge are impressed with the circuit edge strips. On the track proper, every gutter has to be filled and rounded out. And the material employed can make or break a race team's hopes, should a wheel clamber over the perimeter. The Adelaide team have blended their curve extremities smoothly, finishing them flush with the road surface and employing materials that don't look as if they'll break up under the horsepower pounding and downforce exerted by 24 or 26 screaming Grand Prix racecars.

"They've done their homework well," says Warr. "I found out yesterday they let a contract to weld all the manhole covers closed. You don't want the car in front to suck one of those into the air at 300 klicks, eh?"

Senna nods, but his mind has raced ahead. "I can see we will have to work out gearing for the first session. This circuit is fast, but there are some slow corners like the hairpin at the bottom of the big straight. We'll need first there for sure, and I'll want to pull a long second gear for the next kink into the racecourse and the open hairpin and that nasty kink coming back out of the racecourse. We really have some work to do here, Gerard."

Elio de Angelis is the other Lotus team driver. One of the brighter lights of 1983, de Angelis proved he was more than a mere "rent-a-driver" in 1984 with a strong-finishing third in Lotus cars that lacked the vital winning ingredient. Now, he must be wondering at the fickle finger of fate that pointed out Senna to the Lotus team and automatically moved the younger driver up to a psychological, if not actual, number one team driver position.

The young Italian driver, who wears a Kangaroo and the word Australian (an Italian sportswear sponsor) on his crash helmet, was earlier dubbed the "Roman Rich Kid" and was one of the Formula One jockeys accused of "buying a drive" by introducing big sponsorship bucks to his team and so securing his seat. But 1984 proved he was up to the job, although now rapidly shaping up as a back-up to the young Senna when the Brazilian falters.

As the Lotus boys cut back into the afternoon traffic, they can see the city is starting to buzz. The broad streets are jam-packed with cars, many splattered with stickers and slogans proclaiming their race favorites: drivers, teams or car makes.

(continued on page 92)

The problem with growing up on TV is that the person you grow up as is not necessarily who you are. Judy Norton-Taylor, for instance, grew up as Mary Ellen Walton on the long-running television series *The Waltons*. Mary Ellen was one of the sweetest, humblest and noblest people you'd ever hope to meet. Judy, on the other hand, is a lot more fun.

It's not that she doesn't share many of the qualities of her former television character: she does. But there's an edge to Judy that Mary Ellen couldn't even conceive of.

"That wasn't an image I was too comfortable with," explains Judy. "It was too. . . boring. But I only resent that character when it limits people's assessment of me. Even when it was the main thing in my life, it still wasn't the *only* thing. There was still another whole person who went home between shoots."

Understandably, the development of that other person in the shadow of the overwhelming TV image wasn't easy, but Judy is a child-star survivor. She's tough, bright and intense. When she's interested in something, her entire being is completely focused on it; when she's bored, she makes a quick exit.

Seven years of ballet training have given Judy a powerful grace that she uses in her pursuit of action sports. "I've done a lot of things that would probably be considered dangerous. But I go about them very slowly and carefully. It's the challenge that I like. Despite the fact that I feel confident — well, pretty confident — about what I'm doing,

The clan from Walton's Mountain (left). That's Judy as Mary Ellen at seven o'clock. Below, several years and some judicious growing later, the real Judy Norton-Taylor emerges.

Miss Norton-Taylor says "Good night, Mary Ellen."

THE PUNCH IN JUDY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

there's still a chance something could go wrong.

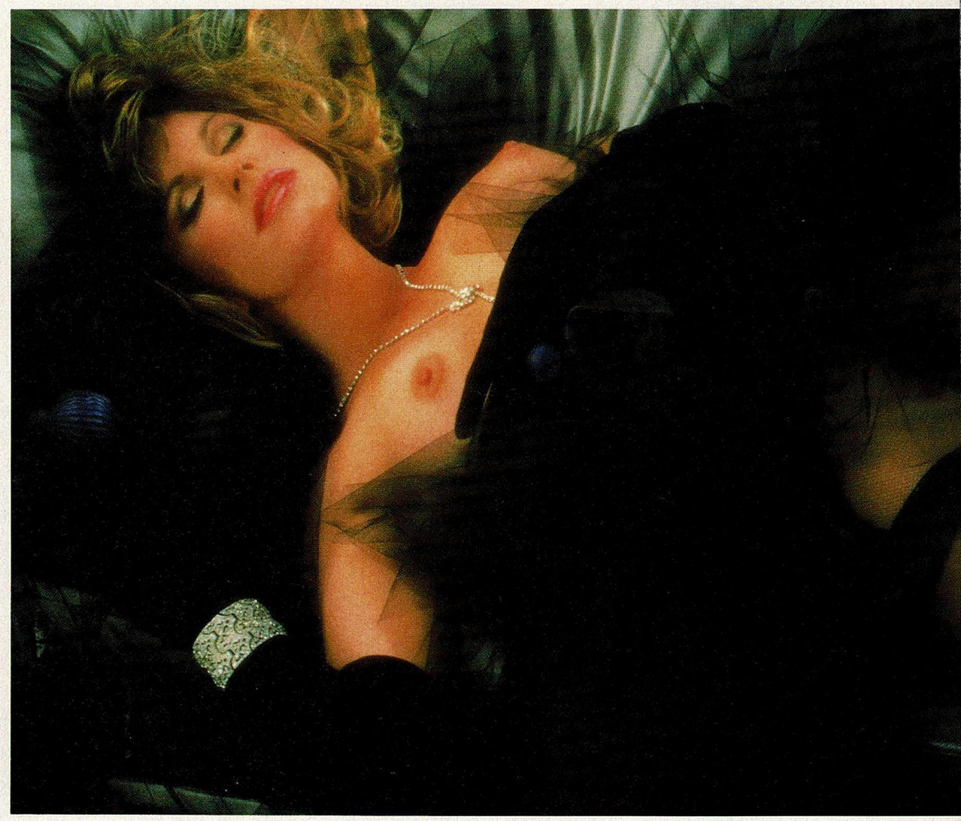
"I'm sort of a dilettante, playing at everything. I like to be busy, but I hate being mediocre, so I've got to choose. . . I'm either going to be lousy at everything or I've got to give up some things and concentrate on what I really want to do."

Unfortunately, what Judy really wants to do is everything. She's constantly hunting for new experiences, new people, new roles to play. Somewhere in the dust behind her are two marriages. Adventure doesn't come cheap, but you do learn a lot about yourself along the way.

"Men have told me they find me very intimidating," she says. "I think in order for a man to deal with me, he's got to be very secure."

Acting remains the central love of Judy's life, but in the three years since she left *The Waltons,* she has put it on the back burner in favor of sports, taking only selected roles, mainly in live theatre. "One reason I enjoy theatre more, in a way, than television is the audience. There's that feeling of creating something that holds the attention of people. It's a form of control, a form of power because you are, for that given amount of time, taking these people on a little trip with you. And, if you're good, you hold their interest, you make them believe and care and laugh and cry with you. Then, if it all works, there's a great sense of accomplishment. You did it!"

"To me life is like a game and my whole attitude is geared to what I enjoy. Because if I'm not going to enjoy being here and living this life, then what's the point? If there's no excitement, nothing to look forward to, nothing to achieve, then I don't want to be here."



EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF

Look sideways at your neighbor and you might just get a bullet for your trouble.
Article by CHRIS WEST

THE FIRST real gun I ever saw — up close, I mean, not on television or in the movies — was a Beretta .22 pistol. All black, with diamond-shaped rubber inlays on the handle, it was so small it could fit in the palm of a child's hand, a discreet weapon which looked almost like a toy. I remember it made me nervous. Even unloaded, its tiny magazine lying alongside it and the chamber empty, I couldn't quite shake the fear that the damned thing was animate, that it could go off on its own. The Beretta was one of several firearms owned by a friend of mine in Los Angeles. He also owned 30 or 40 knives — World War I bayonets, switchblades, Bowie knives and Filipino balasongs — but while he collected the cutlery for its own sake, the way some people collect antiques, butterflies or stamps, he made no bones about the firearms being around for protection. They were stashed all over his house, at the back of cupboards and drawers in his bedroom and study, even under the bench-seat of his Steinway grand piano. They

ILLUSTRATION BY RE:DESIGN

were kept close at hand to deal with an intruder if, or more likely when, the need arose. Not that this friend of mine was particularly paranoid, at least not in comparison with the rest of LA's affluent white population. I soon learnt that everyone there coped best with the city's unpredictable weirdness by adopting a siege mentality: pull up the drawbridge and don't give the spics and the psychos a chance. Owning a few weapons was just a matter of being cautious and practical, much the same as always driving with the car doors locked, even in broad daylight, anywhere outside Beverly Hills.

LA is crazy but I wasn't going to be sucked into it. I managed to reassure myself that as long as I didn't spend more than a fortnight there, and stuck close to the hotel coffee shop and swimming pool, I could probably avoid the locals' movie-stoked fetish for playing with real guns.

But I decided by buy one myself. . . just in case.

●

True pacifism is the finest form of manliness. But if a man comes up to you and cuts your hand off, you don't offer him the other one. Not if you want to go on playing the piano you don't.

— Sam Peckinpah, *Playboy,* 1972.

I was told it was one of the more respected arsenals in the city but the gun shop off Hollywood Boulevard didn't bother to advertise that fact. The flat storefront was set back from the sidewalk behind a nine metre strip of concrete, a DMZ between the steel-grill-and-armored-glass door and the street offering no cover to anyone dumb enough to loiter with intent. The door was always locked and there was no sign.

Customers had to press a buzzer to alert a sales assistant who'd look them over from a window and, if they passed muster (in other words, if they seemed unarmed), admit them. The sales assistants were mostly bull-necked good ol' boys with big pot-bellies and heavy lidded eyes, like hooch-swilling sheriffs from south of the Mason-Dixon line. All had .357 Magnum revolvers strapped to their hips.

The gun shop was a veritable supermarket of sudden, violent death. Two or three rows of glass-topped cabinets displayed every type of pistol, revolver, knife, blow-pipe and slingshot. That last is a highly developed, powerful version: a black, alloy frame with a rubber wrist-brace and a hollow latex tube sling which fires quarter-inch steel ball-bearings and bears the ominous brand-name "Black Widow". Dozens of rifles, shotguns and even high-powered crossbows and sub-machine-guns stood butt-down in wooden racks along every wall.

"And if mine beats yours, you hand over your wallet, right?"

"After anything particular?" one of the sales assistants drawled.

To tell the truth, I wasn't sure what I was after, if I was after anything at all, but I wasn't about to announce to this huge redneck that I was just browsing. Instead, I pointed at something which resembled an alloy-plated milk carton or part of the drive shaft casing off a BMW motorbike, except that it had a hollow handle and a trigger. "What's that?" I asked.

His face lit up. "Weird looking, ain't it? 's a Mini Uzi semi-automatic. Fires nine millimetre Parabellum from a 20-round clip with a muzzle velocity of 335 metres per second. Weighs around two kilos empty so it's heavy but it's real well balanced. Have a hold of it. You'll see what I mean."

So I took the Uzi nervously, like a kid being given a guinea pig. I hefted it once from hand to hand, gently squeezed the trigger and peered down the barrel through the ejection port. Not knowing what else I was expected to do with it I handed it back.

"Nice, huh?" he grinned.

"I guess."

"Six hundred bucks plus tax. Includes one clip, adjustment tool, manual and a plastic case. We got a firin' range downstairs if you wanna test it out. S'long as you pay for the rounds, of course."

Of course. But I wasn't convinced. "Maybe later," I said, "I think I'm looking for something, I dunno, a little smaller."

"No problem. You want semi-auto or revolver? Something reliable like a Colt Python .357 or maybe a standard .38?"

"Got a Beretta .22?"

The sales assistant didn't bother to stifle his contempt. "Shit," he sneered, "that's an old lady's gun, not worth a damn inside 18 metres. Stopping power, that's what you need these days."

There was a deadly finality in the way he said "stopping power" and I had an abrupt, visceral understanding of what it really meant: taking a hollow-point .44 magnum slug in the chest wouldn't just kill you, it would knock your as-good-as-dead carcass off its feet. Spreading on impact like a squashed grape, the lead would make an entry hole about the size of a 20 cent coin in your flesh, then rip your sternum apart, probably puncture your lungs or heart, and sever your spinal cord before exiting as a bloody pulp below your shoulder blades.

"Yeah, stopping power, that's what you need these days," the sales assistant repeated. Then he grunted with amusement, "Ugly notion, ain't it? But hell, these are ugly days!"

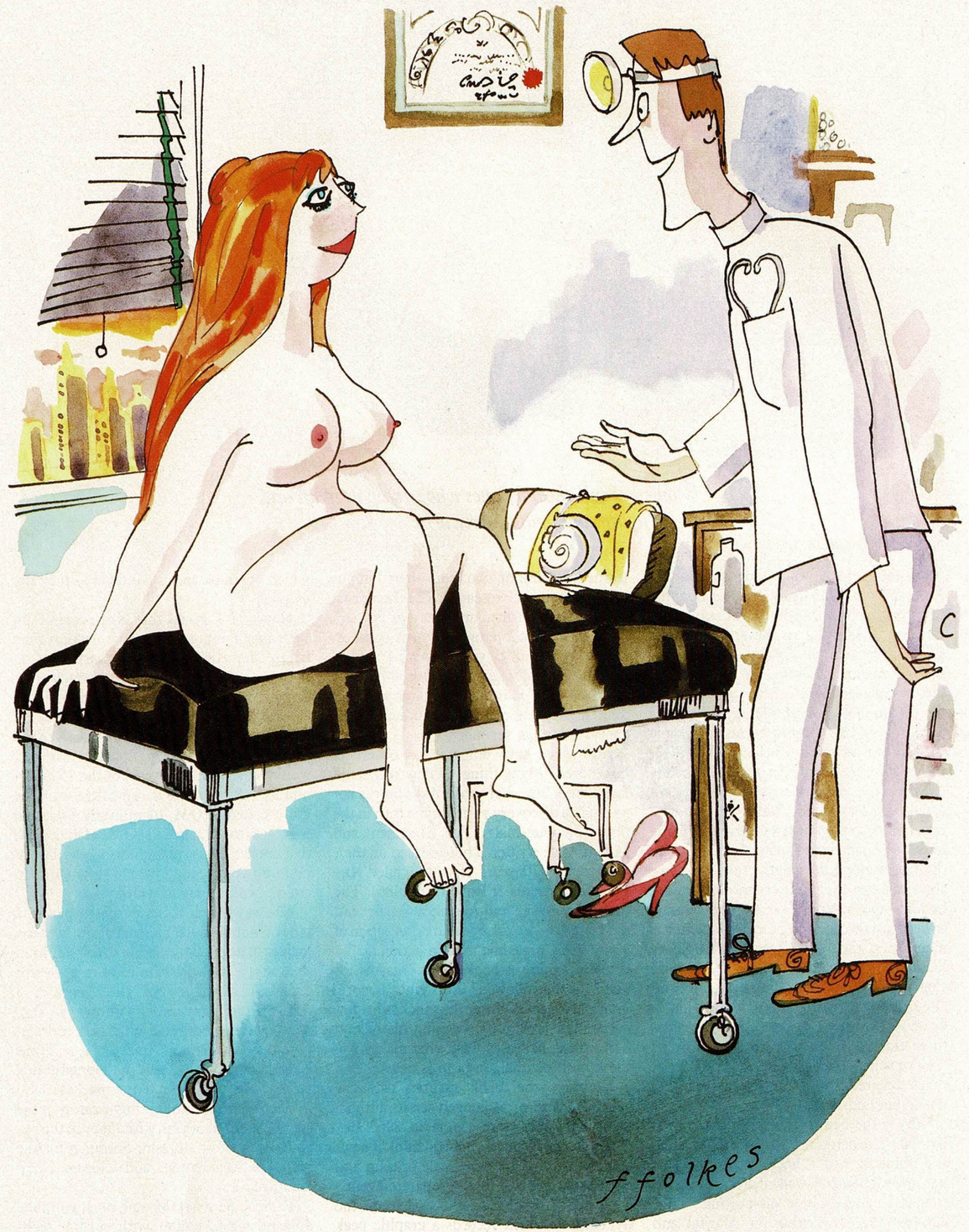
●

War is the enduring condition of man. It is part of the family, the crazy uncle we try, in vain, to keep locked in the basement.

— William Broyles, *Esquire,* 1984.

Even before I visited LA, I had come across magazines such as *Soldier Of Fortune, Survival* and *New Breed* ("for the

(continued on page 104)



"I would like that too, Miss Chapman, but there is such a thing as medical ethics. We'll have to make it your place."

Tapping the Big O

Women aren't the only ones who can do it again and again and again. Article by STEVE BUNK

TWO NAKED PEOPLE are lying on what the Americans call a Murphy bed, the kind that folds out from the wall. This double bed, the only furnishing in the approximately 6x7 metre room, sits higher off the floor than is normal and the naked couple is busily engaged in those shenanigans familiar to naked couples lying on beds the world over. They would be unremarkable beyond our common prurient interest if it weren't for the electrodes and the wires.

True, the electrodes are insignificant little fingernail-sized things but they're attached to our industrious friends in the most awe-inspiring of spots. Further, as we draw back along the length of the wires, we come to a sort of computer console standing behind the couple — a nine-channel dynograph recorder, to be exact — which is monitoring the pair's heartbeat, capillary blood flow, galvanic skin response, pressure changes in those places under pressure and all other manner of blips and blahs. Grouped around this pulsing dynamo, three elderly people watch and analyse, as they've watched and analysed thousands of times before, the event that passeth all understanding.

Why is the bed higher off the floor than normal? The better to see you with. Masters and Johnson had a hospital bed — how unromantic! Kinsey walked around into his subjects' view — how off-putting! This, however, is the Centre for Marital and Sexual Studies in Long Beach, California — how appropriate — and the three old spectators (a physiotherapist and the two sex therapists who run the centre) have learned a thing or two from their famous colleagues in such research. The therapists, Dr William Hartman and Marilyn Fithian, have been collaborators for three decades, during which they've performed similar physiological studies on almost 800 people — more than Masters and Johnson, more than Kinsey, more than any other researchers on human sexuality.

And what have our learned observers discovered? Many things, fellow seekers of inside info, but what concerns us here is not so much a discovery as perhaps a turn in the flood of hate-male. For Hartman and Fithian have written a book, based on their most recent 10 years of work, called *Any Man Can* (Angus & Robertson 1985). The title refers to the multiple male orgasm and the book is based on repeated observation of 33 multiply orgasmic men in action.

Come again? A book about orgasms for men? Is that allowed? And what's more, multiple orgasms? After the shock subsides, every man Jack of us, framing his second person singular, asks, just what makes you think multiple male orgasm is news?

Nothing, the book assures us. The earliest record of prolonged sex its authors could find was from China in 2968 BC. What Hartman and Fithian do think is news to most folks is that the male orgasm and ejaculation are two totally separate events. They know this because it says so on the dynograph, which records a graphic peak whenever someone climaxes. The implication of such knowledge is that there could be lots of blokes out there who are having multiple orgasms without ejaculating, which of course means — ta da — they last *longer*.

Now you'll recall that Kinsey came up with two minutes average frolicking time before depletion for three-quarters of all American men. Incredible though that statistic may seem, even if we consider the Yankee zeal to get a job done and therefore, in all fairness, add a few extra minutes to the average Aussie male's dalliance, it still would leave him well short of the 15 or 20-minute effort which is run-of-the-mill for the dreaded MOM, or multiply orgasmic male. (What a name, MOM!) Obviously, that means every man Jack of you has to build up your second person singular in an attempt to become a MOM.

The way you do this is by masturbating. I kid you not. Regular masturbation, goes the logic, can develop the ability to last longer in the sack. For those who require or prefer technical assistance in this venture, a Californian firm called Funways, Inc, manufactures both portable and console-type masturbation machines. These gadgets, with their sleeves and long tubing, are not dissimilar to milking machines and in fact, if turned up too high, can pull the sperm right out of you, without even the by-your-leave of an orgasm. So much for the myth of ejaculation and climax being identical.

To become a MOM, one must combine diligent masturbation with several techniques, a couple of which are pretty well-known. First is the "squeeze" technique, where you pinch off the flow at the moment of (I love this phrase) "ejaculatory

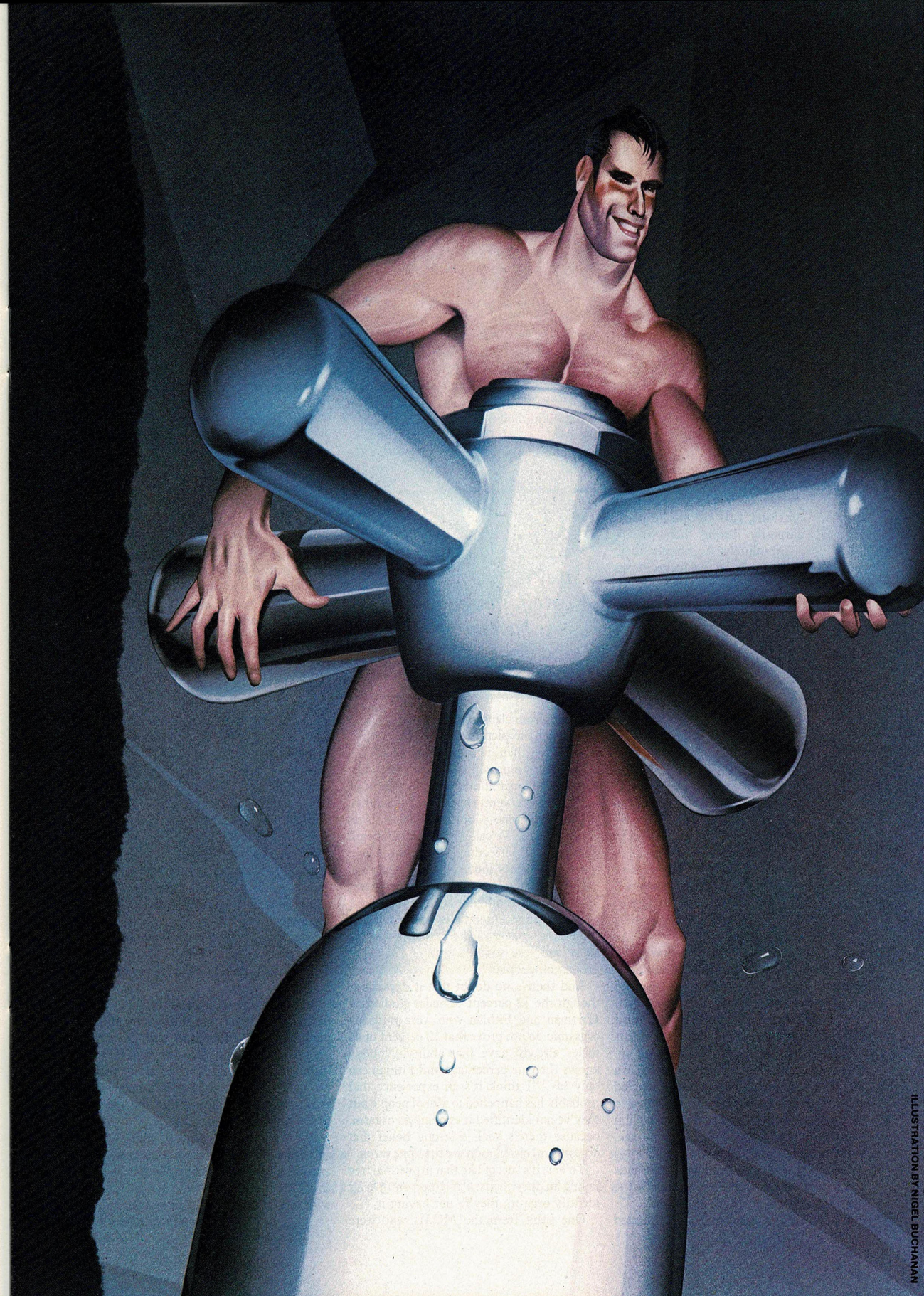


ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

inevitability". Sounds so *pince-nez*, doesn't it? Another technique is the drawing-down of the testicles, which should not be confused with the trooping of the colors. But the third technique is the one that Hartman and Fithian hope will sweep the world.

This is the flexing of the PC (pubococcygeous) muscle, the one which can be used to lift a wet towel, as they always say in sex books, although no one's ever tried it. Hartman and Fithian, however, would have it otherwise. Their suggestion is that male drivers sitting in traffic jams on the way to work should be busily flexing their PC muscles, but not too many flexes at once, because you have to build up to it. Perhaps a few more flexes while on the telephone to the new secretary and then a few more in the evening while recoiled in front of *Perfect Match* would add up to about 200 flexes per day, which is a nice total to shoot for. The end result should be the ability to flex just prior to the key moment of ejaculatory inevitability. In this way, you can keep on going and going and...

Are the authors serious? Can they truly envision nations full of two-minute wonders earnestly flexing their way to MOMhood? Absolutely. And beside them on the car seat, no doubt, sit tucker boxes full of dismantled portable milking machines where the sandwiches and bananas used to be.

So. Religious flexing, fervent masturbation with or without machinery, repeated spermless orgasm — it would appear that everyday incompetence hasn't a chance against this latest variation on hysterically serious, angst-loving, three-times-a-day-in-the-direction-of-Mecca fun-seeking. It would appear that, like it or not, everyone has to be a Californian.

The latest messenger of this commandment, none other than Marilyn Fithian herself, is the most down-to-earth Mercury imaginable. Her greying hair pulled back in a bun and her voluminous body swathed in a black-and-white polka-dotted dress with a big white bow tie, she looks no less genial than a jack-o'-lantern in a candy wrapper, perched over the blue harbor in her Sydney hotel room.

The 63-year-old Fithian was practically born to sex education, it being her mother's career. Young Marilyn used to clip newspaper articles for her mum's research and thus was more attuned than most children to the injustices of several events that happened when she was growing up. One such event occurred after the death of a girlfriend's mother. The father remarried and shortly afterwards his new wife tried to have him committed to an insane asylum because he had wanted to have oral sex. Investigation revealed that the new wife had successfully had two previous husbands committed for the same reason, though the third managed to avoid the loony bin.

When Marilyn was about 12, she clipped a newspaper article about a woman who murdered her husband and his girlfriend because she caught them having oral sex. When Marilyn was in high school in California, the student body president's father, a farmer, killed the boy after surprising him *in flagrante* with one of his calves. "That seemed a little punitive to me," notes Fithian, and she decided that such tragedies needed prevention.

Even at university in Long Beach, though, her studies in sex education were hampered by the fact that the few books on the subject were locked up. "You had to fill out a form and then somebody came and looked at you," she recalls. "Then somebody went with you and opened the door and stood there while you read." Fithian got most of her information from a Long Beach bookdealer, who would lock her behind three doors inside his room of ladders and shelves of sex books reaching to the ceiling. "My fantasy was we'd have an earthquake and I'd be buried in sex," she laughs. "It was a good thing I wasn't suffering from claustrophobia."

When you talk to women about what orgasm is, they tell you how rockets go off, stars appear... they have an unrealistic expectation and so do men.

You get the picture? Marilyn Fithian is okay. Why, then, is she feeding us all this sexual one-upmanship, for isn't that just what will happen if everyone decides to be MOM? She fervently hopes not but admits, "There are some people who have to do whatever's in. We call it crucifying yourself on a cross of perfection." Switching into a quasi-scientific mode, she declaims, "Where the book may cause some problems in performance orientation, I think it will help many more people in understanding something that already exists. You win some and lose some, I guess. You can't protect all people."

And there's no doubt that it does exist, though the 12 percent of males studied by Hartman and Fithian who were multiply orgasmic do not prove that 12 percent of all males already have that ability. Nobody knows the true percentage and Fithian can only say, "I think it's an experience that probably has happened to a lot of people but they've not identified it as being an orgasm, because there's such a strong belief that orgasm and ejaculation are the same thing."

To her, it's sort of like that proverbial tree falling in the woods: "If a person doesn't identify orgasm, they're not having it."

One titbit from the MOMs who were studied is their consensus that the amount of ejaculate released has nothing to do with the intensity of the orgasm. On the researchers' dynograph machine, the indicators of orgasm are so similar that nameplates must be used to differentiate males from females. "But when you talk to women about what orgasm is, they tell you how rockets go off, stars appear, you pass out... so they have an unrealistic expectation, and men are the same way. They assume that all men have 100 percent erections, 100 percent of the time. When a pretty girl walks in front of them, they should be able to rise to the occasion, so to speak."

The night before Fithian left California for her Australian visit earlier this year, her clinic got a call from a young man who was distraught because although he'd had five erections in a session with his girlfriend, he had failed the sixth time.

"We get a tremendous amount of misinformation from people we see," she says. "Sometimes in the United States, media people say the sex field has been well-covered and everybody already knows everything, but that's not true."

Even the MOMs themselves are often ill-informed, she says, because they think every male is like them. And that's despite the fact that most MOMs throughout history have been the intellectually curious and affluent ones — in short, those with the time and inclination to develop such skills.

For that matter, even today's scientists have a long way to go before research on the climax is finished. "What we know about orgasm is very limited," Fithian says, "so we talk about it in relation to what you see on a dynograph. The probability is that there are chemicals released that may be important factors in relation to the sensations and so forth. We just don't know that yet."

What they do know is that among the 282 men in their total research population of 740, Hartman and Fithian found 33 males who had an average of four orgasms per session. One had a dozen orgasms in close succession and another had 16. That's without losing an erection. All the people were volunteers, many of them from nudist colonies, because earlier on, Hartman and Fithian had done a five-year study on social nudism.

Most of the people brought their own sex partners but some used surrogates, who are paid, trained professionals with their own organisation based in, you guessed it, California. Surrogates are of either sex, of no particular age and aren't necessarily attractive or sensual, but they're supposed to be immensely caring.

For example, one gorgeous young female surrogate was in a car crash some years back and wasn't expected to live. She got 24-hour shift attention from the other surrogates, with lots of stroking and caressing, and she

(continued on page 112)

GEMINI RISING

The stars foretell an exciting future for lovely Yvonne Jaeger.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

Yvonne Jaeger is outgoing, bubbling over with energy and, above all, unpredictable. But then she's a Gemini and all members of that star sign family are pretty hard to keep up with.
Some of Yvonne's energy is channelled into her passion for all things old. On Saturday mornings she gets up early and heads for the flea markets and curio shops near her home. "I love antiques," she enthuses, "but I'm afraid that my flat is beginning to look like a bazaar!"
In the true fashion of double-sided Geminis, Yvonne combines her penchant for old possessions with a love of things that are bright and new. And that includes the future. "I like the idea of looking

I love the chase involved in getting a man. The thrill of testing my womanly charms to the hilt to see if I can snare him. The more of a challenge he is, the better. If he allows me to get close enough I'll really show him just how much I wanted him.

ahead," she says, "and I'm very positive about my future. My stars look very good this year. I know that somewhere out there a special job is waiting for me. It'll be something so mentally stimulating that I'll never want to look for anything else. After three years working as a legal secretary, I've narrowed down my options. I know what I *don't* want to be and that's a glamorised typist. My own antique shop would be terrific!"

Yvonne's obvious assets combined with her fiery determination to succeed make her a formidable lady. Next time you pass by a dusty antique shop, it may just be worth your while to peep inside. . .

I'd like to marry when I'm about 32, that way it'll be for keeps because by then I will have satisfied my curiosity enough to want to settle down. I've always got an eye open for that one special man. There are a few I'm keeping tabs on!

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Yvonne Jaeger

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Yvonne Jaeger

BUST: 84cm (33") WAIST: 58cm (23") HIPS: 84cm (33")

HEIGHT: 163cm WEIGHT: 44.5kg SIGN: Gemini

BIRTH DATE: 1.6.63

AMBITIONS: To find a job so interesting I'll never leave it.

TURN-ONS: Summers, holidays, intimate apartments, priceless antiques.

TURN-OFFS: Bad weather and men who whistle when I pass by.

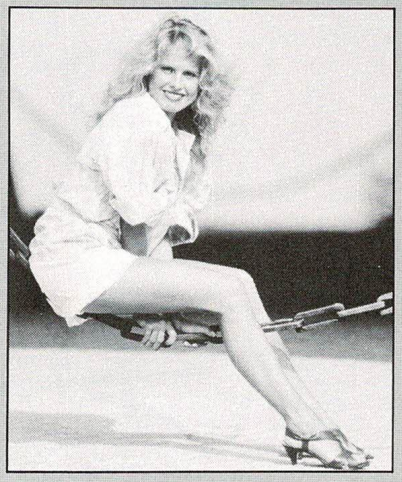
FAVORITE BOOKS: The little Drummer Girl, Mosquito Coast, King Rat.

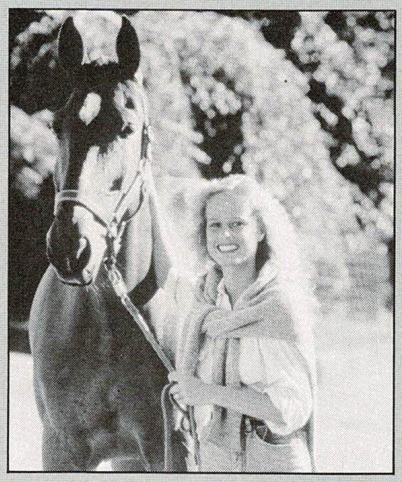
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Diana Ross, John Lennon, Humphrey Bogart and Dustin Hoffman.

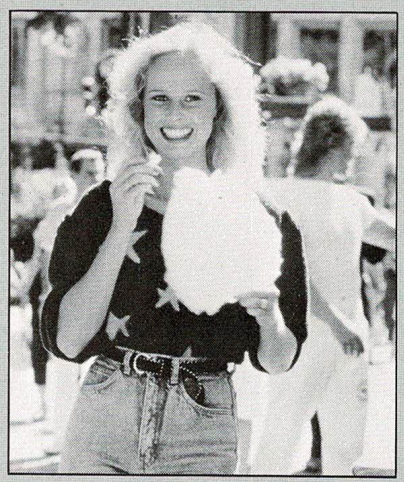
FAVORITE SPORTS: Horse riding and squash.

IDEAL MAN: Intelligent, understanding and tender with a cheerful disposition.

SECRET FANTASY: To go into orbit with a sexy astronaut and make gravity-free love.







PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A young bloke was absolutely thrilled when he discovered his wife was expecting their first child. He looked after her very well during the pregnancy and, at the first signs of labor, he rushed her off to the maternity hospital.

The staff informed him that it would take a long time so he went home to wait. After a couple of hours he hopped into his car and sped down to the hospital.

"Ward 3B. Third floor. She's had triplets," announced the receptionist at the inquiry desk.

He ran up the stairs and was barging into the ward when he crashed into the sister who promptly threw him out.

"How dare you come racing in here! You're not sterile!" she barked.

"Sterile? Me?" he shouted. "Of course I'm not bloody sterile. I've just fathered triplets!"

An innocent maiden was lured
To the home of a lecherous druid;
His promise, it seems,
Was to fill her with dreams,
But he pumped her instead with his fluid!

Two itinerant shearers were forced by a storm to seek overnight accommodation in a lonely old property at the back of Bourke. The place was occupied by a homely widow who welcomed them with open arms and cooked them up a big meal of home-made soup and roast lamb.

Many months later, the shearers met up again on a property in Queensland and they recalled the night they'd spent at the widow's property.

"By the way, mate," said one to the other, "did you screw that old bag? I thought I heard you walking around in the night."

"Well, yes, I did," admitted the other. "I was feeling pretty horny and she was a good-hearted old stick."

"But you used my name, didn't you? You told her you were me!"

"Yes, I did that, too," laughed his mate. "I didn't knock her up, did I?"

"No, no," smiled his friend. "It's just that she died last week and left me the property and a hundred thousand dollars!"

A Melbourne girl was staying with her relatives on a farm during the holidays and started to get a bit randy. The only possible relief for her was to seduce her rather backward cousin and his equally immature friend.

She accosted them behind the barn and slowly stripped out of her clothes. The two boys could hardly believe their luck.

"I want both of you to make love to me," she purred. "But you'll have to use these contraceptives or else I may end up with a baby."

She handed condoms to the two lads, they put them on and did as they were told.

Later on, after dinner, the boys sat together on the verandah watching the sunset. Finally the girl's cousin spoke up. "Listen, Johnny," he said. "Do you really care if she gets pregnant?"

"No," his friend muttered.

"Thank Christ, mate," came the reply, "because neither do I. Let's take these bloody things off. I'm dying for a piss."

Kevin took really good care of his body by lifting weights and jogging every morning. One morning he looked into the mirror to admire his body when he noticed that his white penis looked rather odd against his beautifully suntanned body. He decided to do something about it.

He went down to the beach, stripped off, buried himself in the sand and left his penis sticking out, exposed to the sun.

Two old ladies were strolling along the beach and came across Kevin's penis.

"There really is no justice in this world, you know," said one of them.

"What do you mean, dear?" queried her friend as they both looked at the protuberance in the sand.

"Well, just look at that," she pointed. "When I was 10 years old, I was afraid of it. When I was 20, I was curious about it. When I was 30, I loved it. When I was 40, I asked for it. When I was 50, I paid for it. When I was 60, I prayed for it. When I was 70, I forgot about it..."

"So what?" her friend interrupted. "You're 80 now."

"Yes!" the other lady muttered. "And now the damned things are growing wild!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"It's very awkward when it sticks like that!"

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE GOLDING

SHOOTING FOR THE BIG TIME

Sport by **NEIL JAMESON**

If Australia makes it to the Mexico World Cup finals, Frank Arok will have led the Socceroos out of the football wilderness.

Frank Arok bobbed excitedly on the bench. His animated eyes flashed and his hands fluttered in orchestration. In the palm of his right hand, being worked like a set of worry beads, was his unfastened watch. As if by nervous reaction

Arok directed quick glances at its face. Time is never on the side of the coach, least of all Frank Arok, currently the most important man in Australian soccer.

As national coach, Arok has the daunting task of steering the Socceroos through the shoals of the elimination rounds toward a 1986 World Cup finals berth in Mexico. Time, resources and, above all, history are against him. Yet he is ablaze with excitement at the prospect of the challenge.

That excitement is never more evident than during a match when an electrified Arok bounces and bobs on the bench, nursing the hopes and anxieties of his best laid plans.

•

For a nation like Australia, so removed from the touchlines of mainstream international soccer, it is difficult to comprehend the significance of the World Cup finals.

They come around every four years and the lobbying for the status of host nation makes the disarmament talks seem like play school parley. The finals are insured for $350 million. The players who will be on show will carry total transfer values of more than $200 million. Almost every nation on earth is affiliated with FIFA (soccer's governing body) and nearly all have entered for the 1986 World Cup. Only 24 of the 150 or so will qualify for Mexico and with that they win the honor of parading in an event that has traditionally drawn bigger audiences, both live and electric, than the Olympics.

Into this world melting pot are cast the styles of a host of coaching academies, myriad ethnic influences and the individual skills of some of the world's finest and best paid athletes. After a fortnight there is one winner and to that country goes a modest trophy no larger than an average-size household vase but which, in terms of symbolism, means more than the Ashes, Davis Cup, America's Cup, a Formula One championship and an Olympic gold medal combined. For soccer is the game of the people of the world and, next to religion, politics or where the next meal is coming from, there is *nothing* more important.

Into this club bound Arok and his Socceroos, mere joeys alongside the giants of world football, but imbued with the optimism of the underdog.

Australia's only World Cup finals qualification came in 1974 and the weight of that precedent has hung heavy on national coaches since. The demand is clear: we've done it once, why can't we do it every four years? Australia expects.

Arok, a multilingual Yugoslav but a self-described "Aussie chauvinist" when it comes to soccer, knows the gradient of the slope. Australia is very much a poor relation of world soccer. Unlike almost everywhere else, soccer is not its dominant code. Its players are part-timers who will be required to make many professional and personal sacrifices en route to Mexico — should they be lucky enough to get that far!

To qualify among the 24, Australia must do what no other minority nation has done since 1950 — knock over one of the world's soccer powers and win a berth at the expense of that nation. That feat hasn't been repeated since the United States upset 100-1 on favorite England 1-0 to qualify for the 1950 finals.

Arok's squad must finish on top of their Oceania sub-group and that means bettering New Zealand, Chinese Taipei and Israel. Recent history rates both New Zealand and Israel as superior to the Aussies, with the Kiwis needing no reminding that it was they who qualified at our expense for Spain '82. The group winner will be determined by a home and away round-robin series with the Aussies' opening shot being against the Kiwis in Auckland on September 21. By November we'll know whether the Aussies were good enough to take the last step, the all-important pre-December games against the runner-up in European group seven, a division containing Wales, Spain, Iceland and Scotland.

The plotting for Australia's campaign takes place in Arok's first floor office in Sydney's suburban Mortdale. The address is St George Soccer Club, headquarters of one of Australia's best known teams and the outfit Arok coaches when not on national duty. St George supplied the backbone of the '74 Socceroos. Very few of the current Saints team are in the national squad.

Hung on the office walls are items of soccer memorabilia. Among the press clippings and mementos, none has more significance than a large framed photo suspended in an impossible-to-miss spot opposite the doorway. It features the Socceroos squad outside the billet where they were accommodated during their appearances in the 1974 World Cup finals. The faces are flushed with the glow of success and common purpose.

The green and gold tracksuits never looked better.

Arok should need no better reminder of what is expected of him. That '74 squad played more qualifying games and covered more air miles than any other nation. In South-East Asia, Japan and Korea, the Aussies encountered the extremes of humidity and temperature plus hostile crowds. And finally they scraped into the finals by a nerve-jangling one-goal margin. Come the finals, the '74 Socceroos lost 0-3 to West Germany, 0-2 to East Germany and played a scoreless draw with Chile. The World Cup committee was impressed with the Aussies and welcomed their next appearance in a finals series. Of equal importance was the diplomatic reaction: the Australian ambassador to Bonn said the Socceroos' appearance in the finals had done more for German-Australian relations than all the delegations since World War Two.

Anyone who debates whether Arok's boys are better equipped than the '74 squad is barking up the wrong tree. Times and teams are different, but most importantly, the '74 team did not have to topple a European giant to qualify.

The current crew must.

With this challenge in mind, the Australian Soccer Federation late last year launched the national squad on an exhaustive tour of China and Europe. Press summations of the sojourn ranged from

ON THE ROAD TO MEXICO

The Australian Socceroos will be on the hop during September, October and November as they battle New Zealand, Chinese Taipei and Israel for the right to represent the World Cup group of nations called Oceania. Matches will be played here, aross the Tasman Sea and in Israel, with the eventual winner to go into a second phase of home and away matches against the runner-up of a similar round-robin series between Europe Group 7 (Spain, Scotland, Wales and Iceland).

The winner of that second series will go to the Mexico World Cup soccer finals in May and June next year, where 24 teams from the original 123 entrants will fight for the coveted prize of being the world's top soccer nation. The 24 finalists will consist of the host nation Mexico, current Cup holders Italy, two African nations, two from Asia, two Central American countries, four from South America, 11 from Europe plus the winner of the match between the Oceania representative and the runner-up from Europe Group 7.

AUSTRALIA'S MATCHES IN THE OCEANIA GROUP

September 21, v New Zealand (away)
October 8, v Israel (away)
October 20, v Israel (Melbourne)
October 23, v Chinese Taipei (Adelaide)
October 27, v Chinese Taipei (Hobart)
November 3, v New Zealand (Sydney).
The second phase (the Oceania winner versus the runner-up from Europe Group 7) has to be played by December 1, 1985.

The Socceroos in action against South American team Vasco da Gama. The Aussies will have to make more goal-scoring opportunities if they are to get to Mexico.

"educational" to "disappointing" to "a disaster". The Socceroos tour record was three wins, a draw and eight losses. The level of competition was substantial, ranging from the Chinese national team, through full-strength Nottingham Forest, Glasgow Rangers and Udinese teams to near-strength Arsenal, Aston Villa, Manchester City and PSV Eindhoven.

Nobody hailed the tour as a success. Arok, as coach and chief spokesman, highlighted the positive aspects of exposing his players to world class competition. The soccer press was not so forthcoming. It took a statement by South Melbourne striker Charlie Egan to a weekly soccer magazine to blow the lid off the tour. Egan alluded to its "amateurish" approach, poor morale, team cliques and the manner in which Arok distanced himself from the playing squad during the tour.

The outburst certainly signalled the end of Egan's Socceroo run but it ignited soccer's rumor mill to the extent that stories of poor discipline, player power and shoddy morale were levelled at nearly all concerned.

The ASF appointed a tribunal to hear Egan's complaint in the hope that he would name names. But maybe it was missing the point. The suspicion in the player ranks was that the team management, not Egan, should have been in the chair. After all, none of the players had their wives on tour whereas the team coach and officials did.

When you are dealing with morale, sacrifice and related issues in a touring team, nothing rankles more with players than the subject of wives on tour. After all, many of the players are married and it was insensitive and unprofessional on the part of the officials to have their ladies in tow. Nobody, least of all the players, needed reminding that this was not a junket but the most important phase of Australia's World Cup build-up. Egan's complaints about sightseeing at the expense of training were dismissed with the old chestnut about cultural obligations. While nearly everybody would relish seeing the Great Wall of China, there is not one member of the squad who would do it at the risk of not qualifying for Mexico. The thrust of Egan's angst was that there was not enough heed paid to the real purpose of the Socceroos' trip. And that was preparing for Mexico.

Arok is dismissive of criticism, saying that any hostile environments encountered on the tour served to educate everybody as to what lay ahead. Team cliques, he said, were only a threat when they tried to stipulate whom he should include or delete from his squad. For the younger players who might feel threatened by such pressures, the experience was a valuable learning process. The squad encountered the pressures of playing as many as three games in a week and that was an invaluable exercise for a team about to encounter the constraints of tournament soccer.

•

The Kiwis will be hard to beat, as indicated by former England captain Kevin Keegan who played in New Zealand before his May visit to Australia.

"I think the Aussies will be more skilful," forecast Keegan, "but the Kiwis are extremely fit. The real danger is that while Australia and New Zealand are knocking points off each other, Israel will be sneaking through."

Arok went on a spying mission to Israel to see the home side play a powerful Republic of Ireland team made up of players who earn their living in the English first division. Ireland drew nil-all with the highly organised Israelis in what Arok described as a "frightening" lesson for Australia.

England manager Bobby Robson had the opportunity to evaluate Australia when he led his team against Arok's squad nearly two years ago. Late last year Robson flew to Tel Aviv to watch Israel draw 1-all with

Romania. That match enabled him to make the obvious comparisons.

"Israel has some good strikers and midfield players and their technique is better than Australia's," Robson reported. "The Australians are strong and big and handle high balls well but their tactics are just not as good as Israel's."

The Israelis sent scouts to England late last year to watch both New Zealand and Australia so it is a safe bet that when the Socceroos lay their assault on Tel Aviv on October 8, the home side will be well prepared.

THE HEAT IS ON

The 24 nations that make it to Mexico will have to contend with more than each other during the World Cup finals.

Mexico, which hosted the 1970 World Cup finals, is not everybody's idea of an ideal venue as Mexico City, where most of the matches will be played, has the associated problems of altitude (it's 2000 metres above sea level), pollution and heat.

The 1986 finals were originally planned for Colombia but that country's internal and financial problems prompted FIFA to seek an alternative. As the finals were last held in Europe (Spain '82), it was the Americas' turn and the United States and Brazil nominated along with Mexico. An indication of how serious the US were is the fact that their negotiating team was headed by none other than Henry Kissinger. But in a decision that astounded many European observers, FIFA bypassed the US and Brazilian bids and plumped for Mexico again.

The news was greeted with a volley of criticism from the European soccer press who remember well the fiasco of 1970 when matches were scheduled to kick off at midday to accommodate the needs of European television. The ludicrous result of such folly is that it is almost impossible for a European team unsuited to heat and altitude to win in Mexico.

Brian Glanville, soccer scribe for *The Sunday Times* and author of one of the best histories of the World Cup, summed it up when he said, ". . . they've done just what they did in 1970: prostituted it to European television."

Matches will again kick off at midday, meaning we will witness repeats of 1970 when the standard of football and the players themselves were badly affected by the conditions. England, who went to Mexico as reigning champions after winning in 1966, were horribly disadvantaged. If having skipper Bobby Moore arrested on a trumped-up jewellery theft charge wasn't bad enough, the England squad was quartered in a location that ensured the players got very little rest. On the eve of the vital match against eventual winners Brazil, the England players were kept awake by the tooting of horns and the thumping of samba drums from the large party of Brazilian supporters gathered outside. The police did nothing to disperse the revellers and England, not surprisingly, were beaten.

Although the English took slow sodium tablets, they were shockingly dehydrated after playing under the midday sun. Glanville later noted that each man had lost an average of three kilograms in body weight as a result of dehydration.

To counter the problem for '86, some nations, including England and Italy, have undertaken expensive preparatory trips to Mexico to experience the heat and altitude.

The highly energetic running style of football as played in Britain and Australia is not suited to the conditions the finalists will encounter in Mexico. For this reason, the South Americans, with their skill and slower buildups, are tipped to do well. Coaches call the South American style "slow-slow-quick" referring to the strategy of patiently probing for the defensive weakness and then making a lightning strike.

Kevin Keegan, a man who has led England on many occasions, is very critical of the way FIFA has again sold out to European television. "The choice of kick-off times is scandalous," says Keegan. "There is going to be some great football played because you've got most of the world's greatest players on the one stage. But you'll only see it in glimpses because no player, be he young or old, is going to go flat out for 90 minutes in that combination of heat, humidity and altitude. Once again, they're proving that the last person they think of is the footballer."

Keegan agrees that the venue will suit the South American teams much more than the European. "But that's only fair because the 1990 World Cup will be held in Italy which is bound to suit European teams," he concludes.

Craig Johnston, the Australian who plays with Liverpool in England, has played against Israel a number of times in the past three years and rates them as technically superior to the Australians, whom he saw in action in England last year.

"The Israelis are very skilful and would be capable of outplaying many European teams," says Johnston. "Their only weakness appeared to be that they don't like tackling or hard, physical competition."

If nothing else, the Australians are combative and will need to be at their physical best to dominate Israel.

There is a belief that Arok's squad is not as fit as that prepared by Rale Rasic for 1974. It is understandable that part-timers would not be as fit as full-time professionals but Arok must have his squad in the very pink of condition if he wants to compete with other national sides.

Col Curran, a member of the '74 squad, recalls how much emphasis Rasic placed on physical fitness.

"On one particular training day while we were in camp I can remember doing 500 sprints. We knew that we couldn't match some sides for skill but one area we could improve on was that of super fitness. When we played East Germany in the finals I thought they were the fittest side I'd ever encountered. At the final whistle they looked fresh enough to play the game all over again. But so did we. That's how fit we were."

To give themselves every chance of reaching that standard, at least two players from Arok's current squad have quit work to concentrate entirely on soccer and the World Cup buildup.

Joe Watson, the skilful Sydney City midfielder, is a family man and would no doubt welcome the income offered by the combination of a job and sport. But the prospect of playing in Mexico presents him with the opportunity of a lifetime, so he has embarked on a strict regime of training and diet to give himself, and Australia, every chance.

Jimmy Patikas, at 21 a young veteran of two World Youth Cup tournaments and now a senior Socceroo, has also quit work. The Sydney-Croatia midfield-striker gave up his job before the start of the current season and displayed a marked improvement in form. Not only did he leap to the top of the goal scoring list but he consolidated a place in Arok's squad.

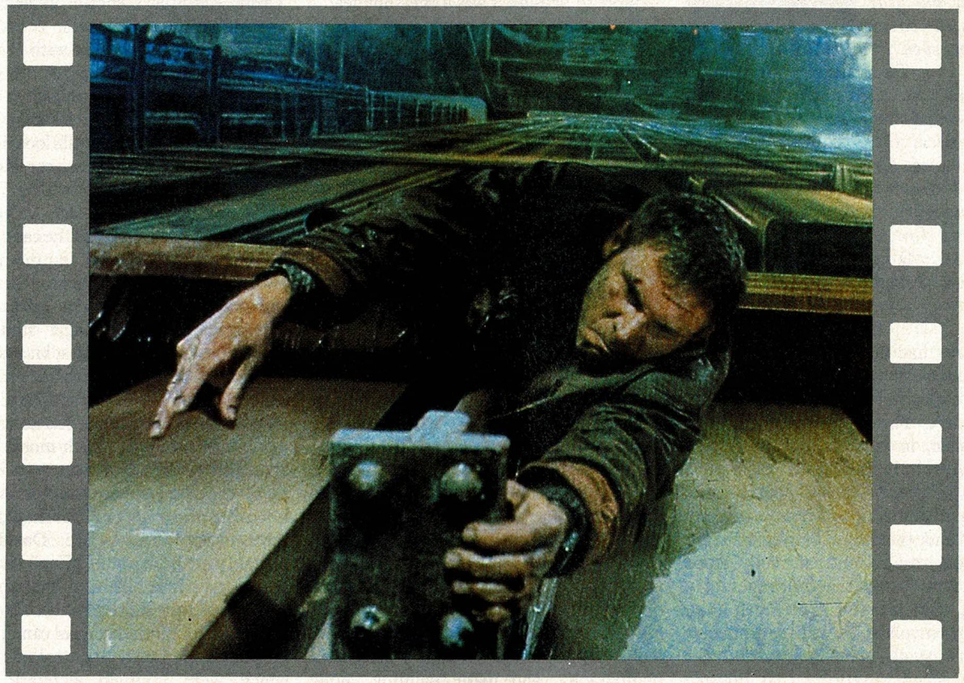
In an ideal world Arok would like to see a sponsor pick up the tab for contracts that would guarantee that all members of the Socceroo squad became full-timers. But soccer in Australia doesn't offer the sort of long-term security that might induce the majority of players to forsake careers.

After two years of regular international competition, Arok has settled on a basic squad of 15. Additionally, he has a string of "fringe" players, some of whom might play

(continued on page 80)

HOW DID THEY DO THAT?

Exploding houses, spaceships hurtling through black holes, and monsters terrifying city shoppers are all in a day's work for the wizards of special effects.



How was this cliff-hanger from Blade Runner achieved? Test your special effects intuition with the quiz on page 74.

Reprinted with permission from Games Magazine. Copyright (c) 1985 PEL.

Steven Spielberg once remarked that if E.T. were to win an Oscar for his performance, there should be another dozen statuettes right behind his to represent the crew that operated him. "A dozen hearts are his," said Spielberg. "Twenty-four hands work through his arms." Spielberg must have been pleased when, in the end, E.T. waddled off with an Academy Award for special effects, the ultimate accolade for both the team of actors that brought him to life and the designers, sculptors, and electricians who built him. When today's keen-eyed movie audiences can believe in a wire and polyurethane character like E.T., the special effects crew deserves much of the credit.

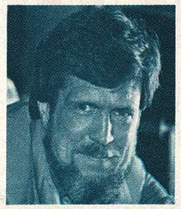
"Since movies are a totally fabricated collaboration of light and image, of sequence and perception, it's not far wrong to say that an entire film is a special effect," says Douglas Trumbull, who created the unforgettable imagery in *2001: A Space Odyssey, Close Encounters Of The Third Kind,* and *Blade Runner* (above), among others. Still, the term special effects — or simply SPFX — does bring to mind the *special:* King Kong swiping at planes from the top of the Empire State Building; JoBeth Williams being chased up the walls and across the ceiling in *Poltergeist;* the cliff-hanging climax of *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom.*

The job of designing and creating such effects falls to those immensely talented people who can transform a one-sentence description in a screenplay, "Suddenly, an alien creature rips through Kane's stomach", into a believable, and often startling, set of images. Some of these artists are experts at make-up and latex techniques, exemplified by Rick Baker's work in *An American Werewolf In London.* Others are proficient at sound effects, at matting (combining on to one piece of film images shot separately, so they appear to have been photographed together), or at stopmotion animation (painstakingly photographing movable figures one frame at a time, as in the original *King Kong*). All are continually challenged to find better, more convincing ways of putting the fantastic on film. Often, the effects involve a complex galaxy of high-tech gadgetry, including, increasingly, computers, which generated all the space vehicles in *The Last Starfighter.* But sometimes the most ingenious solutions are quite simple. To get the sound effect for the rolling boulder at the beginning of *Raiders Of The Lost Ark,* Spielberg's crew taped a station wagon coasting down a gravel road.

Four of the masters of this exciting field were asked to tell how they tackled a particularly perplexing problem. After you've read about their close encounters, try solving a few on your own with a quiz to test your SPFX savvy, on page 74.

Article by **TONY LOVE AND DON SHAY**

RICHARD EDLUND



Richard Edlund, a four-time Oscar winner for visual effects, was one of the original core group of effects personnel on Star Wars and later worked on such films as Battlestar Galactica and The China Syndrome. He rejoined the Lucasfilm team as effects supervisor on The Empire Strikes Back, Raiders Of The Lost Ark, Poltergeist, and Return Of The Jedi. Now in business for himself, he has most recently worked on effects for Ghostbusters and 2010: Odyssey Two. Here he speaks about Poltergeist.

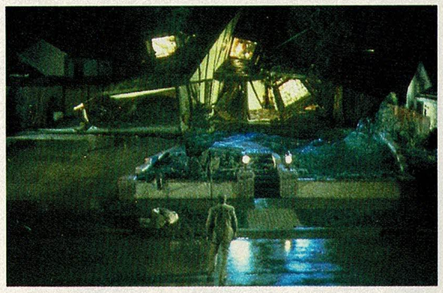
Poltergeist had at least one of just about every type of effect I'd ever encountered — plus a few I hadn't. The topper came in the finale, in what producer Frank Marshall called "the $250,000 sentence" where you're reading along in the script and then casually it says, "and the house implodes" (see inset). Something like that really stops you dead in your tracks, especially knowing that Steven Spielberg (the film's very involved executive producer) is a most visually acute person and not prone to accept anything that doesn't really work.

We realised early on that it would have to involve some kind of miniature work (scale models), but even at that, we weren't sure how to handle it. There was no way to blow the thing up and show it backwards, for instance, because the house was supposed to be *imploding* — bursting inward. In effect we had to pull it through the eye of a needle, which is essentially what we did.

Our live-action plate (the basic footage that is to be doctored with special effects) was shot on location, using the real house that was featured in the film. Then we matted out the house entirely (removed it from the photograph). Mike Pangrazio painted in the front yard and the site as they would look if the house were not there. The house itself was reproduced in great detail as a five-foot-wide miniature. Ease Owyeung was in charge of that project. There were miniature two-by-fours and plaster walls, pieces of furniture, paintings, little lawn mowers in the garage, tiny trash cans — it was beautiful.

Then we took that miniature house and mounted it, with the front of the house facing up, over a funnel-shaped opening. Heavy duty cables ran up through the opening and attached to an incredible array of wires and nets that had been built into the walls of the house. Theoretically, by pulling on the cables, the walls would collapse inward and the house would be drawn into the funnel, where grinding mechanisms would chew up the pieces and keep the opening clear. We tried to orchestrate everything so that certain sections would pull down before others. It was quite complex — more so because it was a one-shot deal.

We mounted our camera on a platform up above, looking down on the front of the model house, and then attached the cables to a forklift and gave them a giant yank. In about a second and a half the whole thing was over, but the effect lasts considerably longer on film because we were shooting in



slow motion, at 360 frames per second (normally, film is shot and projected at 24 frames per second). This implosion effect was then matted (or superimposed) into the modified background plate, with a hand-drawn frame-by-frame matte — more than 500 frames' worth. So the final shot includes live-action elements, miniature photography, and matte painting, along with some subtle animation just to sweeten the shot.

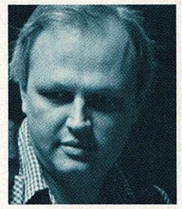
MIRAGE EFFECTS

Mirage Effects is made up of four special effects technicians — Andrew Mason, David Pride, Tad Pride and Paul Nichola — who provide models, miniatures, mechanical effects, matte painting, opticals, motion control, and front and rear screen photography. Most SPFX work in Australia is still confined to advertising, and the Mirage technicians have worked on major ads, as well as contributing specific scenes to movies and television mini-series such as One Night Stand, Razorback, and Burke And Wills.

If an ad client or film producer needs a special effect created, he usually brings us in to enhance a scene with special optical effects or to film entire SPFX concepts that could include models or paintings. When Toyota was after scenes of its new Corolla sedan in space, Hotspots, a production company, approached us with live action footage of the car, as well as other scenes shot already in a studio to appear as a NASA control room. We were asked to provide scenes that made the Corolla look like it was cruising in space. The real car shots were actually taken in a studio, with the car on a pole surrounded by black velvet. The camera was moved around the car to make it move through the frame and the film then given to us. Our first shot in the Corolla commercial was that of a space shuttle moving above Earth. The shuttle was constructed from the biggest kit available in any hobby shop but overhauled considerably to give more detail and then a bit of wear and tear for realism. It's necessary for model makers to put much more detail on an object than can ever be seen because, unless the detail is there, you run the risk of it looking phony. It took our model makers three weeks. Meanwhile David Pride painted the background Earth, which he based on various NASA photographs. The shuttle was then shot by Paul Nichola in our studio with a motion control camera in two identical, computer-controlled passes, which were used in a repeat of the "matting" process used earlier with the car. Then we photographed the Earth painting, and Andrew Mason combined the two elements together in an optical printer which combined firstly the shuttle and then the Earth without overprinting. We tried to make it look like genuine NASA footage, with harsh lighting and framing that appeared to be shot from a spaceship.

In other SPFX sequences for the same ad, an astronaut floats to the car in space. There are several elements here: a painted Earth, stars in space, the car photographed as before, plus live action from the astronaut, who was played by a stuntman secured by a harness attached to wires on a sliding mount six metres above his head, so he could move up, down and along. Again we used "matte" techniques for those sequences. For instance, when the car zips through an asteroid field: all five asteroids were shot separately in our studio using a motion-control camera that can move in three dimensions around an object. For the final product we had to matte together about 20 pieces of separate film: the same technique used, for instance, in the asteroid field sequences in *The Empire Strikes Back*.

DENNIS MUREN



Dennis Muren got his start in the effects business with such low-budget productions as Equinox and Flesh Gordon. Later he graduated to the big time as an effects cameraman on Star Wars and Close Encounters. Since then, as a longstanding member of the Lucasfilm team, Muren has worked on The Empire Strikes Back, E.T., and Return Of The Jedi — winning Oscars for all three — as well as on Dragonslayer and Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom.

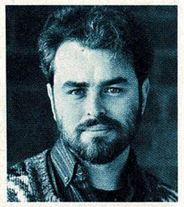
We knew from the start that the speeder bike chase in *Return Of The Jedi* would combine live-action closeups of the actors against a bluescreen (a special screen that allows this footage to be superimposed later over separately shot footage) and then miniatures for the longer shots. What wasn't clear was the type of backgrounds to use for the forest. Our first thought was to build a miniature landscape, as we had done on *E.T.* But we wanted the bikes to look as if they were going over a hundred miles an hour. To produce this illusion of speed, we would have needed a *huge* set to provide a continuous background image. So I started thinking about using a real forest. But hanging a camera from a long cable and running it through the woods would have limited us to straight-line paths, and we needed to make banking movements. Helicopters were out because we couldn't possibly get them low enough.

Finally we decided to use a Steadicam, a hand-held camera stabilising system that smooths out the natural bumps and sways of a walking cameraman. Even so, getting a steady image was going to be difficult — to suggest speeds of a hundred miles an hour or more we would have to shoot one frame per second, or about seven feet of travel per frame.

Ultimately, we ended up working directly with Garrett Brown, the Steadicam inventor, and we rigged his Steadicam to a lightweight camera. In the woods, we set up a string as a height guide for Garrett (seen in the photo at far left, below) and ran it for a span of 300 or 400 feet, the length we needed to get a 60-frame shot. We also had marks on the ground that only Garrett could see, so he wouldn't drift left or right.

Below the wide angle lens we were shooting with was a small video camera with a telephoto lens which magnified every little error Garrett made. By looking at the video monitor rather than through the camera, he was able to see the bumps better and correct for them practically frame by frame. Walking *very* carefully along this predetermined path, Garrett shot one frame, stopped the camera, moved seven feet, then shot the next frame. When these pictures were projected, they created an illusion of incredible speed. Each shot took maybe two minutes, and we got all the plates we needed in about four or five days. These were later composited with live-action closeups or miniature speeder bikes to achieve the final result (below).

TIM SEGULIN



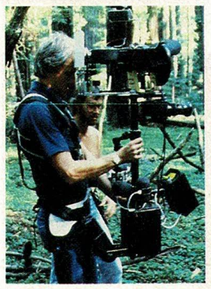
Tim Segulin is an optical effects cameraman with Network Film. Previously a freelance cameraman working mainly on film and television documentaries, he learned his optical effect skills at Colorfilm Laboratories, Australia's largest motion picture film lab. He joined Network to supervise filming of optical effects in Australia's first full-length SPFX movie, working title Keiron: The First Voyager.

There are a lot of scenes in *Keiron: The First Voyager* that use similar effects to such major starship dramas as the *Star Wars* films. Take a scene, for instance, where a couple of actors are in a control room inside a cavernous space transporter, steering the ship through space. There are many such scenes, and most use the same basic techniques to make the action appear realistic. The set itself is really only big enough to accommodate a couple of actors, and was built in a studio on a blue background which becomes important for the final piecing together of the film. To indicate an enormous spaceship interior, a painting is done on glass, and then set up on a rigid mount just in front of the camera, between it and the set where the actors are performing. The camera then shoots through the clear glass areas that have been left by the painter. The painting, and the set and actors behind it, are all matched exactly from the camera's point of view, so the whole scene through the viewfinder looks a lot bigger than it really is.

The action is then filmed and lighting and color balanced perfectly.

Now, remember the blue set backgrounds? From the camera's point of view that's where the spaceship's windows are and, in the final make-up, that's where the stars and planets will be seen passing by to give a sense of movement and perspective in outer space. That is done by overlaying images of stars that have been shot separately and placing them where the blue areas are. It's a technical process that involves instructing a special videotape system to replace everything it sees as blue with pre-shot background material, in this case a starfield. Stars in space are shot by zooming in a camera on different pieces of artwork, what we refer to as basic animation techniques. Starfield artwork basically consists of pinholes in black cardboard which has been backlit, though you might put some colored gel over some holes to give a few different hues. Then the camera zooms in slowly, maybe a centimetre a second, toward the artwork. You might set up a second starfield and, using the same camera position, zoom in at a different speed.

As a result you get an impression of the stars in the distance moving slower than the ones closer to the point of action, and hence a sense of perspective in space. You might then add more elaborate effects, like a star or two flaring or bursting. That's done by punching a hole in a black card and, while zooming in the camera, you increase the exposure and shoot with a star filter on the lens to cause the flare-out. All the different starfields are then shot on multiple passes with the same piece of film, which then is instructed through a video machine to fill in the blue areas of the original live action on set plus painting footage.



TEST YOUR SPFX SAVVY

Now that the special effects maestros have shared their secrets, can you figure out how a few of the most startling scenes in motion picture history got on to the screen?

Answers page 120

1 *Blade Runner* climaxes with a thrilling rooftop chase high above a futuristic downtown Los Angeles, as bounty hunter Harrison Ford alternately pursues and flees Rutger Hauer. How was this seemingly dangerous scene, shown on page 71, accomplished?

a) Stuntmen were photographed on fairly tall buildings that were shot to look even taller.
b) The actors chased each other on a partial rooftop set; the rest of the image was a super-realistic glass painting matted (photographically inserted) into this footage.
c) The actors were filmed against a blue-screen and the shots were later matted into footage of real rooftops.
d) The actors were placed on actual rooftops, with safety nets just below the camera's view.

2 How was the giant marshmallow man (below) who lumbered through New York at the climax of *Ghostbusters* brought to life?

a) He was a 50-foot-tall mechanical artifact.
b) He was a 16-inch puppet made to move via stopmotion animation.
c) A man in an eight-foot marshmallow suit was filmed in a partially constructed miniature set, and the shot was matted into footage of an actual Manhattan setting.
d) All of the above, depending on the shot.

3 The famous skeleton sword fight in *Jason And The Argonauts* (above) was filmed using which one of the following methods?

a) full-size skeletons operated overhead via invisible wires
b) miniature models of skeletons, photographed one frame at a time and later matted into the overall scene
c) realistic cartoon animation superimposed over live-action footage
d) very thin men dressed up in skeleton suits

4 Which method was employed to create the ominous clouds from which the glowing UFOs emerge (above) in *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind?*

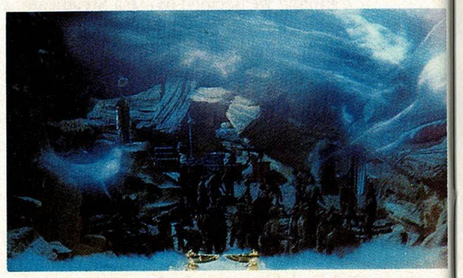
a) time-lapse photography of actual storm clouds
b) bursts of white paint filmed in a water tank
c) dense white smoke from a "fog machine"
d) slow-motion footage of CO_2 from a fire extinguisher

5 In *Indiana Jones And The Temple Of Doom* (below), Kate Capshaw is nearly deep-fried in swirling lava. What did the effects crew use to simulate molten lava?

a) red and yellow paint lit with intense incandescent light
b) red-tinted glycerine illuminated from below
c) matted-in footage of real lava
d) vanilla pudding laced with phosphorescent dyes and illuminated with ultraviolet light

6 How were the ghostly apparitions that spark the fiery holocaust in *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* (below) achieved?

a) by filming bits of silk fabric being swirled around inside a water tank
b) by using hand-drawn cel (cartoon) animation
c) by dressing a young woman in a flowing gown and "flying" her by means of a wire harness
d) all of the above



7 Different techniques can often be employed to achieve the same effects. Lily Tomlin, for instance, was reduced to minuscule proportions in *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* (below) by all but one of the following technical tricks. Pick the misfit.

a) stopmotion animation of a six-inch-tall Lily Tomlin puppet
b) a process in which live actors perform in front of a highly reflective screen, while the previously filmed background is projected on to it
c) footage of Tomlin matted into filmed close-ups of actual-size objects
d) with oversize sets and props

8 In the classic *20,000 Leagues Under The Sea* (below), what was the awesome giant squid that accosts the storm-drenched crew of the *Nautilus?*

a) a two-foot-long model photographed one frame at a time
b) a full-size mechanical squid, controlled in the same way as a marionette by overhead wires
c) footage of a real squid matted into the film
d) very realistic animation

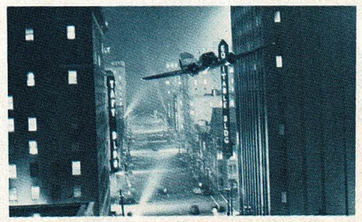
9 Picking up Reese's Pieces and making other subtle hand gestures are no small tasks for a four-fingered visitor from outer space (below). Which technique made possible E.T.'s manual dexterity?

a) a radio-controlled mechanical hand
b) a little person, who occasionally performed inside a rubber-suit E.T.
c) a skilled mime who wore special E.T. gloves and contorted herself into a concealed position beneath the mechanical alien
d) a wire-and-rod armature, shaped like a hand, with 150 movable "joints"

10 In *1941*, John Belushi and Tim Matheson engage in a spirited dogfight over Hollywood Boulevard (below).

How was this hair-raising sequence filmed?

a) Actual-size aircraft were matted into footage of a miniature set of Hollywood Boulevard.
b) Miniature aircraft were matted into footage of the real Hollywood Boulevard.
c) Steven Spielberg closed a two-mile stretch of Hollywood Boulevard and flew vintage aircraft down the street for the most expensive scene in movie history.
d) The entire scene was done with miniatures, from the aircraft on wires to the silhouettes of people in the apartment windows.



11 Which one of these statements most accurately explains how actor David Naughton underwent his transformation from college boy to rabid wolf (above) in *An American Werewolf In London?*

a) Make-up artist Rick Baker attached a set of fur-covered mechanisms to Naughton's face, with inflatable bladders that could be gradually expanded into a wolflike visage.
b) New photos were taken of Naughton after each layer of mask and hairpiece had been attached, and when shown quickly the hair and face seem to change in one continuous sequence.
c) Baker created two fully mechanised, shape-altering heads with flexible skins, fibreglass underskulls, and acrylic forms operated by cables. No one was inside either head during the actual shape-altering.
d) Baker applied the make-up to his own face and played the werewolf himself, as he had played the ape for some scenes in the remake of *King Kong*.

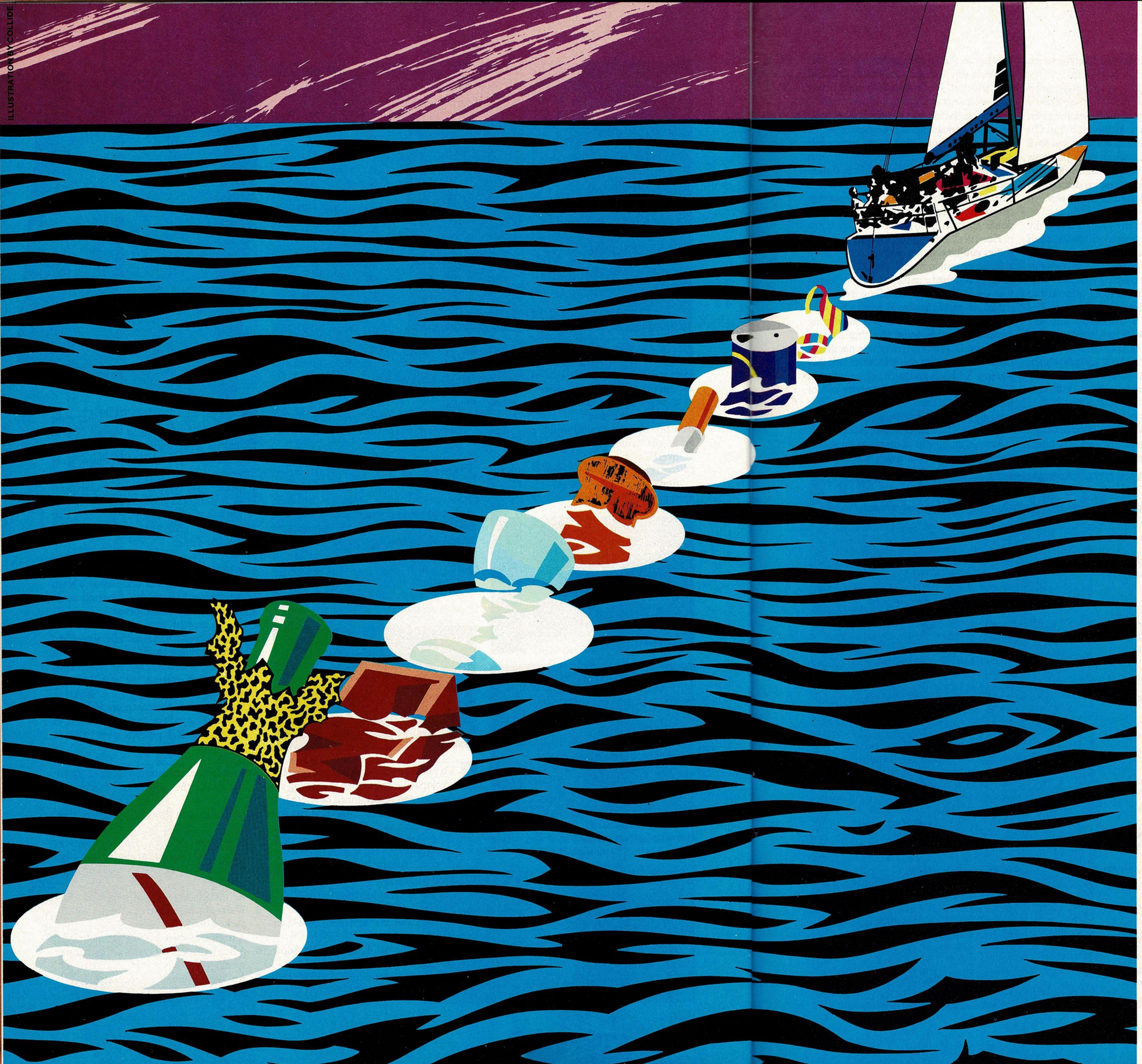
12 To produce the desired sound for a film, sound effects experts must rely not only on an encyclopaedic knowledge of existing sounds, but also on their ability to imagine how those sounds can be combined or altered.

Match the sound you thought you were hearing (a-g) with the sound that you were actually listening to (1-7).

a) E.T.'s shriek upon first seeing little sister Gertie
b) An arrow going through a covered wagon (standard)
c) King Kong's roar (original film)
d) Thunder (standard)
e) Luke Skywalker's landspeeder in *Star Wars*
f) The crunch of footsteps in snow (standard)
g) Nuclear explosions in TV's *The Day After*

1. The roar of LA's Harbor Freeway recorded through a vacuum cleaner pipe
2. Striking a screen door hooked up to an amplifier
3. A "take clacker" played backward
4. Walking one's fingers through tightly packed flour
5. A fireworks show at Disneyland
6. A lion's roar played backward at a slower speed
7. An electronically processed otter's shriek

ILLUSTRATION BY COLLIDE



All you ever needed to know about making it as a fully fledged Aussie yachtie.

SINK OR SWIM

BEFORE WE START, let's make one thing clear. Being a yachtie has nothing whatever to do with sailing. It has to do with social climbing, getting pissed and scoring with women and, as such, is not an unworthy pastime unless you happen to be the poor unfortunate bugger on the same stretch of river.

To be a yachtie, you require three things: first, you must own a boat, either a yacht or a reasonably sized cabin cruiser. Second, you must have a total disregard for the safety and comfort of others. And third, a studied ignorance of sailing and allied skills.

We really should make the distinction here between a yachtie and a sailor. The differences are well defined: if you have a boat, you are a yachtie; if you can make it move without using the Evinrude, you're a sailor.

If you take women on board, you're a yachtie. If you don't you're a sailor. If you spend the weekend on the Hawkesbury, Lake Eildon or the Whitsunday Passage, you're a yachtie. If you've been in the Sydney to Hobart, you're a sailor.

If you take liquor on board you're not necessarily a yachtie, but if you never leave the jetty without a few crates of booze stowed, you definitely are. And if you've

Humor by
COLIN BOWLES

never ever taken liquor on board, you must be John Bertrand.

HOW A YACHTIE BUYS A BOAT

When buying a boat, the first question to consider is whether to get a sailboat or a motorboat. Sailboats are definitely more impressive. Their sleek lines and mahogany panelling have a far greater aesthetic appeal than even the largest Bertram motor cruiser.

However it is wise to remember the yachtie's first rule of the sea: sails are a health hazard and should only be used for decoration and dramatic effect. Wind is generally considered an unreliable and erratic form of power. When you're out in the middle of the harbor, by all means raise the canvas and wander about a bit but make sure you've got a few horsepower up your sleeve in the form of a Volvo Penta or, at the very least, an Evinrude over the stern.

Raising and lowering sails can also be a terrible waste of drinking time and it is almost impossible to get on with rogering the supercargo in the stateroom in anything stronger than a force three wind.

So when buying a boat, the true yachtie looks for three things. First, a motor; second, as many flat surfaces as possible on which to throw women; third, refrigeration space.

THE YACHT CLUB

Sailors enjoy their sport out on the river; yachties enjoy theirs in the club bar. To really make it in the yachtie world, you have to be a member of a yacht club. Just how reputable that club is depends on your social standing, which in turn is determined by your family background and how much money you've got.

So before you join any yacht club worthy of the name, it is essential to buy yourself the right equipment. Basics include a Mercedes SEL or a current model Volvo or Range Rover — either yours or your father's — and a loud, braying voice. If you have a long name, hyphenate it.

Gross behavior is mandatory and any yachtie who does not arrive home drunk at three in the morning and slam all his car doors several times and call his lady a bitch at the top of his voice may have his membership withdrawn by the club commodore.

WHAT TO WEAR

Oilskins are generally not required, although they can be useful in rough weather as the lurching motion of the boat makes it difficult not to tip your drink all over yourself. Don't worry too much about this, as a true yachtie would never allow himself to be caught out on the river in anything stronger than a gentle breeze.

But waterproofs can be very serviceable at the club's annual dinner dance when it is considered customary for at least one other member to throw up all over you.

Accepted club uniform is a blazer, canvas trousers and Sperry topsiders worn with a public school tie if you have one.

However, out on the water the only things you'll need are a pair of bathers and a gold Rolex watch; women should bring a G-string, a sun shade, and as much jewellery as they can put on without falling over.

On *no* account should you allow any female to board your craft who is wearing anything above the waist. (A string of pearls is allowable provided they are not fake.) This would be like going into the club bar wearing Stubbies and such behavior would immediately alienate you from the rest of the yachties.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT

At the club, the acceptable topics of conversation are how much you lost last week on the futures market, your *au pair* girl's herpes, wine, whether to buy a Volvo (for safety and reliability) or a Porsche (design and engine power), last year's dreadful snowfalls in Perisher Valley, slipping across to the Greek Islands on the yacht, and drinking.

WHAT NOT TO TALK ABOUT

It's taboo to mention how much you lost last week at the TAB, your sister's tinea, beer, whether to buy a Pulsar (you like the clock on the dash) or a Suzuki Hatch (cheaper), last year's dreadful rain in Wollongong, slipping across the Nullarbor by coach, and sailing.

ON THE WATER

Before taking your boat out on the water, it's advisable to remember that you should not attempt even the shortest trip without taking all adequate precautions and ensuring that you have plenty of supplies on board.

The annals of seafaring are full of tragic stories of yachts leaving the jetty unprepared, meaning either without sufficient quantities of Remy Martin, or not enough girls (and in some disastrous cases, both).

Remember you will sometimes be a good half-day's sailing from the nearest hotel and there's nothing quite as depressing as a yacht full of blokes half-way up the Hawkesbury dismally sharing the luke-warm contents of a solitary bottle of champers and drawing straws for first go at the helmsman's girlfriend.

On no account go out on to the open sea. This is sheer lunacy, and you throw yourself at the mercy of tide, wind and current. Choppy seas will make your glass fall over the side of the boat, and also make it very difficult to keep the liquor down.

And remember there are rules on the river, as there are on the roads, and they are there to be ignored. However, the general rule is that if, for example, you are on a starboard tack, and it looks as if you are going to collide with another vessel, you must immediately put down whatever it is you are drinking and try to establish whether the other craft is smaller or larger than yours.

If your vision is a little blurred (this often happens if you've been out on the water for an hour or two), then you might need to seek a general opinion from the rest of the crew. If the craft is smaller and lighter — a windsurfer, say, or a small dinghy with a family in it — you have nothing to worry about. Keep right on going. Apart from a slightly unpleasant scraping noise and a small bump, the experience is no more traumatic than going over a speed hump in the yacht club carpark (although small children do tend to scream as they disappear under the keel). Note: It is considered a poor show to turn off the motor in such situations.

Larger boats can be a worry, and evasive action should be taken for approaching ferries, tankers and navy destroyers (that's if there's anyone on board sober enough to remember which way the tiller should go).

In general, bear in mind the following points:

1. Windsurfers have no rights. They are a nuisance and should be exterminated, like fruit flies. If you see one, attack. Any near misses should be accompanied by jeers, abuse and general bottom-waving from the crew in the direction of the victim.
2. It's considered bad form to arrive at Watsons Bay or Shute Harbor partially sober. If in doubt as to the whereabouts of the anchor, the jetty is an excellent brake.
3. Remember that you cannot play chicken with a bridge.
4. Surfcats are best bisected lengthways.
5. All empty cans and bottles should be thrown over the side of the boat in the most unspoiled section of the river, together with dead Dunhill packets, used condoms and empty olive jars.
6. It is *de rigueur* to have one of the women trail a line from the stern of the boat so she can squeal to everyone going past that she's trying to catch a Lobster Newburg.

NAUTICAL RHYMES

Sailors have learned by rote a number of quaint little rhymes to help them remember the rules of the sea, and the vagaries of tide, current and weather. Yachties also have little nautical rhymes of their own. Here are some of the best known:

When wind shift against the sun,
time to open up the rum.

When wind comes from front or rear,
time to open up the beer.

If we'd stuck to Tooheys Lite,
we wouldn't have hit the hydroflite.

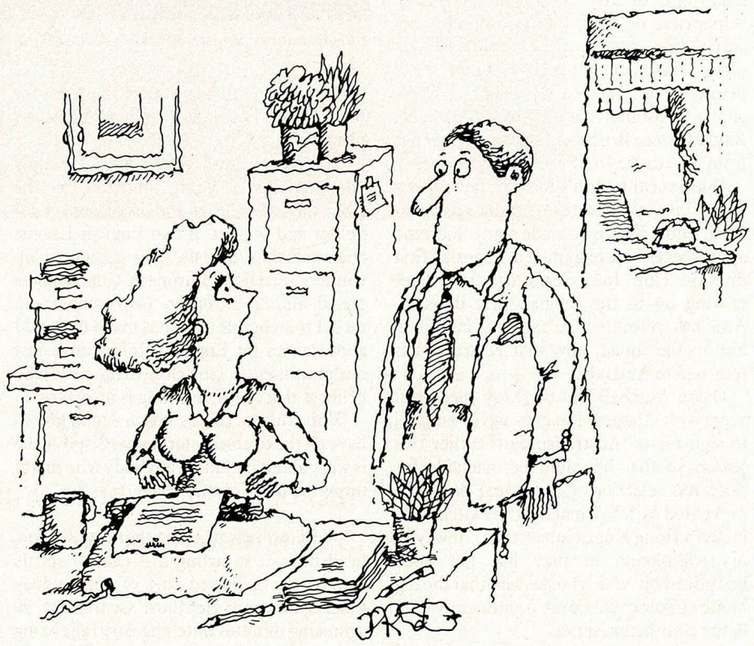
Man the fo'c's'le, splice the gibbet,
whose turn to service Samantha Lloyd-Tibbet?

The working class can kiss my arse,
I've got my forty-footer at last.

A FINAL WARNING

If you're planning on becoming a yachtie, we hope this guide has been of some use. If you are not, let this be a warning: If you see a 40-foot single-master heading your way, trailing a broken spinnaker as a drag anchor, its deck awash with VSOP, and naked women sprawled across the stern, don't hesitate. Head for the nearest bay and weigh anchor till it's safely past. You'd be safer tacking upriver in a thick fog with the HMAS Melbourne coming the other way.

And as it sails past, chugging gently along accompanied by the odor of diesel fumes and alcohol vapor, remember to doff your cap to those urban buccaneers (and curse of the long weekend) — the yachties.



"I don't know if I'm as good in bed — I've never tried to type in bed."

LANDLUBBER'S GUIDE TO YACHTIESPEAK

If you are going to get anywhere in the world of yachties, it is imperative that you make yourself familiar with certain terms and phrases which can sometimes be confusing to the beginner. Those salty mariners have a language all of their own, which is incomprehensible to the non-yachtie, so we advise that you commit the following to memory:

"BERTH" — **this is extremely important, because it depends on who your father is whether or not you get a membership in the top yacht clubs. You have to have birthright to get the right berth.**

"BILGE" — **general conversation.**

"BOWSPRIT" — **this is made from gin, Perrier and lighter fluid and is a big favorite on long weekends. It renders small boats invisible and can generally numb the unpleasant rolling sensation sometimes felt while cruising over a sailboard rider.**

"CANVAS" — **what real estate developers do in the yacht club bar.**

"COVERING TACTICS" — **this is the expression used to describe a movement made by you in reaction to a ploy used by an opponent. For example, if the helmsman goes below decks with your girlfriend, you follow.**

"DECK SHOES" — **this is a canvas shoe with a carefully designed rubber sole without which you cannot get into the yacht club.**

"DRAFT" — **this is what comes under the door in the cocktail lounge on windy days. You can always tell if it's windy because there are a lot of fools out on the harbor getting yachts wet.**

"FLARE" — **you simply cannot contemplate going anywhere with a boat unless you have a flare. The best sorts to have are a flare for drinking and a flare for bullshitting.**

"GALLEON" — **the amount of beer taken on board per person during a mid-week race.**

"GOING ABOUT" — **"to go about" means to move in a starboard direction around the yacht club, regaling club members with fictional conversations you have had with certain contemporary sailing personalities. The most popular of these manoeuvres is to "go about pretending you know Alan Bond" or "to go about pretending you once beat John Bertrand in a race".**

"HALYARD" — **this is made from rum and Grand Marnier and induces the condition known as nautical narcosis.**

"LUFF" — **what you do when any Bright Young Thing makes a joke at the club.**

"RAIL" — **generally made of brass, this is useful for lashing yourself to so that you don't fall over, especially in the cocktail bar.**

"SIGNALLING DISTRESS" — **this is done by pointing to the throat and leaning over the side of the boat. Sailors will usually stop drinking at this point but a good yachtie will take sips of warm beer in between each chuckle and get back on the hard stuff as soon as possible.**

"SLEEPS SIX" — **any girl who comes out alone with you and the boys on a weekend cruise.**

"SPLICE" — **to add a slice of lemon.**

"TIDES" — **there are two types of tide: in-tide and out-tide. An experienced yachtie will never go out-tide when it's windy, or when it's raining. He will stay in-tide and order another scotch and soda.**

"WHARF" — **sound made by Bright Young Things' pekinese pups.**

"WINDWARD" — **where not to stand when Roger Fox-Fotheringham has been drinking Fourex all afternoon in the club bar.**

SOCCEROOS *(continued from page 70)*

It's almost certain the team will be picked from NSW and Victorian clubs and that's cause for resentment.

roles in the elimination rounds.

For the first time in many years Australia is blessed with a bunch of truly gifted forwards. Arok's first choice pairing is the combination of John Kosmina, Australia's most capped player, and the explosively powerful Marshall Soper. In support he has Frank Farina, a 21-year-old with genuine speed and skill, plus Rod Brown, another graduate from Australia's World Youth Cup ranks. The midfield line-up will probably comprise Joe Watson, South Melbourne's Ken Murphy and Oscar Crino, plus the livewire Patikas.

The fullbacks will almost certainly be Alex Robertson and Graham Jennings, while central defence will see David Ratcliffe paired with either Charlie Yankos or Steve O'Connor. Terry Greedy is first choice goalkeeper.

Arok has received plenty of stick about picking players from Sydney clubs and, to a lesser extent, Melbourne. It is almost certain the team will be selected entirely from NSW and Victorian clubs and that is cause for some resentment. But Arok, like all coaches, must live and die by his results, and for the time being he can at least point to the example of Caesar Menotti, the Argentine coach who piloted his side to World Cup victory after excluding players from one of the country's top clubs. Supporters of Arok's selection policy can argue that many of his Sydney-based players made their names in other states before being signed by the wealthier NSW clubs. Kosmina came from Adelaide, Ratcliffe from Brisbane, Soper and Jennings from Newcastle and Farina from Cairns.

One issue that won't go away, however, is that of what to do with Australia's overseas stars. Eddie Krncevic made many Socceroo appearances before joining a Yugoslav first division club four years ago and later moving on to the Belgian first division. Arok has welcomed the option of including him in the squad, now that Krncevic has returned to Australia.

David Mitchell had two very successful years with Glasgow Rangers and attempted to sign for an Australian club earlier this season so that he could be available for Socceroo selection. Contractual problems prevented Mitchell making the switch so he joined a Hong Kong club instead. However, his willingness to play has not gone unnoticed by Arok who has said that the big blond striker could figure prominently later in the elimination series.

Adelaide-born defender Tony Dorigo is playing with Aston Villa in the English first division but he has given Arok a flat rejection, saying that he would much rather make his international career with Italy or England, should he ever get that lucky. The Aussie coach was philosophical about Dorigo's attitude.

"If a player's heart is not in it, then he is of no use to us," says Arok. "We need players who are obsessed with the idea of qualifying." Alan Davidson, who plays for Nottingham Forest, is prominent in Arok's plans.

The Aussies to line up against Chinese Taipei, New Zealand and Israel on their way to the World Cup finals.

One player Arok would most certainly have included is Craig Johnston but the ASF has ruled that the Liverpool midfielder and winner of two English League championship medals, two League Cup winners medals, a European Cup winners medal and a European Cup runners-up medal is ineligible as he has made under-21 appearances for England. Johnston is just one prominent person close to the issue who believes that the ASF ruling is incorrect.

While the Socceroos' coach would love to have all the overseas stars at his disposal, he is wary about including anybody who might upset the unity of the side.

•

The close-up camera caught Frank Arok, head bowed, squirting a stream of spittle toward the hallowed turf of the Sydney Cricket Ground. He'd just sat through 90 agonising minutes watching Australia being dusted 1-0 by Brazilian visitors Vasco da Gama, and as he trudged toward the dressing room he spat his disappointment.

It was Australia's first loss in either Sydney or Melbourne in the two years of Arok's reign as coach. More importantly, while the Aussies had matched the Brazilians in most departments, the home side had failed yet again to play the sort of soccer that could really unpick the opposing team's defensive pattern.

Most supporters of the Aussie cause realise that their side must show real goal-scoring penetration in the home games because they will present the Socceroos with their best chance to rattle up the sort of scores they'll need against Israel and New Zealand. Goals will be very hard to come by in Auckland and Tel Aviv so it is vital that the Australians display positive attacking ability on their home soil. After all, in such an evenly balanced group, it might take goal difference to decide the eventual winner.

Hence Arok's disappointment at the Vasco result. Australia had two clear cut chances and missed them both. But more importantly, they simply didn't create enough scoring chances.

Four days later, in Adelaide, Arok's post-match mood stood in stark contrast to his Sydney depression. The Aussies had rolled Udinese 2-1, thereby revenging a previous loss to the Italian club during the '84 tour of Europe. The result was satisfying and so was the way that Kosmina and company caused enough havoc in the Udinese defence to create the openings that led to both goals.

The margin might not have been all that handsome, but against such distinguished opposition it augured well for Australia's prospects. Come elimination time and the Aussies would be just about ready to scale those first few rungs on the way to Mexico.

GOING MY WAY

Fancy a lifetime of adventure and travel? Just follow Sydney's lively Jenna Bourke.

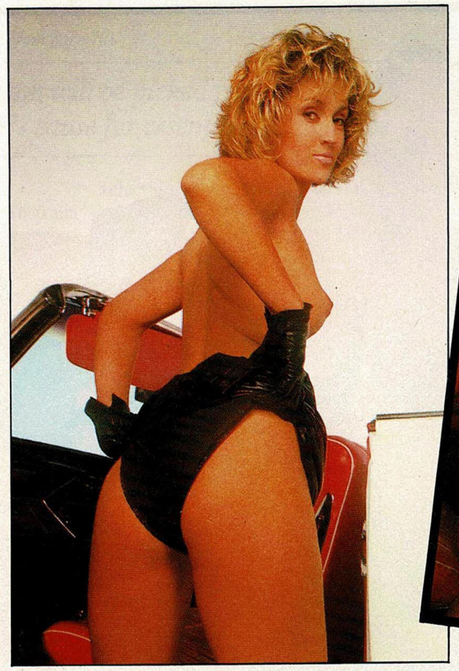
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

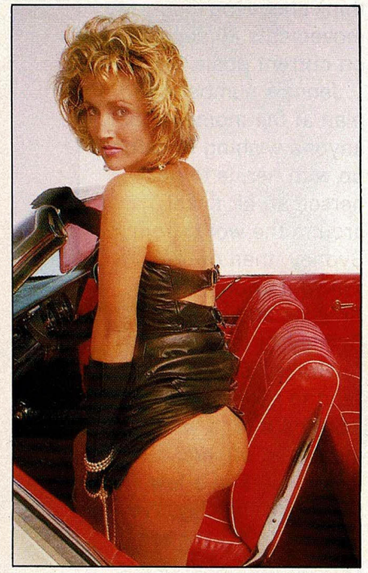
You've heard of itchy feet, right? Well meet Sydney's Jenna Bourke, a 23-year-old blonde who doesn't know the meaning of settling down, who's been to Bali eight times, Japan, the United States, backpacking through South-East Asia, and cruising the South Pacific.

Jenna caught the travel bug at 15 when she went on a cruise with her parents. When she was 18 she visited Bali and soon after found herself obsessed with all things South-East Asian. Now she can't stand the thought of dying without having been to every corner of the world, seeing all those different cultures, and experiencing everything she can.

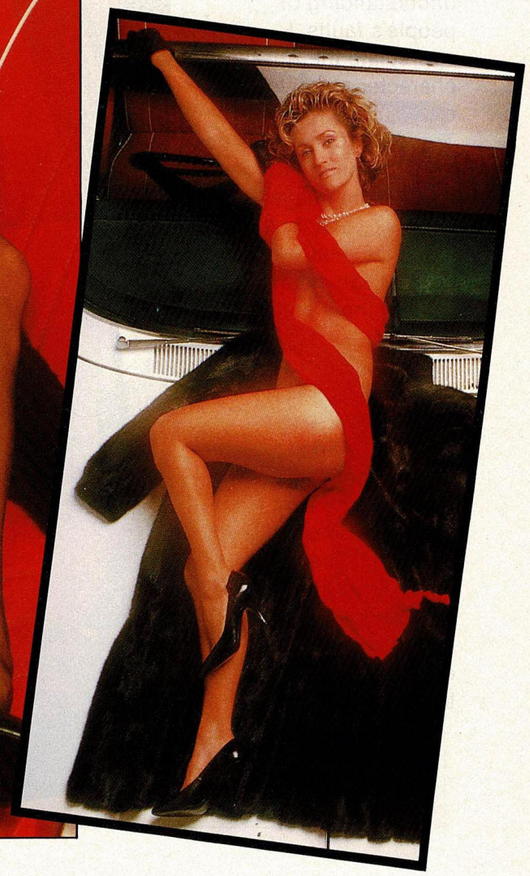
"The element of the unknown is the main attraction," Jenna says. "I'd like to be a photo-journalist all around the world, and since seeing the film *The Killing Fields*, I've had a secret desire to be a warfront journalist."

That element of danger also plays a part in Jenna's life when she's home long enough to get into a bit of sport. "I like swimming and ice-skating, but the only sport I really enjoy is a bit of high-spirited horseriding. But I'm never in one spot long enough to have my own horse. I don't want the responsibility of staying put. And I guess I don't





"I have to feel comfortable when I'm making love. I'd hate it if a man was feeling guilty."

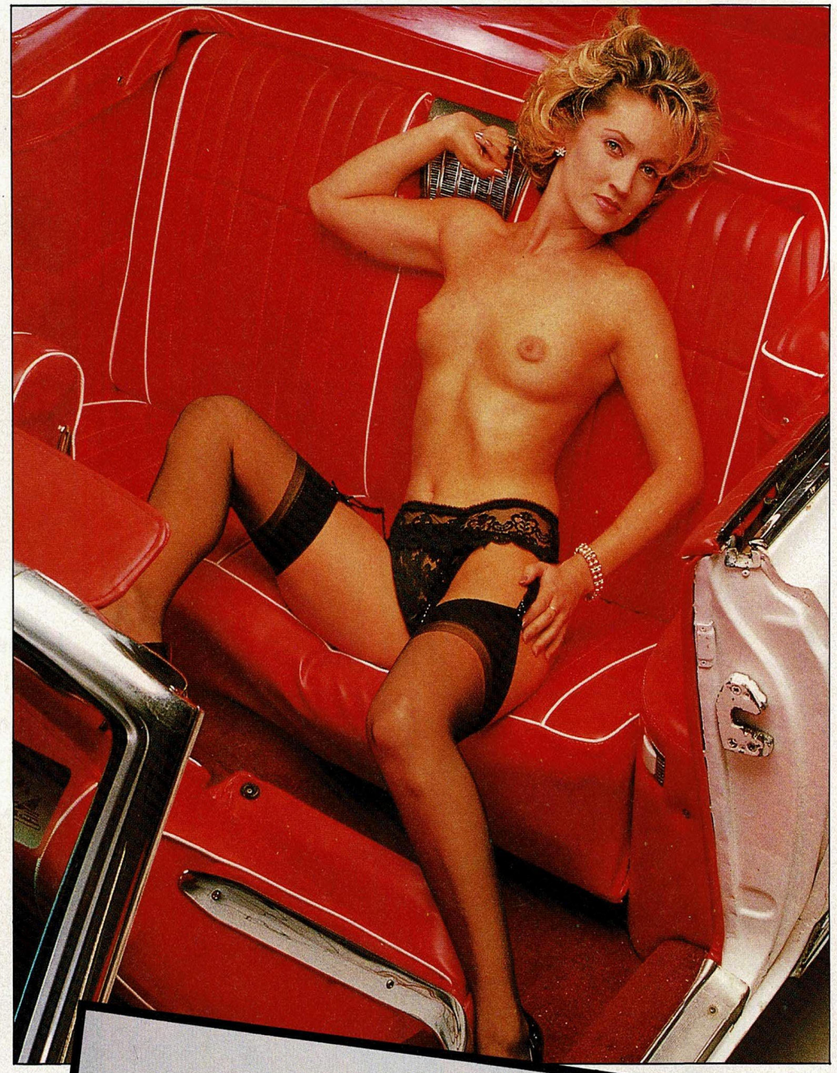


think ahead too much. My movements all depend on current goals."

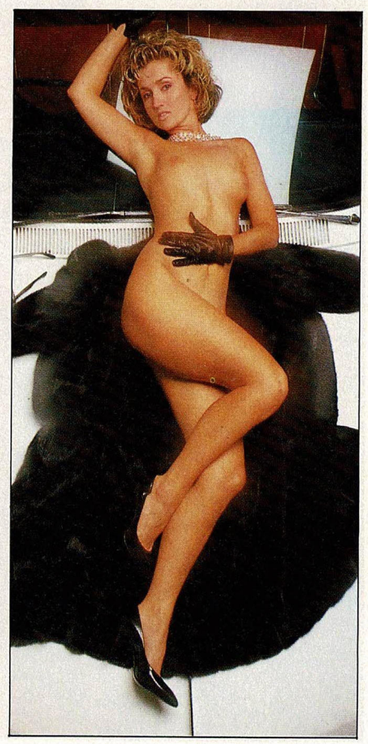
Jenna's number one plan at the moment, for anyone wishing to catch up with her, is to get herself an air ticket around the world from Sydney, then on to Tokyo, London, Los Angeles and back to Sydney. "I love Australia," says Jenna, "and to keep travelling I work here for a while, then head off, and maybe work in a few places on the way. I've modelled here for two years. I've modelled and taught English in Osaka, Japan. I've also organised fashion parades in Bali.

"Every time I come back home I'm a little wiser, and a little more understanding of people's faults. I appreciate the Aussie character more, too, especially some men. There's a lot of pressure here for men to conform to a macho image. I don't like that, but there are some men who've got a tough exterior but with an inner softness. I like that.

"And I like outright friendliness with no facade. Men who try on their fancy lines are a bore. I guess I get a pretty strong vibe if a man has the right earthy qualities. I like people who read, and men who've got a bit of common sense. I consider myself to be a thinking man's woman."



"I don't like roughness in a man. I like my man to know I'm with him."



"My idea of a good time is lying in a hammock with a good book, palm trees swaying in the breeze, and the occasional plop of a coconut on the ground nearby."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

HEALTH KICKS

Forget the gym, you can blitz the bar and still keep in shape.

NUTRITIONISTS HAVE one good thing to say about the martini: the olive is all right. It is more than all right, in fact, because it is a staple food of the Mediterranean sea nations. The poverty-stricken cuisine of those countries is very big in diet books at the present time.

Mind you, it is a *green* olive, which means that it hasn't absorbed its full quota of sunshine plus it has probably been sweated in a mild caustic soda solution and then put down in a heavy salt brine before being seized by some multinational and put into an attractive glass jar which has been made in a plant powered by nuclear fuel. But don't worry, the olive will keep you alive; it's the gin that is going to kill you.

Thus runs conventional wisdom. When considering whole-earth screams about booze, one has to understand this conventional (perhaps better labelled puritanical) wisdom. What it amounts to is that anything you actually *enjoy* is going to see you through the fires of hell.

Alcohol is perhaps the easiest target because as far as I can gather it has been with us since at least 4000BC, and it's very unlikely to ever go away. One must assume that drunks have also been around for at least that long and we're unlikely to get rid of them either. And, by the way, there's absolutely no scientific proof that moderate consumption of alcohol is harmful. So now, in the interest of the God Botherer and running-shoe set, I feel that the time has come to talk very seriously about alcoholic health drinks. That doesn't mean I am about to recommend drunken joggers to an unwitting world. I do maintain that one should run sober. But after a spot of healthy abstemiousness there is no reason why one should not give one's heart a slight alcoholic boost. At the same time one can give one's heart a nutritional boost as well.

Rubbish, you cry? Consider the bloody mary, perhaps the oldest of the 20th century's alcoholic nutritional drinks. The bloody mary is traditionally made with vodka, tomato juice, salt, pepper (red, that is) sauce and perhaps a little celery seed. In international bars the swizzle stick is a stalk of celery. So basically what you are drinking is an alcoholic vitamin C sachet with a few odd minerals thrown in. If you've scored the celery stalk, you've got vegetable roughage into the bargain, which is far better than bran. For good measure, the red pepper is an antiseptic. Vodka, in fact, is the best of all medicinal or healthy spirits because it will marry with almost anything. There is, for instance, the bullshot, which is basically a tin of clear consomme poured over ice into a glass with an appropriate slosh of vodka. A very superior bullshot can be made by purchasing a tin of Baxter's clear game consomme, heating it and adding vodka. And while sherry is regarded as the ideal for those hideously expensive imported tins of Fortnum and Mason's clear turtle soup, limpid mugs of the soup plus vodka do wonders for the soul. I might add that if you are going to throw bottles of Russian vodka around and hurl cans of turtle soup at the ceiling, you might as well serve a one kilo tin of the best grey sturgeon caviar and the hell with it. Caviar is extremely nutritious, especially if it is presented in the *totally right* fashion (that is, with crumbled egg yolks and Melba toast). Be drunk and slim on $1000 a night with vitamins C, A, D and the whole of the vitamin B complex thrown in — more expensive than a breakfast food packet but much more fun!

Vodka can be taken with any fruit or vegetable juice. Grape, apple, pineapple and mango come to mind (outside of the inevitable orange juice, that is). I usually work on one standard measure to a half pint (that's 300ml to you metric people).

For high summer days, soda or sparkling mineral water can be used to cut the mixture even finer. The soda or mineral water is not simply a Baptist addition. I have found over many Australian summers that the bubbles clear the throat and take the thirst away, as it were. It is rather a pity that champagne doesn't work in the same manner.

That's vodka and health. The other spirits and health are more restricted because, unlike vodka, they do have tastes in their own right. For instance, vodka's clear relation, gin, is fairly appalling when mixed with carrot juice (which gives vodka a splendid amount of vitamin A). The only juice gin ever seems to be mixed with in any circumstances whatsoever is orange. Two measures of gin, one of orange and some ice, plus a shaker, produces a bronx in the old-fashioned cocktail sense. And it is not a bad way to get through a cold, one might add, if one is very *big* on the orange juice and very *small* on the gin. About 300ml of juice to one shot of gin is about right in those circumstances.

Gin will also mix with other citrus fruits. One of the great old drinks, now sadly out of fashion, is the gin squash. Perhaps it is out of fashion because it is all fakery. By that I mean it is made from cordial. Years ago when I was covering the Vietnam War there used to be a little bar on the Rue Catinat in Saigon where if one asked for a gin squash one was served with a bottle of gin, a glass, a bowl of ice and a jug of pure lemon or lime juice (depending on which road was open outside of the capital). One took one's vitamin C in the form of a large slosh of citrus juice and the other ingredients depending on how one wanted to take them. Far better than pills any day.

Just remember in thinking of gin that it is *gin and citrus*. Neat it is fine; with soda it is a summer cooler.

Turning away from fruits and bubbles

Drink by **RICHARD BECKETT**

one comes to brown-colored booze and to milk and eggs. Among my foolish friends there used to be a belief years ago that if one had an ulcer and one's doctor had ordered one not to drink, booze mixed with milk did not count.

It did, as they found out. But the mixture counts in a *positive* sense when one doesn't want to eat breakfast but one knows that one must have something.

I don't claim to have invented the following liquid breakfast but it is damned good and sustaining. It consists of two eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, 600ml of milk and two good measures of overproof dark rum. Put all the ingredients into a cocktail shaker and give them a good biffing. Pour into a glass. For perfection, powder the surface with cinnamon or nutmeg. Imbibe and walk tall into the world remembering that with two eggs under your belt you have your day's total protein requirement inside you. You can do fairly much the same thing with whisky and brandy. I just happen to prefer rum.

In getting to the central point of healthy alcoholic drinks, one must get around to questions of taste. To return to vodka for a moment, it goes equally well with carrot juice as it does with essence of sardine oil. But carrot juice is rather better for you. Therefore if you are feeling poorly on any given morning, a vodka and carrot juice is far better than a vodka nothing, and far superior to a vodka and sardine oil. But if you do like sardine oil, by all means take your vodka that way. In the oil you will be getting traces of the vitamin B group plus some A and a little iron.

Now away from the hard stuff and into wine. Every time a member of the teetotal set makes an attack on "the demon rum", someone from a wine organisation manages to make the counterpoint that red wine helps keep heart attacks away. Neither side is right.

However, it *has* been proved that a glass of wine with meals does manage to keep heart attacks at bay, mainly because wine, like garlic, somehow manages to break down the fatty acids in the blood. It also manages, at the same time, to give one gout, and gout is about as amusing as a heart attack. It's probably worse, actually, because one lives to curse the bottle of claret in one's left knee. (I talk about knees here because unlike many other people I have a Grange left knee as distinct from a Jacob's Creek big right toe.)

Unfortunately there is really no health combination for good red wines. What I do is place a large bottle of excellent red on the table and place a large bottle of mineral water next to it. The glass for the red wine is on the small side; for the mineral water, on the large side. One tries to strike a balance, and one doesn't eat cheese at the same meal. I know doctors will dismiss this as so much rubbish but I have found that it works. White wine and cheese. . . red wine and fruit.

In passing, one might add that one of the greatest writers (in a descriptive sense) in the middle of this century was one Karen Blixen. Having written *Out Of Africa* she retired to her native Denmark and lived entirely on oysters soaked in true champagne. Despite the fact that I think that diet is a dreadful insult to champagne, she regarded the whole business as a health ingestion (one hesitates to use the word "drink"). But she drank her oysters in champagne until she was pushing 80.

Mind you, I would prefer my oysters plain and my champagne with a touch of sugar-cubed brandy and nothing else. But then I couldn't call either of them healthfully happy.

Rum and black pudding over ice, anyone? Or perhaps gin and buttermilk?

GET FRESH WITH FRUIT

Cocktail party small-talk is a reasonably accurate barometer of the concerns of those who set the pace and stir social trends. Topics run in cycles. Today, as likely as not, the conversation centres on fitness: aerobics, jogging, stretching exercises, Nautilus machines, pectoral definition and the relative merits of rival body shops. Lately, dedicated practitioners of fitness have been shifting their focus from the gym to the table, and references to high-fibre diets, whole grains, cholesterol and sodium are abroad in the land. How can anyone fault the ideal of fitness? But we think the nutritional activists are missing something. Why not expand the use of that stuff to places not currently applied or expected? For example, a variety of cocktails and coolers. There are little-known, largely unexplored beverages that lend themselves to use as mixers, creating interesting drinks. Most are easy to find in health-food stores; nectars form the largest individual category in the group and offer the greatest versatility. Among those we've tracked down are a clutch of exotic numbers derived from tropical fruits that are especially intriguing as mixers. You don't have to be a health buff to try our concoctions; they're savory, smart and a distinctive addition to your repertoire of drink specialities.

YOGABERRY

55ml plain yoghurt
¼ cup finely crushed ice
55ml strawberry liqueur (other fruit flavors may be used)
Few drops almond extract
Ripe strawberry
In a chilled blender container combine all ingredients except the strawberry. Blend until smooth. Pour into chilled wine glass; cut a slit in berry and place on rim of glass.

BLACK CHERRY SOUR

55ml bourbon or blended whisky
55ml syrup from can of black cherries
½ teaspoon superfine sugar
15ml lemon juice
Strip of lemon peel
½ slice orange
Shake first four ingredients briskly with cracked ice, then strain into a wine glass. Twist lemon peel over; add to glass. Garnish drink with ½ slice of orange.

GUAVA WINE CHILL

85ml chilled guava nectar
85ml fruity white wine (riesling or chenin blanc)
Slice kiwifruit or ½ slice orange
Stir guava nectar and wine briefly with ice. Strain into chilled wine glass and garnish with fruit slice.

SUPER PEAR

55ml Pear William liqueur
110ml chilled pear nectar
¼ lemon
Pour liqueur and nectar over ice cubes in old-fashioned glass. Squeeze in juice of lemon and drop peel in glass. Stir well.

GREEN GODDESS

4 to 6 sprigs fresh watercress
50ml gin
85ml chilled pineapple juice
¼ cup finely crushed ice
Mint sprig
Pinch watercress leaves from stems; discard stems. Combine leaves and remaining ingredients, except mint leaf, in chilled blender container. Buzz until contents are smooth and watercress leaves have liquefied. Serve in highball glass; top with mint sprig.

PAPAYA COLADA

85ml papaya nectar
40ml light rum
30ml cream of coconut
1 teaspoon lime juice
½ cup finely crushed ice
Small cube of fresh papaya (optional)
Combine all ingredients in a chilled blender container, including papaya if desired. Blend at high speed until just smooth. Pour into a tall glass and serve with straws.

— EMANUEL GREENBERG

THE FAST LANE *(continued from page 40)*

An associate sponsor arrives with a gaggle of promo girls, 90 percent flesh area, 10 percent fabric.

The impromptu pavement street stalls, the trademark of Formula One Grand Prixes staged in city streets, are popping up to service the race clientele that is bulging the city's seams. There are stalls for food, drinks and Grand Prix souvenirs such as jackets, stickers, models, anything that can be emblazoned with team logos and colors. This place they call Australia's Motown is living the Grand Prix. Billboards proclaim the event, advertising Grand Prix carnival festivities, pumping out messages for products, flags, banners and impromptu carparks.

Dayglo signs disclose special Grand Prix discounts in anything from gas stations to supermarkets.

Decarouge has circuit maps and overlays and he begins the task of superimposing information on them, building a composite of information to help formulate technical strategy. Under Grand Prix rules this year, cars are limited to 220 litres of racing fuel. Decarouge starts the long chain of calculations that will bring him to a compromise of fuel-efficient, speed-efficient settings for engine, transmission, suspension, tyres and aerodynamics. Such factors can be so critical that a degree or so of downforce on an aerodynamic airfoil could be the difference between winning or losing, finishing or running dead. There are dozens of related indeterminates — ambient air temperature, tarmac temperature, adhesion and abrasion factors, wind speed and direction. The cars will cover 80 laps of the 3.8km circuit in less than two hours.

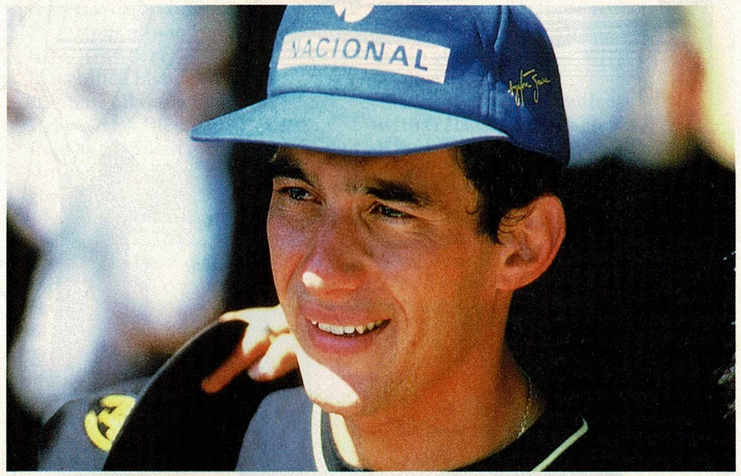
The team members analyse every conceivable aspect, including drafting (slipstreaming another car to conserve fuel or initiate overtaking manoeuvres). Engine temperatures and cooling are critical in these movements. So is handling: vehicle performance goes into altered states if aerodynamics are disturbed. Likely stone damage is assessed and consideration given to engine and body protection; holed oil or water radiators will kill a team's chances.

Then there's choice of brake linings and settings, balance front to rear, suspension setting for anti-dive at the vicious stop at the end of the long straight, anti-squat settings for acceleration out of corners. Ride height may be critical to ground clearance on crowns or bumps, and to the aerodynamics.

The heads are at it until late evening. Then retire. Tomorrow the equipment arrives and team organisation must start.

When the cargomaster jumbos arrive the airport action is frenetic and Senna, Decarouge, Warr and crew of 30 find themselves entangled in the gritty business of extracting a couple of million bucks worth of machinery from airport stores. The Customs guarantees of smooth passage have materialised, and the unions have butted out. Steadily the hired pantechs file in, load up the 36 cars and spares of 16 teams and start distributing them to the workshops scattered across the city.

Every component, every spare, every engine, every tyre is carefully indexed, identified and racked in the right place. The pit layout is studied and floorplans drawn for track storage and action layout. The pit service equipment is checked: air lines, lane marks, entrance paths, pull-in zones, pit benches, workshop space, timekeeper counters and data stores. Lotus utilises a computer to store all its inventory and log lap times against vehicle data ranging from gear ratios to tyre compounds. Every digit of data must be instantly accessible, even down to pit boards, signs and timing equipment.



Ayrton Senna, heralded as the hottest new property in Formula One.

Already the pressures mount. As he gears up in the pits, Senna is confronted with a microphone stabbed at his mouth by a persistent newsman. "Will you be world champion this year?"

Senna resists the temptation of a snipe to this ill-considered probe, mutters a reply that placates the journo, and returns to the task. Not for long. An associate sponsor arrives with a gaggle of promo girls, 90 percent flesh area, 10 percent fabric, and pretty distracting. Not for Senna. He smiles, oozes out some token charm and buries himself in the cockpit.

Lotus, like the other teams, has its arse on the line here. The FOCA contract with circuit organisers secures around $1,000,000 per race for the circuit. The South Australian government, just like any other new promoter, must stick that cash right up front. Otherwise the GP jumbos don't even lift off from homebase. But the split among the teams is small enough. Around 31 drivers in 16 teams of about 36 to 40 cars are worth from $2,000,000 to $50,000,000 per team per annum. Sponsorship, which would baseline around $5,000,000 for many teams, pays general operational costs, manpower, testing, factory and overheads, research and development, construction and replacements, engines and transmissions.

But shifting the circus incurs running costs, which FOCA raises as "start money" from the circuits. It is a fair task, since it guarantees the entire Grand Prix act, ensuring the circuit's opportunity to raise spectator and sponsor support.

But it is distributed on a complex formula, not disclosed by Bernie Ecclestone, who runs FOCA. A bit of insider info suggests the breakdown runs like this: finishing order last season; finishing order so far this season; position qualified each race; and position at ¼, ½ and ¾ and race end.

At best, a team could hope for a maximum $100,000 for scoring well on all points. At the lousy end of the deal, the return might be $30,000-$50,000. There is plenty of incentive to perform well throughout the exercise.

The run-up days to the Grand Prix are chokka with glamor events saturating the day and night-time hours: from rock arena and laser videos to precision car driving teams, art exhibitions, outdoor carnivals, mardi gras, Australian Expo, auctions, Aussie barbies and record attempts.

Senna, his co-driver and race team, are oblivious to this. The nearest they get to a light display is the phosphorescent glow on the computer monitor or the engine scanner. Art becomes the science of computing technical information, drawing graphs and charts.

Senna, with high hopes heaped on his shoulders by the enthusiastic Australian crowd, suddenly discovers the great Australian underdog syndrome. He becomes the darling of the Grand Prix set, the symbol of young, dynamic achievers in sport rising from nowhere to stardom without warning. But acclaim equals pressure, and he needs none of this.

For a start he has tough opposition. Lauda, Rosberg and Lafitte are amongst the top drivers who have seen the circuit long before. Jones has practically lived here before flying to Europe to link up with the Carl Haas team and his new Lola-Hart, cars backed by a $50 million Beatrice Foods contract worth reportedly about $2 million in appearance and finish money to Jones.

The Ferraris, as usual, are flying. So are the Renaults, which have Renault engines like the Lotuses. The McLarens, notorious for their good handling, are also quick. And the Williams with their Honda engines have come up strongly late in the season. Brabhams have Piquet, a world champion and dedicated performer, who has also been here before for a look. The Alfas, backed by their multi-million dollar Benetton clothing sponsor, are looking better than ever. And the Toleman Harts, Ligier Renaults, Zakspeed and Spirit Harts can no longer be regarded as uncompetitive backmarkers.

Thursday October 31, 1985, 5am, Ayrton Senna, the man most likely to become a world champion within the next few years of modern motor racing, answers his morning reminder call and begins preparing for the circuit. The first untimed Formula One practice will come at 1pm, but he will soon be at the track to prepare technically and mentally for the first challenge.

In the days ahead, he will have one, magnificent obsession — to win the Australian Grand Prix. As he piles practice research on top of desperate qualifying bids, he will aim for the fastest lap and the pole position. He will be oblivious to stunt aerials plummeting from the skies, aerobatic jets wailing toward each other above, parachutists dropping virtually into the middle of his pits. And the fans and promo girls and pit groupies will pass before him like a blur. For in Grand Prix racing, there is only room for single-channel concentration in the mind of a champion. As he pauses in his room to relax, meditate a moment and narrow his focus to the task ahead, his nostrils pick up the faint smell of perfume. Once again, he plucks the photo and note from the table and gazes at the girl.

"Later," he says out loud, and tosses it back on the pile. He grabs his kit, snibs the door shut and heads for the circuit. His work is about to begin.

GRAND PRIX ATHLETES

The Formula One fast boys must be as well tuned as their space age racing machines.

THE MODERN Grand Prix driver is the supreme athlete, rated alongside marathon runners, boxers and soccer players for total physical prowess. But today's Formula One top echelon are even more complex human machines than that. Their task is to pilot a piece of machinery second only to a spacecraft in technological refinements at speeds up to, and sometimes over, the capabilities of the equipment. In micro-seconds, the race driver is obliged to input, analyse and process a variety of complex information and make decisions which will determine, among other critical things, his immediate future. He routinely assesses machine performance, instrument information and the position and threat-level of competitive machines while subjected to forces exceeding two gs, and at speeds sometimes exceeding 350km/h.

His racing future and life expectancy can be decided in less time than it takes to hiccup. And he lives with the absolute certainty that, at the highest speeds in the most dangerous locations, a fundamental error will almost certainly terminate his existence. Stress piles on top of stress. A leading Grand Prix driver whose pulse was charted during a racing event exceeded a heartbeat rate of 207 from a baseline below 70. Over two hours, the average was double the norm — 170 or more.

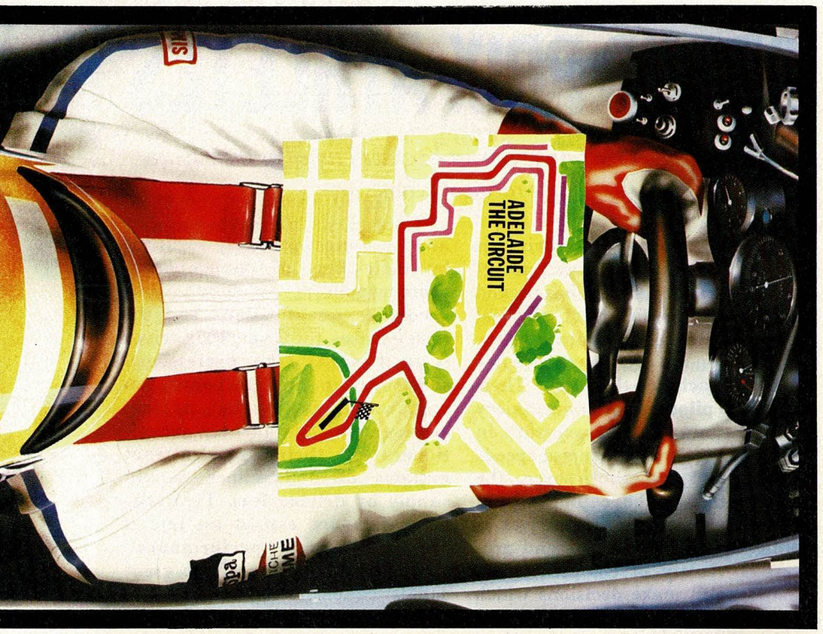
No athlete in the world is asked to perform extreme physical tasks while subjected to such intense mental and emotional stress for such a protracted period. Yet the rising safety standards of Formula One have reduced driver deaths to a fraction of that experienced in earlier days of Grand Prix racing. It is proof of the consummate abilities of the modern driver: an astonishing blend of youth, strength, stamina and intelligence.

Coincidentally, a predominance of Grand Prix drivers have striking good looks and it is this, combined with big money and danger, that provides an irresistible aphrodisiac for women. These modern gladiators are most certainly regarded by their fans as contemporary sporting gods.

For his qualifications and the risks he takes, the Grand Prix driver is well paid. Like professional sportsmen in any discipline, remuneration is juggled against achievement, and the top practitioners of their craft attract millions of dollars per annum simply by driving fees. Typically, those fees are carved up into a "retainer" and "performance" components. Because of the great sophistication of today's Grand Prix machine, constant track testing is essential, and it is here that the driver extends his exposure to injury or death, particularly since testing is frequently carried out at low-priority circuits where general safety and emergency services are limited or absent. Remember, too, that such testing is designed to prove various mechanical components, some of which may be expected to fail during evaluations.

Although the Grand Prix groupie is a real and constant feature of modern racing, many drivers do not avail themselves of their services. The intensity of the race tasks are such that seconds can be valuable to team preparation throughout practice and race buildup. After the event, it is a different matter, depending on the team's next immediate commitments, but many Grand Prix drivers are married or have regular companions.

There are signs that there is a new young breed emerging with a less involved and more carefree lifestyle. Names such as Senna, Johanssen (blond Swedish Ferrari driver), Boutsen, Warwick, Bellof and Brundle have risen quickly from the ranks to register promising Formula One performances while still in their mid-twenties. Despite dedication, talent and commitment to their sport, these young men may reinforce the long-term public image of racing drivers as hard-living, extroverted, womanising, high speed playboys. It is just the sort of injection this highly professional sport needs.



THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

The Adelaide Grand Prix will shake that sleepy city upside down.

Article by **PAUL MANN**

ON THE LAST DAY of this month, Thursday, October 31, probably sometime in the late morning, a Grand Prix driver will amble into the pits on the virgin Australian Grand Prix circuit in the heart of Adelaide, ready to do the first of his untimed practice laps of the track. It might be one of the big names like Niki Lauda, Keke Rosberg or even Australia's own chubby-faced comeback kid, Alan Jones. Or it might be one of the others. But one of them — fate will decide who — will be the first to roll on to the track in his Formula One racing car, switch on the engine and tickle the rev counter. And when that happens Adelaide will never be the same again.

The awful unmuffled scream of an 850 horsepower engine will reverberate down every street in the square-mile city centre. A hush will descend on Rundle Mall, along North Terrace and down King William Street and every eye and ear will turn toward the eastern parklands as people realise that at long last the beast is out of the stable. They will have no choice but to listen as they won't be able to hear themselves speak. Then, and only then, will the people of Adelaide grasp the enormity of what their state government has done to them.

Until the precise moment when that first engine roar shreds the somnolent South Australian air, 99.9 percent of the people who live in Adelaide will never have heard what a Formula One engine sounds like at full bore. They will have had no concept whatsoever of the painful, teeth-loosening racket a turbo-charged Formula One can produce. Indeed, you could probably count on your fingers and toes the number of people from that city of just under one million who have seen or heard a Formula One Grand Prix live. It's a city, remember, where 70,000 people turned out in the rain to see their first jumbo jet three years ago. It's a city which bought the idea of a Grand Prix very much out of innocence and ignorance. A trembling country girl of a city where a thrusting young premier called John Bannon said "Trust me," and the city laid back, boulevards wide open, and answered nervously, "All right, but be gentle with me."

Now, following that smooth, swift seduction (it is only a year ago this month that Bannon won the right to stage the Grand Prix), Adelaide is about to discover just how gentle the consummation will be. And instead of sweet surrender with champagne, roses and fast cars, Adelaide will discover it is on the receiving end of a turbo-charged enema designed to blast out all its inhibitions and drag it wide-eyed and jetlagged to the starting gate of the 21st century, burning rubber all the way.

That's because the Australian Formula One Grand Prix isn't about car racing at all really. It's about money. It's about advertising Adelaide and its ripeness for plunder to 650 million viewers worldwide. It's about all the corporate presidents who will fly in in their private jets expecting to see a race only to find themselves expertly targeted for the soft sell by the SA government. "A factory here perhaps? An office block there? Isn't Technology Park a nice place to put an electronics workshop?"

The Australian Grand Prix is about Adelaide hitch-hiking into the world market-place at 300 kilometres an hour on the back of a Formula One racing car. And if a few pestering old farts nattering on about the disruption to The City Of Churches get drowned out by engine roar, then so be it.

The ground rules were established early on in the game when Bannon flew to London in October 1984 to meet Bernie Ecclestone, head of the Formula One Constructors' Association (FOCA). Ecclestone is a shrewd little cockney who gets an eight percent cut of all profits from the granting of FOCA licences, which gives him an estimated $3-$4 million annually from the 16 or 17 Grand Prix races held around the world each year. As that other little cockney car dealer, Arthur Daley, might remark: "A nice little earner." Arthur, however, would never make it into Ecclestone's league. Ecclestone knows very well the enormous fringe benefits which flow on from the granting of a Grand Prix licence to any city and he has a worldwide reputation as a tough, no-nonsense negotiator.

To quote one Bannon insider: "Everybody told us he was a real little shit."

Subsequent events painted a far rosier picture to the fresh-faced Labor government entrepreneurs from Adelaide.

"Ecclestone turned out to be a very affable, approachable sort of guy," adds the same source. "When he and Bannon sat down, his opening words were 'Look, like everything else, this is about sex and money.' Bannon said, 'The sex will take care of itself, let's talk about the money.' "

And indeed, the figures are enthralling. So enthralling that while Bannon was in London there were people back in Adelaide, even within the South Australian Labor government, who thought Bannon was kidding himself and wasting his time and the taxpayers' money. But Ecclestone gave Bannon, the boy wonder, the nod, principally because the other Australian contenders, Sydney and Melbourne, were unacceptable to Ecclestone for different reasons: Sydney because it couldn't get its act together and Melbourne because it couldn't offer a circuit that would look as good on TV as Adelaide. On top of that, Ecclestone had just had his fingers burned dealing with a private enterprise mob in Dallas who proved so hopeless that the track they laid came adrift during the race. Ecclestone was apparently reassured by the prospect of dealing direct with a state government which was prepared to legislate, if necessary, to make the Grand Prix happen.

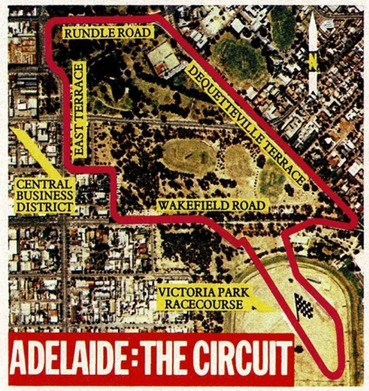
And that's exactly what transpired. When Bannon returned with a FOCA licence to run a Grand Prix every year for seven years — the longest licensing agreement Ecclestone gives anybody and a sign of his confidence in Bannon — there were still people in Adelaide who could not or would not believe that anything quite so fantastic was actually going to happen.

This suspension of belief probably worked in Bannon's favor. If no one believed it was going to happen, no one could possibly organise in time to oppose it. Legislation permitting the state government to rip up roads, disrupt traffic and throw millions of the taxpayers' dollars around was smartly passed through the House under the Australian Formula One Grand Prix Bill.

By the time it had finally sunk in that a big race with big cars going vroom vroom around the streets of Adelaide was really going to take place on Sunday, November 3, workmen were already ripping up Wakefield Road and laying down a racing track. And that's when the fun really started.

The Australian Grand Prix is to be run on a circuit 3.8 kilometres long. The start and finish are inside the Victoria Park Racecourse; the track turns out of Victoria Park in the eastern parklands on to Wakefield Road, turns north into East Terrace past some of Adelaide's most regal homes, turns sharp east into Rundle Road and then into the long straight of Dequetteville Terrace where cars are expected to hit top speeds of 300-350 km/h before making a hairpin back into Victoria Park. An expected 24 competitors will race 80 laps. The race is due to start at 2 pm and should be over no more than one hour and 46 minutes later. The overall event lasts four days because the first two days are reserved for untimed practice laps, the third day for timed practice laps and the fourth day for the Grand Prix.

Some people clued in faster than others that the Grand Prix would mean a lot of money coming into Adelaide. The Grand Prix office estimates that 5000 Grand Prix groupies from overseas will fly in, between 20,000 and 40,000 visitors from interstate



will pour in and at least 60,000 locals are expected to show up the day of the big race. But if 70,000 turn up just to look at a big aeroplane, God alone knows how many will actually show up to look at 24 fast cars and the glamor boys who drive them.

All those people will want to eat and drink. Over at The Stag Hotel on the corner of East Terrace and Rundle Road, co-managers Gino DeCorso, 28, and Don Frood, 42, thought all their Christmases had come at once. The Stag is one of Adelaide's oldest and prettiest hotels with a charming balcony running around two sides at the first floor level. That balcony gives an uninterrupted view down two legs of the circuit. It was as if someone had said to the boys, "How much money would you like?"

The Grand Prix office set the rate for corporate boxes, which accommodate 24 people, at $25,000 for the four days of the Grand Prix. The balcony at The Stag can easily accommodate 100 people, plus it offers its own spacious bar with lounge area and toilets. For a while there the boys thought they might just hold a leisurely auction and see what the market would take.

"We just thought we'd got real arsy," says DeCorso. "Pure luck, what a location, what a windfall!" But it was not to be. Either the boys contacted the Grand Prix office to see how they stood legally or the office heard rumors about profiteering and someone called the boys. It isn't really clear who called first but the result was the same. DeCorso and Frood were warned that they could not charge more than the going rate of $25,000 for a corporate box or a corporate platform which holds 100 people.

The warning was backed up by a threat from the Grand Prix office that if the hotel didn't comply, its beautiful view of the track might be blotted out by a giant billboard. Instead of the Australian Grand Prix, champagne-sipping spectators at The Stag might find themselves looking at the back of a sign selling Valvoline.

"They told us they'd put up a supersign in front of the hotel," explains DeCorso with a wistful smile. "Who are we to argue? It's the government, you know?"

Mal Hemmerling, executive director of the Australian Grand Prix, confirms that the licensees at The Stag have been gently told what they could and could not do with their balcony throughout the four days of the event. "We regard all seating around the circuit as our domain," he comments.

Asked if that includes the roof of the Queen Victoria Hospital overlooking the racecourse where it was rumored doctors and nurses would throw a race-day barbie, Hemmerling smiles. "I think they're kidding themselves," he says. "They won't see much from there."

Still, it's an example of how closely the government is controlling all and any potential profits from the Grand Prix.

At the time of writing, the budget forecast for preparing the circuit for the Australian Grand Prix was $5 million including concrete safety barriers, track work and the installation of all electronic monitoring and TV equipment, the erection of temporary stands and corporate boxes.

The Grand Prix office is rightly confident about its ability to attract money and, while organisers initially forecast a $2 million loss on the 1985 Grand Prix, there has been talk for some time now that the race could actually break even. That would mean a mighty financial triumph for Bannon on the first year up; he had expected to start recouping money only by the second year.

When you consider that there are half a dozen sponsors expected to pay up to half a million dollars each for advertising rights around the track, plus local TV rights which have been picked up by the Nine Network for an undisclosed figure, worldwide TV rights, 150 corporate boxes at $25,000 each, at least 100 corporate platforms also at $25,000 each and then ticket sales, it becomes most apparent that the Grand Prix is virtually assured of financial success.

With an estimated 250 million TV viewers around the world expected to see the Grand Prix live by satellite and 400 million more to see the race by delayed telecast there seems little doubt that the exercise will be a public relations success. All the media hype that the Australian Grand Prix is going to be the biggest sporting event in the history of Australia, bigger than the Melbourne Olympics, bigger than the Brisbane Commonwealth Games, bigger than the America's Cup defence, is no doubt true, however exaggerated it might appear to some.

And estimates that $15 million will flow from visitors' wallets into pubs, restaurants, motels and souvenir shops are probably conservative.

As far back as March there wasn't a hotel or motel within a 100km radius of Adelaide which hadn't been booked out for the Grand Prix. Houseboats on the Murray were going at a premium, the domestic airlines were running daily charters from most of the capital cities and some spectators had even booked rooms at Port Lincoln on the western shores of the Great Australian Bight, intending to make the 40-minute flight across the gulfs each day of the race.

The Grand Prix office had to set up an inspectorate to ensure private home owners didn't embark on a profiteering binge, renting out their homes to visitors at exorbitant rates.

"We don't want greed to kill off all the visitor benefits the first year," says Hemmerling. "That would be Adelaide cutting its own throat." All these facts and figures, reinforced by the calm confidence of the Grand Prix office and Dr Hemmerling's cool assurance, suggest the attitude of people who know they are sitting on top of a certified goldmine.

Dr Hemmerling (he has a doctorate in computer science) has spent much of his time answering local criticism that the track would not be ready by November 3, that it would not have "cured" properly by then. Because of the enormous stresses placed on it by Formula One cars, a Grand Prix track apparently has to cure like a strip of beef jerky, its specially toughened surface lying out in the sun, packing down under the weight of passing traffic. In order for the curing to be complete, the track had to be down by last June. There were also rumors that electronic monitoring equipment, some of which had to be installed beneath the track, would not be down in time and would delay final laying of the circuit. Then there was speculation that the unions involved would play up and demand triple time to complete all work by the deadline.

In his usual calm, avuncular way, Hemmerling has rejected all such speculation and rumor-mongering and pointed out on several occasions that construction was actually several days ahead of schedule, the track would be beautifully cured by November and there would not be a repeat of Dallas where the Formula Ones ripped up whole strips of the track.

The track should not be the problem. The problem is that Adelaide, the people who live there, those 970,000 souls who make up that quirky, often prickly, strangely self-conscious city, may not be able to deal with the magnitude of such success. Indeed there has been much muttering and commentary in Adelaide over the years that its residents are happy with their placid little backwater. Perhaps they do not want progress at 300 kilometres an hour. And it is this streak of stubborn parochialism which could yet turn John Bannon's triumph into a pyrrhic victory.

Let me give you an example. Those who believed a Grand Prix for Adelaide was a good thing believed a casino would be a good thing too. Naturally the casino should be open in time for the Grand Prix. To have a casino open *after* the Grand Prix would be stupid, would it not?

In February 1984, when the Grand Prix was just a distant twinkle in John Bannon's eye, the Lotteries Commission was asked to decide who should get the licence to operate the casino. It was hoped the casino would be open, at the latest, by Christmas 1984. The Lotteries Commission didn't turn in its decision until almost Christmas 1984. Work on the casino began in February this year and the casino is not expected to be open in time for the Grand Prix. Bannon, reportedly, was ropable.

Bannon could well find himself presiding over the greatest coup ever to take place in Australia. Or the greatest cock-up.

"There are going to be 40 or 50 multi-millionaires walking around Adelaide during the Grand Prix," comments an exasperated source close to the Premier. "With no casino, where are they going to spend their money?"

However, as the same source points out, it is a clear example of how even a premier can be thwarted by the bureaucracy. And as that story indicates, Adelaide is not a place which can be shooed along against its will. It is a reminder to Bannon that Adelaide is largely a city of small "c" conservatives. If Adelaide decides the Grand Prix is a bad thing it can register its disapproval at the next state election, which is expected to follow the race very closely indeed, as in three or four weeks. And Adelaide's vast voting clout decides who wins and loses elections in South Australia.

That's why November 3 will be the most important date of the year to John Bannon. While the Premier is making the social rounds, while the Lear jets shuttle into Adelaide airport with their corporate VIP cargoes onboard, while Mr Ferrari and his entourage of 80 are taking over the Hilton, Adelaide will be deciding whether it likes what is happening to it.

The banshee wail of the first Formula One racer out of the pits for a practice scream around the track on the last day of this month will make up a lot of minds. Until that actually happens, very few Adelaide residents will have had any comprehension at all of the monstrous noise level generated by 24 Formula One racing machines.

As Australian PLAYBOY's motoring editor, Rob Luck, describes it: "It's like 10 Concordes all landing at once. If you're standing nearby it feels like your eardrums just met in the middle. It is so severe that a team manager and his crew would not think of appearing on the apron without ear mufflers. There is quite a thriving industry in ear-plugs around the track. You have these little stands selling racing-style ear-plugs, the same kind the drivers wear. These cars are monsters, really, the most powerful, terrifying things imaginable."

Added to that is the clamor and disruption of at least 100,000 Grand Prix fans looting and pillaging the formerly quiet, peaceful streets of the city. Most of the people of Adelaide will not have been through anything like it in their lives and when it actually happens they may not want to go through it again. That's why the selling of the first Grand Prix to Adelaide was the easy part for Bannon: the locals had no idea what they were getting. Selling the second Grand Prix will be the hard part. But before the second Grand Prix there will be a state election and Bannon may not be around to consolidate all the hoped-for financial gains of the first race. Indeed, if the populace turns on the Bannon government, a succeeding Liberal government would no doubt be tempted to offer the Grand Prix to another Australian city with a temperament more suited to the vroom vroom crowd. Despite the glamor, the glitter, the arrival of the jet set and all the world exposure it is a fact that John Bannon's name and his political destiny are irrevocably tied to the Australian Grand Prix and its success at a strictly parochial level.

He wanted it. He went for it. He got it. From Thursday, October 31, to Sunday, November 3, will be four of the longest days in John Bannon's life. The evening of November 3 Bannon could well find himself presiding over the greatest coup and the most widely seen sporting triumph ever to take place in Australia. Or the greatest cock-up.

The more fun Venice Kong is having, the higher her voice pitch goes. On especially playful days, you're not sure if it's Venice or a tape on fast forward. She's just naturally bubbly and effusive, though she hasn't always been so confident.

"When I first left Jamaica I went through a year of cultural shock. I stayed at home nearly the whole time. Every time I ventured out people would stop me in the street and ask, 'What are you?' When I'd say Jamaican, they'd reply, 'Yes, but are you black, white, Chinese, what are you?' I just couldn't comprehend that prejudice between the races. Jamaicans aren't prejudiced that way because everybody is all mixed up, you know, half of this, half of that. The motto you learn in school is 'Out of many, one people.'"

Venice remembers her childhood in Jamaica with fondness. "We weren't rich, but we weren't poor. I was lucky because my family had a business. My father's family owned a bakery and a small market in St Mary.

"I'm not the type to climb trees any more, but back home in Jamaica I used to be a little tomboy. Now everyone says I'm prissy. I'm not really. I am conservative, but I like to think I have an open mind."

My mother moved away to find work when I was six, and she would send stuff to us. I used to work in my aunt's clothing store. I got $10 for working three months and that was a big deal.

"After school in Jamaica there's not much more to do, especially if you're in a small town or out in the country. It's a wonderful place to grow up. I'd recommend it to anyone, but it's hard if you want to be a capitalist, like me!"

For the past few years, Venice has been making her way in the world of banking and investments. It's a long way from her smalltown upbringing, but Venice had no problems handling the change.

"I live two different lives. When I go into the bank, I'm Miss Conservative. After all, people come to me with the money they've saved all their lives and they want to know it's safe and I have to give them that impression. But it's funny sometimes. People come in and they will have a wonderful conversation with me and then they say, 'Oh, where's the guy who works here?' and I think, 'Like this is it, mate!' Then I start talking to them and they realise I know what I'm doing. After that, it's okay."

Venice is counting on banking to become her career. She'd like to do more modelling but feels her security's in the ledger columns. The bubbly side of Venice, however, still lurks under that business-like exterior. "Sometimes I think I've become a little too organised. You have to balance it out. Stay a bit more relaxed. And you still have to be able to party. Life wouldn't be worth it otherwise."

EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF *(continued from page 48)*

The day of reckoning is at hand. But instead of repent and be saved, it's arm and protect yourself.

bold adventurer"). They are still on sale around Australia at news-stands, suburban newsagents and in the lobbies of some of our better hotels. Imported monthly from (where else?) the USA, these magazines feature illustrated articles on everything from guerilla warfare tactics in Afghanistan and coping with urban unrest in the aftermath of a nuclear war, to the stopping power of various pistol calibres. All these features appear in between dozens of pages of ads for weapons, military paraphernalia and mail-order books with titles such as *Life After Doomsday* and *How To Kill*. A cynic might accurately describe them as stroke-books for the violently psychotic if it weren't for the curious mixture of cartoon-like bravado straight out of *Marvel Comic*'s Sgt Rock and folksy *Field And Stream*.

Soldier Of Fortune is the big daddy of the genre. Created and edited by Robert K. Brown, a one-time US Special Forces officer turned recidivist war junkie and commie-baiter, its message (couched in the worst kind of jingoistic propaganda and militaristic pap) is an almost biblical warning to be prepared for the worst. We live in a troubled age, the end is near, the day of reckoning is at hand. But now, instead of repent and be saved, it's arm and protect yourself. "Don't get mad, get even," announces an ad in *Soldier Of Fortune*'s back-page classifieds. "Ex-Grey Seals four-man assault team available. Qualified demolition/weapons experts. Anything legal inside the USA, anything goes elsewhere." In other words, survive.

Survivalism is the buzz-word. Note survival*ism* rather than plain survival. The *ism* is tacked on to give it that flavor of pseudo-scientific purposefulness common to all contemporary social fads. It also implies that what we are dealing with here is a complete ethos cleverly refined to assuage the nuclear angst of suburban middle-America. Survivalism is apparently the key to salvation, the means to overcome any threat, whether it's a communist-inspired uprising (and two or more Latin Americans having a drink together is evidence enough of a conspiracy) or nuclear fall-out. The extent of information gleaned from survivalist reading is mind-boggling: how to winterise a shotgun, the quickest way to skin a bear and get-away driving in the family sedan (and who knows, it might even be useful some day, but that's not really the point). What really matters is that in a world where mass murder is just a matter of turning a couple of keys in a bunker somewhere, having even the most meagre means of survival lets us kid ourselves that we have a grip, however tenuous, on our own destiny, and that when it comes to the crunch, we'll have a fighting chance.

Harmless stuff, maybe. But if all survivalism amounted to was a kind of high-tech, urban cargo cult confined to southern California, Ronald Reagan's home state, where carrying a gun is like wearing an amulet to ward off evil spirits, then the rest of us could safely ignore it. Sadly, any idiot reading *Soldier Of Fortune* can make the lateral leap from an already doubtful philosophy of "arm and protect" to the instinct to kill or be killed, a throw-back to baser territorial prerogatives and a primitive tendency to bloodlust. Because of all that, survivalism sours; we're encouraged to stake a lonely claim to a place on this overcrowded planet and prepare to defend it to the death. It's a concept enshrined in the American Constitution and, if Jerry Falwell, Margaret Thatcher and Joh Bjelke-Petersen are to be believed, the Bible as well ("an eye for an eye"). All of which gives us the moral, although not yet the legal, right to shoot first and ask questions later. Invade *my* space, Jack, and I'll terminate you. Ugly days indeed.

And, things *are* taking a turn for the worse. Like half-crazed laboratory rats which revert to cannibalism under stress, we are beginning to turn on each other with senseless acts of violence. A Special Forces veteran goes berserk with a sub-machine-gun in a crowded McDonald's restaurant south of LA, killing scores of people before being nailed by a police SWAT team. A mild-mannered man named Bernhard Goetz is hassled by five young blacks on a New York subway; he draws an unlicensed gun from his coat pocket and shoots them but a jury acquits him of second-degree murder to the applause of the city's subway commuters. More recently, in one of those Norman Rockwell mid-western states, a scared kid knifes two bullies in a schoolyard with a double-edged blade, a so-called "survival knife" he'd bought in a local hunting shop.

Meanwhile, in the forested mountains of Humboldt County, California, and in the backwater swamps of Florida's Everglades and, no doubt, lots of other empty, up-hollow places across the United States, ex-Vietnam veterans and superannuated "heads" from the '60s have taken to hiding (to grow dope, smuggle coke or simply cool out in peace) and living outside the system. "Outlaws in Babylon" the writer Steve Chapple called them. Even in the cities and suburbs — not only in America: look at England, where Yorkshire mining towns and small Bedford villages have formed vigilante groups to combat threats as disparate as strike-breakers and hooded rapists — people are drawing a very thin line between security and sanity. We are beginning to play chicken with reality.

●

Not unexpectedly, Hollywood has given survivalism its seal of approval. Three years ago, Sylvester Stallone starred in *First Blood* as the ex-Green Beret Vietnam veteran who is hassled by a sheriff intent on keeping his small town free of drifters. After several altercations, Stallone takes to the hills, armed only with a knife. (A brief technical note: the knife was a 23cm sawtoothed-top blade with a hollow handle, all hand-crafted in 440c stainless steel by "The Arkansas Knifesmith", Jimmy Lile, who now markets a copy called the Sly II Survival Knife, US$580 plus p & p.) He overcomes fire, rain, entombment in a mine shaft, a 150 metre fall into a canyon and the efforts of the National Guard to arrest him, before wreaking a fiery vengeance on the sheriff's otherwise peaceful town. Audiences around the country cheered him on all the way to the final frame and before long *First Blood* had spawned a succession of clones. However, the only commercial film to offer a satirical view of the survivalist soldier-fantasy was *The Survivors* in which Robin Williams and Walter Matthau play city-bred bozos who are drawn to playing with guns in paramilitary outdoor games and it was a box-office bomb.

●

I would rather be judged by 12 than carried by six.

— American policeman quoted in *Time*, 1981.

The redneck sales assistant was talking about rifles. "The Colt AR15 and the Ruger Mini-14 are real favorites with buyers lookin' for something a little different," he drawled. "See, the AR15's a semi-auto version of the army's M16 so a lotta Viet vets go for it. Easy to shoot and strip down."

He cast a cautious glance around the shop before lowering his voice to tell me, "Truth is, some of 'em mess with the firing mechanism and convert 'em to full-on rapid-fire autos."

"That legal?" I asked. Silly question.

"No, but these boys ain't exactly treading the straight and narrow, know what I mean? They do the same with the Ruger." Grinning, he added, "The Ruger's got real popular since *The A-Team*'s been shown on TV; all these kids from the Valley and executive types in button-down collars and leather shoes come in and lay out half a grand cash for the stainless steel version plus a couple of the non-standard 20-round banana clips. Hell, most of 'em don't know the butt-end from the barrel!"

The sales assistant turned his attention to another customer, a grey-haired, strongly built man aged about 50 wearing a light-grey flannel suit and, yes, a button-down

THE LAMBORGHINI COUNTACH S — the automotive union of the beautiful body and brutal power to produce the ultimate car. Australian PLAYBOY pays tribute to the erotic Countach S with a luxuriously erotic poster featuring a sexy Australian body overlaid. The giant 30" by 40" poster is available exclusively to our readers for just $7.95, packaging and postage included anywhere in Australia or New Zealand. (Allow four weeks for delivery). Strictly Limited Edition.

TO: LAMBORGHINI POSTER OFFER
PO BOX 746, DARLINGHURST, NSW 2010

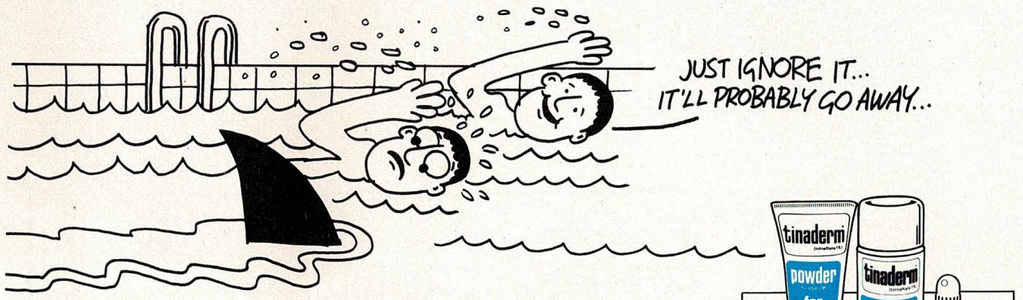
YES, I would like _____ *poster(s)*

I enclosed cheque/money order for $ _____
made payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ POSTCODE _____



Annoying little things often have a habit of turning into nasty, big problems. Like Athlete's Foot.

It can start as an annoying itch and burn between your toes. And it can spread without proper treatment.

There's no better treatment or prevention for Athlete's Foot than Tinaderm because it contains 1% Tolnaftate (the proven effective formula).

Tinaderm solution or cream clears it up fast. And Tinaderm powder or spray used regularly helps stop it coming back.

Tinaderm works like a champion. That's why it's endorsed by the Australian Institute of Sport. At your local Pharmacy now.

DON'T IGNORE IT. TINADERM* FIXES IT.

*Trademark – Plough Inc. Plough (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. registered user.

PKE PLO1289B

PM7885/84

GIVE A GIFT OF AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY THIS CHRISTMAS AND SAVE 26% ON USUAL PRICE.

This year give the gift that lasts for 12 wonderful months. An annual gift subscription to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY is available this festive season at the special price of $31.00.

For every gift subscription ordered you will receive an exclusive PLAYBOY gift card to send to your friends.

Fill in coupon complete with credit card details where applicable. Cheques should be made payable to Australian PLAYBOY.

Indicate your choice by placing a tick in the appropriate boxes.

☐ Gift Subscription ☐ Diners Club

☐ Also send me a subscription ☐ American Express

☐ Cheque enclosed ☐ Bankcard

Credit Card No:

Card Expiry Date:_____

Signature of Cardholder:_____
(Unsigned orders cannot be accepted)

Coupon should be posted to **Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.**

Send Gift to:

Name:_____

Address:_____

State:_____ Postcode:_____

From:

Name:_____

Address:_____

State:_____ Postcode:_____

1 year subscription **Australia $31; Other Countries $41** (airmail rates on application).

D/10/85

collar and shiny leather shoes. But he wasn't an executive type. More like a cop or a military officer.

"Excuse me. After somethin' particular?"

There was discipline and a hard-edged severity in the customer's manner, neither of which were characteristics of Californian executives, most of whom are in the film or music business and *their* main habit, apart from tennis, teenage girls and weekends in Palm Springs, costs them a thousand dollars a week.

"Gimme a box of standard .45s, would you?" he said. Then he brushed aside the hem of his jacket and reached into his hip pocket for his wallet. I almost died. He was carrying two Colt .45 semi-automatic pistols, one in a leather holster clipped on his belt, the other shoved carelessly in the waistband of his trousers.

The sales assistant saw them too, but didn't bat an eyelid.

"See that?" he asked me coolly after the man had left the shop.

A little dumbstruck, I just nodded.

"Must have been a cop," he said flatly. "Either a cop or a very hip civilian. He'd have to be to walk around with a throw-down."

"A throw-down?"

He gave me a look that dismissed me as a dumb jerk-off who had better get streetwise or end up dead. In a low growl that was his idea of a whisper, he explained, "Yeah, an unregistered gun. If you're a cop and you shoot some suspect makin' a run for it and that suspect isn't armed, or even if you shoot an unarmed intruder in your own home, you're lookin' at manslaughter, maybe murder two. So you carry an unregistered gun. You throw it down next to the body. That way, if you kill a man, you can always claim self-defence."

Ah, the American citizen's constitutional right to bear arms! He'll bear them whether he likes it or not, dead or alive.

The sales assistant let out an evil-sounding laugh. "Liberty, justice and equality for all," he said. "That's what's made America great."

●

Having arms for defence is the natural right of resistance and self-preservation when the sanction of society and laws are found insufficient to restrain the violence of oppression.

— Sir William Blackstone, *Commentaries*, 1769.

It couldn't happen in Australia. No way. The Americans are crazy, everyone knows that. They're into every brand of pseudo-religion and psycho-babble, whether it's packaged by Reverend Moon, Ron Hubbard, Jim Jones or some such character with a ministry bought mail-order from the back of a cornflakes box. They're into jogging, est, stress therapy, tropical fruit diets, S and M, Scientology, Jane Fonda aerobics, junk food, jacuzzies, female bodybuilding, cocaine, *Star Wars*, *Dynasty*, *Deep Throat*, valium and AIDS.

And we're not.

The same with survivalism. It's a comfort to think that we're too smart to be taken in by it. . . isn't it?

●

I was sitting in a taxi on my way home from Sydney's Mascot Airport, half-conscious from jet-lag after 15 hours flying, but the driver ("call me Gino") insisted on telling me a sorry tale about a mate of his who was badly beaten, and his cab broken up, by a bunch of vicious drunks outside a local rugby league club.

"All because he wouldn't take eight of 'em up the Cross," Gino said. "Bastards. These things always bloody happen."

But not to him. Hidden in the arm-rest compartment between us on the front seat was a .32 calibre target pistol. According to Gino, who was a pistol club member and licensed to carry the gun, it was loaded. No one was going to do him over and get away with it. An ambitious young fool tried once:

I keep a loaded .44 magnum carbine in the hallway closet and a double-bladed Gerber Guardian in a scabbard under the bed.

he leant over from the back seat, wrapped an arm around Gino's neck and threatened to crush his trachea if he didn't cough up the evening's takings. Gino turned and jammed the .32's barrel up against the would-be mugger's nose, frightening him so badly that he lost control of his bowels. Then he dumped him in a side-street gutter somewhere in the western suburbs — a pitiful bum in soiled underpants blubbering obscenities at this mad Italian.

"I shoulda pulled the trigger," Gino said, as cocksure as a man can be when he's armed and you're not.

Welcome home.

●

When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro.

— Hunter S. Thompson, *The Great Shark Hunt*, 1979.

A friend of mine phoned from the rainbow country last night. It was around midnight and he woke me from the best sleep I'd had since returning from LA a fortnight ago. But I was happy to hear from him nonetheless. The last time I had seen him was over lunch, six months ago, at a ritzy cafe in Sydney. He was working then as a research chemist for a multinational drug company and spent weekdays in a squeaky-clean laboratory with cages full of rats which he used to test various toxins, narcotics and antibiotics. I liked him, even though he was young, straight-arrow and ambitious, like any career-minded guy with a Masters degree in science.

But it seems he has had a change of heart. Last month, he sold his Victorian terrace house in the city and traded in his Porsche 911 for a Toyota Hi-Lux. He packed the few possessions that he had decided, either out of sentimentality or practical foresight, not to sell, loaded them into the truck and headed north until he was within spitting distance of the border, well into the moist verdant valleys west of Byron Bay. There, he bought a ramshackle fibro shack on a grassy knoll overlooking 16 hectares of adequate grazing land. His parents thought he had gone crazy.

"I'd had enough, man," he told me. "Every day, the newspapers and TV tell us how bad the world's becoming. People dying of hunger, another war or revolution, and all these half-arsed politicians up to their elbows in slime. I don't want to be a part of it anymore."

I knew what he meant. I've had the feeling myself but, unlike my friend, I've ignored the inclination to cut and run, to become another census statistic in the exodus to the lonelier outposts of the continent. (Even ex-Beatle George Harrison has bought squatter's rights to an island on the Barrier Reef.)

But I'm not taking unnecessary chances either. There is enough weirdness around without worrying about the end of the world. So I've moved out of the city to a big timber-frame place built back in the early '60s on a scrubby plot of headland 35 kays north of Sydney. It used to be the home of a notorious coke dealer who was offed on the doorstep last year by some strung-out kid wielding a shotgun. But I didn't know that when I rented it. I wanted the view. From every room, you can look north to the old lighthouse at the end of the peninsula and the green-black coast beyond, or east to miles of empty water. Only the ocean stands between me and Valparaiso, Chile.

It's peaceful here and I intend to keep it that way. I've rigged alarms triggered by circuit-breakers on the windows and pressure pads under the carpet and sonic sensors attached to the walls of every room. A simple switch illuminates the front and rear gardens with four quartz halogen spotlights. I keep a loaded .44 magnum carbine in the hallway closet and a double-bladed Gerber Guardian in a scabbard under the bed. Yesterday, a local dog-trainer phoned to tell me he'd found an affable german shepherd who'd make a very protective pet. I think I'll build a kennel for him on the sundeck.

Survivalism. An ugly notion but, hell, these are ugly days. *I'm* not going to be sucked into it.

Hello?

You snore.

And you steal the covers. What time did you leave?

Six-thirty. You looked like a toppled Greek statue lying there. Only some tourist had swiped your fig leaf. I was tempted to wake you up.

I miss you already.

You're going to miss something else. Have you looked in the bathroom yet?

Why?

I took your bottle of Paco Rabanne.

What on earth are you going to do with it . . . give it to that secret lover you've got stashed away in Perth?

I'm going to take some and rub it on my body when I go to bed tonight. And then I'm going to remember every little thing about you . . . and last night.

Do you know what your voice is doing to me?

You aren't the only one with imagination. I've got to go; they're calling my flight. I'll be back Tuesday. Can I bring you anything?

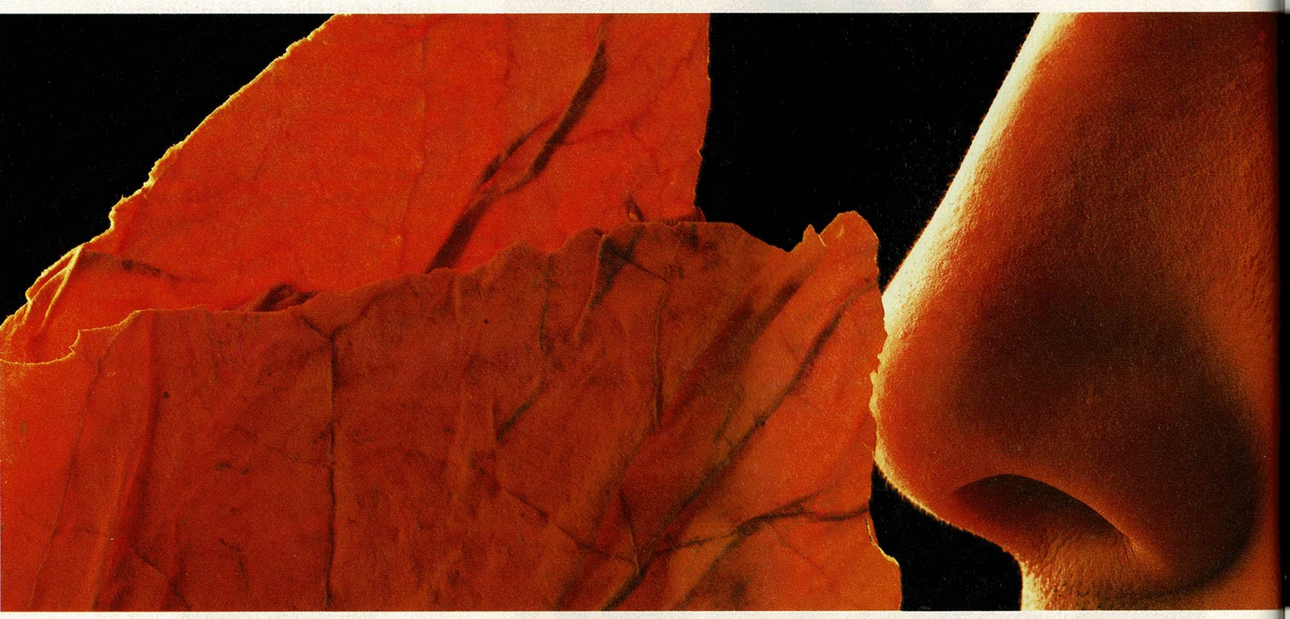
My Paco Rabanne. And a fig leaf.

Paco Rabanne
An after-shave for men
What is remembered is up to you

paco rabanne
PARIS

ALG/BF/5457

Proof that the people who buy Drum tobacco are a very fussy bunch.



"Demanding" is another word we could use.

After all, who else would reject a tobacco harvest because a few drops of rain had settled on the leaves?

Our three buyers would.

You see, the quality that has made Drum roll-your-own tobacco world-famous starts with their jobs.

They spend their time travelling to places like Malawi, Zimbabwe, North America, Brazil and Italy, selecting only the very best leaves for our Drum.

They look for blemishes caused by rain focussing the sun onto the leaf. If they find them, they reject it.

They search for a crop that has sufficiently large leaves to allow us to cut Drum's easier-rolling longer strands from the full width of every leaf.

They compare the merits of a whole range of bright, flue-cured Virginian and darker, fire-cured aromatic tobaccos.

Then, and only then, will they send the chosen few back to our blenders to combine into the familiar "bright and dark" style of Drum.

All of which, at first glance, may seem to be a trifle excessive.

That is, unless you buy Drum tobacco for yourself.

Because we know that when you choose a cigarette tobacco you like to smoke, you can be every bit as fussy as our three buyers.

DOUWE EGBERTS
DRUM®
Excellent
bright and dark cigarette tobacco

Tapping the Big O (continued from page 52)

Start your flexercises and work your way from tea-towel lifting on through blankets to doonas.

not only recovered but went back to work.

"She says her face looks like scrambled eggs and that's right, but she's a terrific surrogate," says Fithian. "She had been on *The Johnny Carson Show* and she was beautiful. But talk about somebody who has ego strength! She's dating again and has no problems."

Surely nudists and surrogates aren't exactly a random sample of humanity? Perhaps not, but the book claims the 33 MOMs are a "reasonably representative" cross-section of the total research population, which embraces many nationalities and even some handicapped people. The MOMs are representative enough, they think, to prove that any man can.

But to do it, you've got to go back to basics. One architect of multi-million-dollar buildings is a perfect example of that. This bloke made each project into a personal 24-hour obsession. The sky-scrapers responded by sucking up all his libido, and for several years the architect was impotent. His wife took him to Hartman and Fithian, who taught him about "non-demand pleasuring", which is like extended foreplay with no penetration allowed, plus the aforementioned flexing and masturbating, etc. Using those techniques, the architect was only down whenever a building was going up, then he'd get back to basics and be okay until the next project started. His wife wasn't fully satisfied, of course, but the architect considered the problem solved.

Another Hartman and Fithian therapy client was a 62-year-old virgin widow who had been married for 20 years. She had never had either a pelvic examination or anything in her vagina. She got a surrogate, found out what was happening, and a year later called Fithian to say her first boyfriend was impotent. The therapist recalls, "I said, 'You went through a two-week program, you know what to do.' " Two weeks later, another phone call, happy ending.

Surprisingly, Fithian says, "We've worked with a lot of virgins. They're fun to work with, because we help them to get comfortable with sex. You can see results, in helping them to lose their anxieties. Believe me, some people become almost psychotic at the moment of trying to penetrate. In a couple of cases, we've had to be there because of the extreme anxiety. I've seen situations where people equate orgasm with dying. You talk them through that, like you talk somebody through childbirth."

Guilt about sex, she thinks, is still a factor in some men's inability to last longer, just as she still occasionally finds women who complain about their husbands going on for 15 or 20 minutes instead of getting it over with quickly, like a guy should do. A Hartman and Fithian sex instruction film characteristically is quite long, because it may take half the film before some clients can bear to look at it.

We're talking aversion, repression, obsession here, sports fans. Fithian believes, "Single males who have sexual problems tend to be sex-obsessed. It becomes the most important thing in their lives. It will affect their job, it will affect their interpersonal relationships and the end result tends to be that they'll commit suicide."

A case in point was one of her clients, a super-rich young Kuwaiti who was sent away to a boys' boarding school and got up to some hanky panky which later caused him anguished doubt about his hetero-sexuality. "He lived in a culture where they still hang the bloody bedsheet out the window the night after the wedding," explains Fithian. She thinks the young man only avoided suicide because his father called him every night from Kuwait.

The therapist freely admits that society is sex-obsessed. "Males in particular tend to tie up their concept of who they are as a person with what happens with their penis. Women don't feel that way: having a vagina is not nearly as important to them as the warmth, the closeness, the intimacy and the touching."

Making it human and making it fun is central to the Hartman-Fithian method, and that means getting over hang-ups. Fithian remembers one young woman who was in a roomful of 12 naked couples doing body caresses. Suddenly, the woman raised her head and said, "If only my mother could see me now." Another woman, who often went to swinger parties with her husband, confided to the therapist that high heels and a garter belt are deviant. Fithian's reaction: "Okay, but I remember when I was young, I used to do that. My husband liked it." In fact, swingers generally don't make good research subjects, she says, because underneath the daring exterior, they tend to be a bit too conservative!

To males who scorn the thought of masturbating and flexing, the therapist says, "If you broke your leg and had to exercise it, would you? Yes? Well, your penis doesn't work and I'm asking you to exercise it."

So don't be dull. Write away for your personal portable milking machine, buy the book, get into "sensate focus" (translates "no mind-travelling allowed while body-tripping"), start your flexercises and work your way from tea-towel lifting on through blankets to doonas and perhaps for those bent upon a cross of perfection, the living room rug at last will levitate.

But above all, make sure it's *fun*, goddammit, and make sure it's for *her* as well as for *you* and don't be guilty or sceptical and no prudery, please, just be there now, don't be so bloody obsessed, have a nice day and for heaven's sake, don't *worry*. What the hell have you got to worry about? Don't answer that. See you at Long Beach.

"And how is the research on battery hens proceeding, Mr Carruthers?"

ARE YOUR BUNNIES IN NEED OF PROTECTION?

An Australian PLAYBOY binder showcases 12 issues in a stylish package offering protection and perfect presentation for your future enjoyment.

Complete the coupon and return it to: Australian PLAYBOY Binder Offer, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010. Upon receipt of your order, we will forward your binder/s, individually packaged to ensure their arrival in perfect condition. Price includes postage.

PLEASE SEND.... AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY BINDERS @ $11.95 EACH.
I have enclosed a cheque/postal order for the required amount.
Name .....
Delivery Address .....
.....
State ..... Postcode .....

B/10

TOOHEY *(continued from page 34)*

We should get clear this business of leaking. Most of it occurs from very senior politicians.

in Victoria or John Bannon in South Australia.

PLAYBOY: You think the Premier of NSW is not up to the task?

TOOHEY: The record clearly states that he's not up to the task. Otherwise we wouldn't have a former chief magistrate now in jail. We wouldn't have this succession of policemen now being charged for drug dealing and the like. We wouldn't have had the deputy police commissioner, Bill Allen, whom Wran promoted over many other policemen into the job, retired from the police force in disgrace.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever paid for information?

TOOHEY: No.

PLAYBOY: Never?

TOOHEY: No.

PLAYBOY: Why do people who feed you information find you so attractive. . .

TOOHEY: [*laughing*]. . . when everybody else doesn't?

PLAYBOY: In a manner of speaking.

TOOHEY: I hope because they think I'll write up the material they give me in a perceptive and accurate manner.

PLAYBOY: Don't you suspect you are used sometimes as a conduit by disaffected and self-seeking public servants?

TOOHEY: Anyone who prints leaks is going to be on the receiving end of people who are self-seeking. We should get clear this business of leaking. Most of it occurs from very senior politicians. The more senior they are, the more they leak. It's part and parcel of the game in Canberra that you leak. The people doing the leaking are normally very high politicians or public servants who are doing it to gain some advantage for themselves in some fight they've got on.

PLAYBOY: So you're willing to be used?

TOOHEY: Everyone in journalism is willing to be used. If they say otherwise they're blind. If they're not willing to be used, they'll miss out on a great deal of legitimate information they should have.

PLAYBOY: And readers have to rely on your judgement to weed out that information which may have been deliberately leaked for selfish purposes?

TOOHEY: No, I don't take that view at all. Your job is to ensure the information is accurate. I don't think it matters why someone has given it to you providing it's accurate and of sufficient importance to be worth publishing.

PLAYBOY: That leads us to your leaks from the Costigan Commisison and the Packer affair. You may have reported faithfully a summary of the Costigan report on the Goanna but the rug was pulled out from under your feet and you had to print the grovelling apology.

TOOHEY: I don't think the apology was particularly grovelling as far as apologies go but that's what happens with defamation in this country.

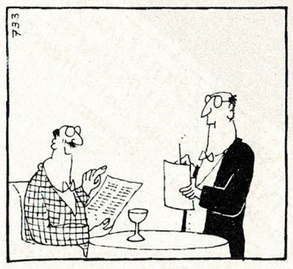
PLAYBOY: But, while your report may have been faithful, you couldn't substantiate the information on which it was based.

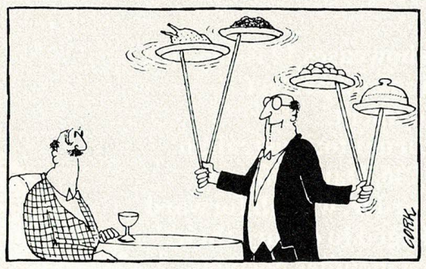
TOOHEY: My position is that any other newspaper in Australia which had obtained that information would have printed it. We attempted to disguise the identities of all the people involved by not printing their names. What we did was print what a royal commissioner had to say, again a very standard thing in journalism. If you can find out what a royal commissioner is reporting to government you report to your public what that is. Mr Packer threatened to sue over this matter and John Fairfax and Sons decided that rather than go through a protracted and extremely time-consuming court case, they would print an apology.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you and the paper were sacrificed by your publisher?

TOOHEY: I wouldn't put it that way. It is the nature of the defamation laws in Australia that sometimes apologies are going to appear in papers. Sometimes the journalists involved would prefer that the matter was decided in court.

PLAYBOY: Considering the doubt cast on the findings of the Costigan Commission and the necessity for that apology in *The National Times*, do you accept that the credibility of the paper has suffered?





TOOHEY: I don't think the credibility of a newspaper can suffer by reporting what a royal commissioner has to say in a report to government. It's the business of newspapers to report what people in highly responsible positions have to say. It doesn't mean you stand by the accuracy of every last word they have to say. If you report what a politician is saying it doesn't mean you're vouching for every word. We reported what a very respected member of the Melbourne bar, who was appointed a royal commissioner, had to say. . . if there is a dispute over the credibility of what he has to say, then it hardly comes down on us.

PLAYBOY: But you were not in a position to verify his information?

TOOHEY: I, along with every other journalist, am not in a position to verify most of what royal commissioners report to governments. We haven't conducted the inquiries, we haven't been present at the hearings. . .

PLAYBOY: There's a difference between reporting on the open findings of a royal commission and leaking information you can't support.

TOOHEY: We were leaked a report to government which the government wanted to keep confidential. Similarly we've reported the complete history of the Australian Secret Intelligence Service as written by Justice Hope. I can't vouch for every word that Justice Hope has written in that report but I don't think that should stop me from reporting what he has to say.

PLAYBOY: As an editor you know that every situation is different and you must make a decision according to the facts available at the time. Do you accept that you simply got carried away with your enthusiasm for leaks, went out on a limb and paid the price?

TOOHEY: I can only repeat that I don't find anything unusual about reporting what was in a royal commissioner's report. Unless you thought for some reason the person had turned into some kind of raving lunatic which, manifestly, Costigan is not and was not. That's not to say Costigan was not wrong in some things. Equally, we did not name anyone.

PLAYBOY: There was enough information in the material you published that Kerry Packer felt moved to identify himself and to tackle *The National Times* head-on. And *The National Times* backed down.

TOOHEY: *The National Times* has published an apology.

PLAYBOY: Do you defend your right to make the same mistake again?

TOOHEY: I don't know what the mistake is in publishing what a royal commissioner had to report to government.

PLAYBOY: The mistake is that if you have to publish as many apologies as you publish disclosures your credibility must suffer.

TOOHEY: Our credibility suffers when we make statements in our own name and get them wrong. I don't see our credibility suffers by reporting what a royal commissioner has to say if the royal commissioner is wrong. . . and, of course, that's not been properly tested yet.

PLAYBOY: You're really trying to break new ground within the parameters of the defamation laws, aren't you?

TOOHEY: I don't think so. I would like to see the libel laws changed but until they're changed you have to work within their confines. One of the problems is that they're very arbitrary in their application. Juries hand down wildly varying decisions and give out huge amounts of money for people you can't see are damaged at all. Other times people you think might get damages get their cases thrown out of court.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to see the defamation laws in Australia changed?

TOOHEY: I'd like to see them changed so that if you print things about public figures which are true they can't rip hundreds of thousands of dollars off you.

PLAYBOY: Do you think we would live in a better society if the defamation laws weren't so repressive?

TOOHEY: I think a lot of the problems about corruption in NSW would not have become as intense as they are if the libel laws were not so intimidating.

PLAYBOY: Despite all your crusading, hasn't the circulation of *The National Times* gone down under your editorship?

TOOHEY: The circulation of *The National Times* has varied quite a bit over the past few years. Under me it went down and up and down again. As of the last audit period it showed one of the strongest increases of any newspaper in Australia. For the dearest newspaper in Australia it's quite strong.

PLAYBOY: Has it taken off its Balmain blinkers, its preoccupation with disabled lesbians and Aboriginal women's prisons?

TOOHEY: I know that's a view that's taken and I don't think it's true. I think we have the best political coverage out of Canberra of any newspaper in Australia, I see that as one of the main thrusts of *The National Times*. Similarly, when it comes to sociological issues, the paper has always taken the lead with writers like Adele Horin. I think it's the leader of the field. Someone must be loyal to us out there.

PLAYBOY: Had many death threats?

TOOHEY: None.

PLAYBOY: None?

TOOHEY: None.

PLAYBOY: Are we seeing now the yuppiefication of *The National Times?*

TOOHEY: What I see is that its best professional standards are being maintained and encouraged under the managing editorship of Jeff Penberthy and I find that very heartening.

PLAYBOY: How long will you stay at *The National Times*?

TOOHEY: I've no plans to leave.

PLAYBOY: How much money have you cost Fairfax in legal fees?

TOOHEY: Oh, I haven't cost them anything like people who have written stories for other papers which the courts have found to be defamatory. I don't think Fairfax have any complaints in that area. They are remarkably committed to the idea of publishing information in this country regardless of threats from government.

PLAYBOY: Is the Fairfax organisation the only publisher in Australia which could produce *The National Times*?

TOOHEY: I don't think it's for sale so I don't see the prospect of anyone else doing it. I think it's clearly to Fairfax's credit that it publishes the number of quality papers that it does and for that reason attracts some of the best journalists in Australia. There's obviously no reason why other newspaper groups couldn't start good newspapers if they wanted to, if they had the commitment and will.

PLAYBOY: Let's put it this way — why is *The National Times* at Fairfax and nowhere else?

TOOHEY: Because Fairfax has a more genuine commitment to the quality of its product and a willingness to allow a certain pluralism in the range of products it has.

PLAYBOY: Would you be happy to see greater disparity in publishing in Australia?

TOOHEY: I think most journalists would like to see more publishers in Australia but it is by no means automatic that if you had more publishers then things would be better. I'm not sure that either Mr Holmes a Court or Mr Bond would be more satisfying to work for than the current proprietors.

PLAYBOY: While you deny you are a crusading editor you've become celebrated as a crusader through David Williamson's play *Sons Of Cain*.

TOOHEY: [*laughing*] That's not about me. . . it's about *The Age* editor Creighton Burns. His highly tasteful dress is the giveaway.

PLAYBOY: Right, let's get back to the really important stuff. What about the skeletons in Brian Toohey's closet?

TOOHEY: What sort?

PLAYBOY: Oh, the allegations that you're a bad drunk, a boor, a womaniser. Who are you to throw stones at anybody?

TOOHEY: People can think whatever they like of me.

PLAYBOY: It has also been said that you have a very thick skin.

TOOHEY: They can think what they like.

PLAYBOY: You really don't care?

TOOHEY: I stand by what I write and I want to be judged as a journalist by what I write and over the years I've written a number of things which I think stand up quite well.

PLAYBOY: How would you sum up the value of your work?

TOOHEY: I would hope I have gone some way to giving people a better understanding of how this country works.

PLAYBOY: How do you want to be remembered?

TOOHEY: [*smiling*] I don't expect to be remembered.

PLOT
AUSTRALIA

SEX NEWS

Our sex advisers bring you the latest sex news and views.

I am unsettled by the recent behavior of my girlfriend. I have a personal computer system with speech-synthesis capability. She enjoys having me program the machine to emit sensuous and very explicit sexual words and phrases while we make love. She gets very turned on by the computer's erotic talk and we have fantastic sex, but I'm afraid that she may have a mental hang-up about the computer. When we make love without the synthetic erotic speech, she doesn't seem to have much desire for or interest in the sex act. I'm very worried about her mental health and would like to know whether or not I should persuade her to seek professional help. What should I do?

— M.P., SA.

Is that a floppy disk in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me? Using a computer to complete a *menage a trois* is a little too Orwellian for our tastes. Man is, indeed, being replaced, byte by byte. Sorry. If your lady can't get turned on when you supply the vocals, it may just be time to pack it in. Next time, think twice before setting up a threesome with the first thing that comes along.

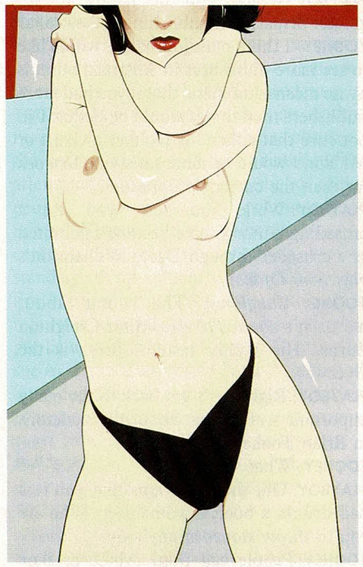
For five years I have been living with Steve, a 44-year-old guy. I am 33 and I am always the one who wants to make love. After the first few months of courtship (when Steve used to want to make love twice a day), he is now quite content with once or twice a week but I still feel like making love every day. This is a real problem because I get very tense, depressed and angry with him.

It seems that there is always something more important to do. Steve considers the day is for working, looking at TV, newspapers, going to the beach but certainly not to make love. He rarely touches me or displays tenderness apart from five minutes before sex, and lovemaking rarely lasts more than a quarter of an hour after which he snores (if it is at night) or jumps out of bed. If I complain of the infrequency or quickness of our lovemaking he gets angry, says I'm demanding or tells me there is something wrong with me. I am really frustrated and all the discussions I have initiated about sex seem to have no lasting effect.

— S.W., Tas.

Your problem is all too common. There is considerable variation between people in their sexual needs and it isn't easy finding someone who has a compatible level of libido. We all experience ups and downs and unfortunately many women start to hit their sexual peaks later in life at a time when the male may be experiencing pressures which are depressing his libido. Without knowing more about Steve's previous relationships, it is hard to know whether he always finds he has difficulty maintaining sexual enthusiasm in long-term relationships or whether there may be specific aspects of your relationship causing him to lose interest.

It may also be that he's threatened by your continuing enthusiasm and is frightened that he will not be able to keep up with you. The male who accuses a woman of being too demanding is often experiencing a crisis in terms of his own sexual confidence. His reaction to his feelings of vulnerability is to blame the woman. It certainly sounds as if Steve has difficulty expressing his feelings and needs help in learning to communicate what is causing him to shut off sexually.



It may be that he simply has a lower libido than you and you will need to compromise in terms of the actual frequency of intercourse you both prefer. But more important are the displays of intimacy and tenderness which are missing from your relationship. Steve needs to be taught how important these things are in maintaining a good relationship, particularly in the long term. A counsellor will be able to help the two of you discuss these issues more openly and we hope you will be able to persuade him to accompany you for counselling.

While watching a film one night, a male friend and I got into an argument. He insists that all *women really enjoy being roughed up while being made love to and that being raped is our number one wish. I, being a sensible 34-year-old woman, feel that he has gotten this strange idea either from slimy magazines or from God only knows where. For more than 11 years, this man has been a kind, gentle and considerate companion and lover; but all of a sudden, he believes that I will be more aroused if he slings me around and causes me a lot of physical pain.* Wrong! *I do have fantasies about having him be assertive, but there is a great difference to me between wanting that and wanting to be raped. God, but men must think we are the dumbest things on this earth if they believe what they see in sick magazines and smut films. I feel that if you have a satisfactory sex life while being gentle and loving, you shouldn't spoil it by trying to push someone into a situation that is not appealing or satisfying to her. Everyone is an individual and has his or her own needs and desires, but please make it known that not all the same things work for all the people all the time.*

— P.K., NSW.

Tell your boyfriend what you've told us. Ask him where he got this notion. If he doesn't understand your point, find a new boyfriend.

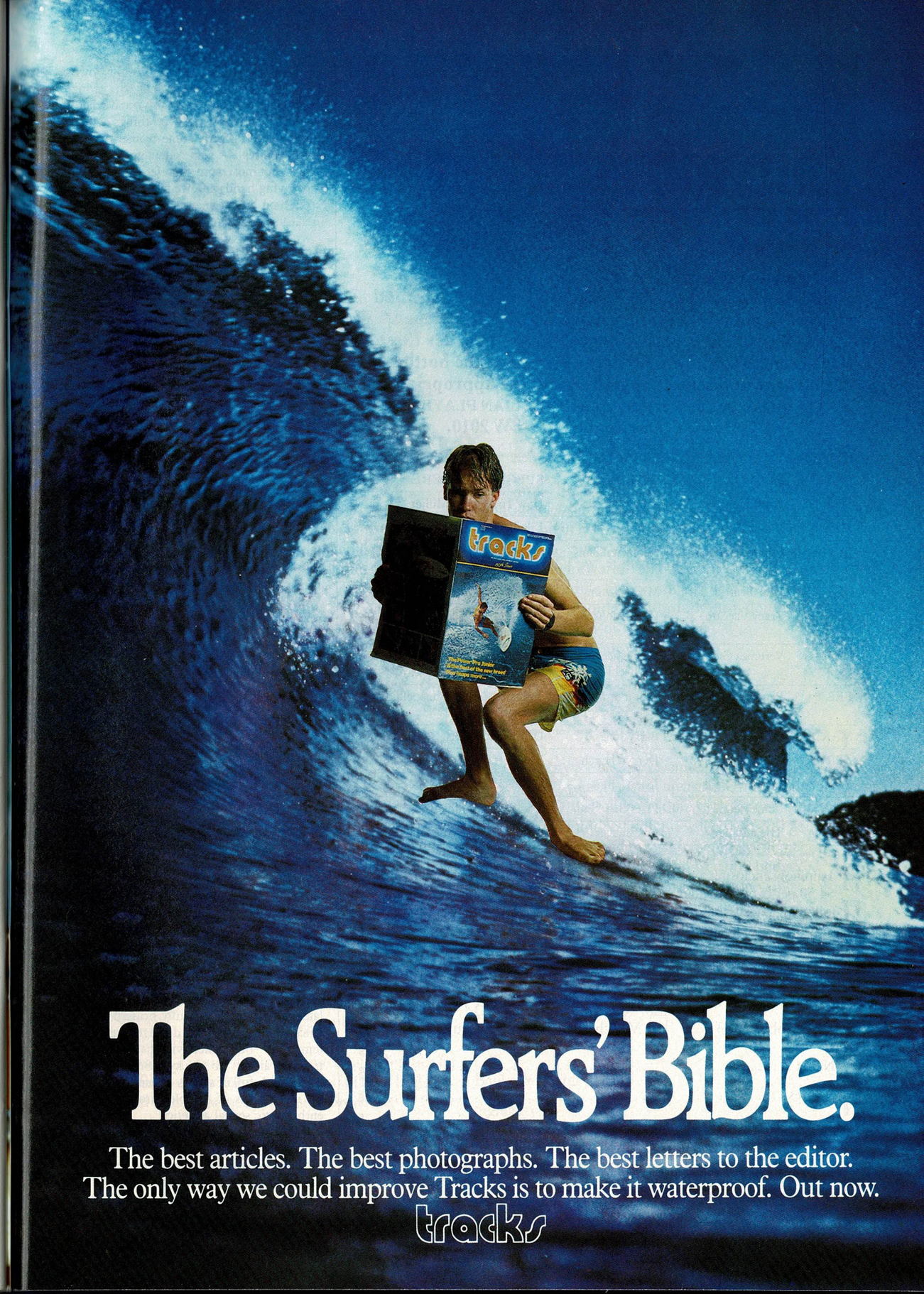
When I'm with a special female and we make love, my foreplay and even actual sex don't last too long. I just can't seem to be able to slow things down. I'm not too experienced in this matter. The last time I was with a female it was a total loss on my behalf because I think I didn't give her enough enjoyment and I am quite worried about it.

I also find that most females go for large penises which mine isn't and I'm worried about it. I would like to be able to control myself as one female called me a one-stroke wonder and I'd like to get this rectified. If you could help me in any way I would be very grateful.

— N.A., Qld.

There are some wonderful rejoinders to that cruel "one-stroke wonder" remark, but at the time understandably you were just too devastated to do anything but slink away. But as for the rest of the guys who find women tease them when they do come quickly, simply point out that it's pretty hard to control yourself when presented with such irresistible attraction and challenge her to use her powers to rev you up a second time so you can then approach matters more calmly.

You'll have to master your fear of being a "total loss". Your ladies don't seem to be doing much to help. It is up to your partners to show you what they need, rather than leaving you floundering around wondering if you are doing the right thing. Try to find a relationship where you can start to talk honestly about what you both enjoy, where


tracks
The Surfers' Bible.
The best articles. The best photographs. The best letters to the editor.
The only way we could improve Tracks is to make it waterproof. Out now.
tracks

BACK ISSUES
DID YOU MISS ANY? CHECK THE LIST BELOW

Need just one or two back issues to complete your collection of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY? We have a limited stock of each of the issues listed below at $4.50 each, including packing and postage. It's easy to order these back numbers. Simply fill in the coupon at the bottom of the page and send it, together with the appropriate cheque or money order, to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.

ISSUE	PLAYMATE	INTERVIEW	SPECIAL FEATURE
MAR '82	Lynn Eason	Alby Mangels	How To Make A Million
MAY '82	Lynda Rhys Vaughan	Billy Joel	Lynda Stoner, Barbara Carrera
JAN '83	Charlotte Kemp	Robin Williams	Dick Roughsey, TV News and the Ratings War
OCT '83	Joan-Beatrice Tichy	Mike Gibson	Why ASIO Doesn't Work
DEC '83	Tracy Vaccaro	David Hookes	Shooting The Sandinista, Playmate Tour Of Australia.
JAN '84	Veronica Gamba	Mr Justice Michael Kirby	Joan Collins, Orson Welles
FEB '84	Penny Baker	John Farnham	Muhammad Ali, Chappelli on Cricket Tactics
MAR '84	Grace Parr	Barry Jones	Oz Film Finances, Sylvia Kristel
APR '84	Dona Speir	Derryn Hinch	The Betrayal of John Lennon
MAY '84	Margaret Bailey	Joan Collins	Guide To Bribery
JUN '84	Conie Pound	Peter Brock	The Decline of the Kennedys
JUL '84	Tricia Lange	Ian Sinclair	Sex Therapy in Australia

I am now enclosing a cheque for $..... representing payment at $4.50 per copy made out to AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY. Please send me the following back issues of AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY.

☐ March 1982 ☐ December 1983 ☐ April 1984
☐ May 1982 ☐ January 1984 ☐ May 1984
☐ January 1983 ☐ February 1984 ☐ June 1984
☐ October 1983 ☐ March 1984 ☐ July 1984

Name .....

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Mail coupon to Circulation Department, AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010.
Offer open to Australian residents only.

your lady can help you learn to slow down (it takes practice and a relaxed, loving relationship to learn to do this), and where you can stop stewing over things which don't matter. (Sure, some women go for large penises — some men go for large boobs, but most women prefer warm hearts and loving hands and we leave those types fixated on bits of anatomy to indulge their fantasies elsewhere.

I have heard little about cancers and other male genital disorders due to the male/female information imbalance, and I think you provide a terrific service to help lessen the gap. Much has been written, for example, about female breast cancer and self-examination and it is an uncommon female who is not informed.

I'd like to know more about this topic. May I suggest that you include it in the Sex column. Please consider it, as I am sure most Australian males would find it very informative.

— J.K., WA.

There was a wealth of advice on male health in the August '85 Australian PLAYBOY sex column. It's encouraging to see more and more men appreciating this magazine's continuing efforts to correct the imbalance between the vast amount of sex information addressed to women and the meagre portions aimed at the Aussie male. We'll keep you posted when any further sexual news breaks.

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT

It was the shock that did it. There they were, going at it hammer and tongs, swept away by passion and enthusiasm. Then, all of a sudden, he was aware of this weight on his back, small arms clinging around his neck and an excited cry, "Giddy-up Daddy".

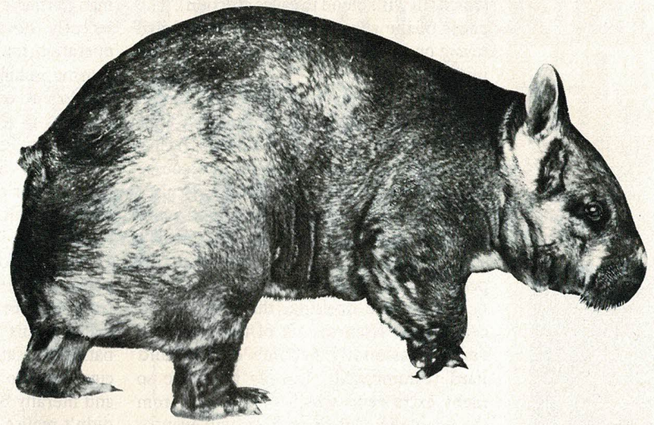
It was their little boy who, having wandered into his parents' bedroom in the middle of the night, was delighted to discover them playing horsie and was only too keen to join in.

Daddy couldn't cope and in his haste to disentangle himself from the toddler on top and Mummy underneath, everyone rolled off the bed, landing with a thump on the floor and with Daddy's penis caught somewhere in between, painfully bent into the most extraordinary angle.

It's a true story, from the files of a Sydney sex therapist who was called in some time later to examine a painfully bruised penis. Luckily this time the damage was only temporary but other victims of penile trauma aren't so lucky. Sex therapy literature is full of stories of penises ending up in all sorts of trouble through overly enthusiastic sexual athletics.

Swinging from chandeliers is all very well — just take care not to fall off! There are even cases of sadistic women who vent their spleen on the male organ. The same Sydney sex therapist was once forced to organise a penile implant (an artificial "splint"

This is the hairy-nosed wombat.



Take a long, last look,

The hairy-nosed wombat is one of the most endangered mammals in the world.

As yet, we don't know why.

Even the populations living in national parks need special protection. And numbers continue to remain alarmingly low.

Saving this wombat is one of the 88 projects World Wildlife Fund Australia has adopted. It is one of 18 still awaiting funding. Won't you help?

Australia has been the home for unique plant and animal species for millions of years. Man has destroyed many of them in less than two centuries. Their loss is immeasurable. Such is the delicate balance of nature.

You can help World Wildlife Fund Australia save our endangered wildlife by becoming a WWF Australia member, by spreading the word, by cash donation, or by bequeathing money or life insurance.

Please support our work.

or fill in this coupon.

To: World Wildlife Fund Australia,
Level 17 St Martins Tower,
Sydney, NSW 2000,
GPO Box 528,
SYDNEY NSW 2001.
Telephone: (02) 29 7572.

Yes! I want to help World Wildlife Fund Australia to save our endangered wildlife.

Tick boxes where applicable:

Yes! ☐ I want to become an Annual Supporter for $25.00 which entitles me to receive a Panda Lapel Badge, Certificate of Support, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure and quarterly newsletters.

Yes! ☐ I would like to become a Life Member for $1,000.00 and receive a Gold Panda Lapel Badge, Annual Conservation Programme Brochure, quarterly newsletters and invitations to functions organised by World Wildlife Fund Australia.

Yes! ☐ I would like to donate $ _____ to World Wildlife Fund Australia to help conserve Australia's endangered plants and animals.

Yes! ☐ I would like to enrol a young Australian as a member of the Australian Wildlife Club for one year. I understand this will cost $5.00 per year and the Club member will receive a Certificate of Membership and Receipt, badge, sticker, poster, an Earth Watch Programme T.V. Storyboard and the Club's quarterly newsletter. Recommended age group: (3yrs – 16yrs).

Please find attached a cheque made payable to World Wildlife Fund Australia for the amount of $ _____

Or charge my Bankcard with $ _____

☐☐☐ ☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐☐

Bankcard Expiry Date __ / __ / 19__

Signature: _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____ Postcode: _____

51 Ogilvy MWW 0045.

NEXT MONTH

BREATH OF FRESH AIR: SYDNEY'S RAUNCHY RENE STEPHENS IS A COUNTRY GIRL AT HEART.

COMING THE RAW PRAWN: HOW AN AUSSIE TRAWLERMAN TOOK ON THE MIGHT OF THE RUSSIAN MERCHANT FLEET AND WON.

JOCKEYS: FOR EVERY PETER COOK THERE ARE A HUNDRED LITTLE MEN JUST GETTING BY.

THE FALL GIRLS: A NO-HOLDS-BARRED ENCOUNTER WITH AUSTRALIA'S TOP WOMEN WRESTLERS.

LANG HANCOCK: A PROBING PROFILE OF THE RICHEST MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

surgically inserted to provide a permanent erection) for a man who had ruptured his corpora (the spongy bodies inside the penis which fill with blood to cause erection). The cause of the rupture? His lady friend had *swung* on his penis! (Don't ask how — the mind boggles!)

Luckily the penis is a resilient organ which suffers a great deal of normal wear and tear without permanent damage. It isn't unusual for extremely vigorous intercourse to cause the odd spot of bruising. Bruises can be painful and frightening, and more than one male has turned up at a doctor's surgery worried that he has broken his penis.

With severe bruising, the veins which carry blood from the tip of the penis can very occasionally become clotted and hard (thrombosed). Luckily there are so many extra veins which drain blood from the penis that this thrombosis will eventually go away of its own accord, but may take a painful six to 12 weeks to totally clear up.

Another, even more rare, condition which can sometimes be associated with prolonged, vigorous intercourse is *priapism*, the erection which will not go away. Sounds terrific, doesn't it? Well, at first it may seem like God's gift but in fact the engorged, painful erection associated with priapism can last for hours, even days, and may require surgical intervention to help it go down.

So it's not nearly as much fun as it first sounds.

Priapism isn't always associated with prolonged stimulation. Sometimes the painful, everlasting erection is caused by a disease such as sickle cell anaemia or leukemia and sometimes there is no apparent cause. The spongy bodies of the penis fill with tremendous pressure but without any of the drainage that normally occurs during an erection; the penis just keeps filling with blood and becomes super engorged.

If it is not treated promptly, the non-circulating blood may gradually scar, causing permanent damage to the internal architecture of the penis and leaving the man permanently impotent. Surgeons have recently developed a simple emergency operation for draining the blocked blood, causing immediate relief from pain and no permanent damage to the penis. So the lesson is to seek help quickly if your penis doesn't notice when the action is over.

Such tales are extremely rare and most of the time our equipment serves us very well through even the most enthusiastic adventures.

But consider this tale of perils of the penis. It's a true story of a 54-year-old man from San Francisco who, after having a drink at his friendly bar, went into the bathroom, sat on the toilet, then flicked his cigarette into the bowl. The toilet exploded and literally blew him off the seat. What he didn't realise was that earlier a young man had been cleaning out the gas tank of his motor cycle and had emptied the dirty gasoline into the toilet!

MAN/WOMAN OF THE YEAR

A French doctor has announced that he gave himself/herself a sex change, alone, in a six and a half hour operation using local anaesthetic. Until recently, sex change operations were not legally available in France so the doctor decided to do his/her own job. Trans-sexual Danielle Kretschmar, 58, who fathered four children as a man, cut off his willy and implanted an artificial vagina which apparently came from Holland. And that raises a whole set of intriguing new questions because somewhere in Holland there's a shop selling fake fannies and it could be on the verge of the biggest mail-order bonanza in history!

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to: Sex Adviser, c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We welcome inquiries but regret we can't always reply to each reader.

(continued from page 75)

SPFX-THE ANSWERS

1. (b) Glass paintings (literally, paintings on glass plates) can be made to look so lifelike that an audience believes the image is real scenery.
2. (c) A real man was in that marshmallow suit.
3. (b) First, actors were filmed sword fighting without opponents (a heavily choreographed sequence). Later, stopmotion genius Ray Harryhausen filmed miniature skeletons one frame at a time to coincide with the actors' moves.
4. (b) Bursts of white paint filmed in a water tank.
5. (b) Glycerine, a syrupy substance, proved most convincing as hot lava.
6. (d) Combinations of (a), (b) and (c) were used during the apparition scenes.
7. (a) Stopmotion was unnecessary because of the effectiveness of the three other techniques. The process referred to in (b) is introvision.
8. (b) The squid was 30 feet long and required up to 40 operators per take.
9. (c) After mechanically controlled hands were found to be too clumsy to manoeuvre small objects, Caprice Rothe, a professional mime, was chosen, partly for her slender wrists and long fingers. And while little people in E.T. suits were used for a few scenes, the more subtle hand gestures were handled as described.
10. (d) The incredibly detailed miniature set was built in forced perspective (meaning the buildings in front were scaled larger in size than those in back) and was about 100 feet long. The tallest foreground buildings were about 20 feet high.
11. (c) The heads were operated by remote control. One head made the first half of the alteration and the second head was used for its completion. It is true, however, that Baker played King Kong in some scenes of the remake of that classic movie.
12. a-7, b-3, c-6, d-2, e-1, f-4, g-5.

Did you buy a popular six rather than a V8, only to regret the choice?

Yella Terra has the solution.

When you need power for safe overtaking or fuss-free highway cruising, the lack of those two extra cylinders can really make quite a difference.

However, there's a way to correct the problem for a very modest outlay.

Look to the very basics of extracting more power and efficiency from your engine: cylinder head modification. It's a fact that an improvement of up to 25% more power can be gained.

Yella Terra is a totally remanufactured cylinder head.

Mass produced cylinder heads are mostly underdeveloped – manufacturers are forced to compromise performance, flexibility and economy with low production costs.

Yella Terra is a totally remanufactured head with reshaped combustion chambers and high quality enlarged valves that allows the engine to breathe far more efficiently. A Yella Terra head fitted to a Holden 3.3* litre six, for example, can give you performance on a par with a standard 4.2 litre Holden V8, plus greater fuel economy and reliability. Imagine the results gained by reworking the heads of your Aussie eight – the performance is staggering.

Could turbocharging be the answer?

Turbo technology – both ex-factory and aftermarket – can be a none too pleasant experience in terms of reliability, unless of course, you have the outlay for a Porsche.

Whatever the power improvement approach, cylinder heads are still the most critical factor in extracting more power and efficiency from an engine.

It's far simpler to rework a cylinder head than to install a turbo, and remember maintenance and service remains as standard!

A Yella Terra head can be installed in a day for as little as $400.

Our cylinder heads can be purchased over the counter from around $250 each or from $400 or thereabouts a Yella Terra head can be supplied and installed to any six-cylinder Holden or Ford.**

To further add to the enjoyment, most do-it-yourself types with a good set of tools can, by following the instructions, change over the equipment themselves.

The end result may not embarrass some of the new four cylinder turbocharged supercars but it will give you a far more efficient and satisfying vehicle with its dramatically improved gas flow for better throttle response, increased performance and pulling power.

Where to change over your underdeveloped cylinder head.

Yella Terra changeovers are as close as Perfectune's Melbourne Tuning & Servicing Division, or can be supplied by your local workshop or any parts and accessories centre throughout Australia. Remember, there is really only one genuine Yella Terra – beware of imitations.

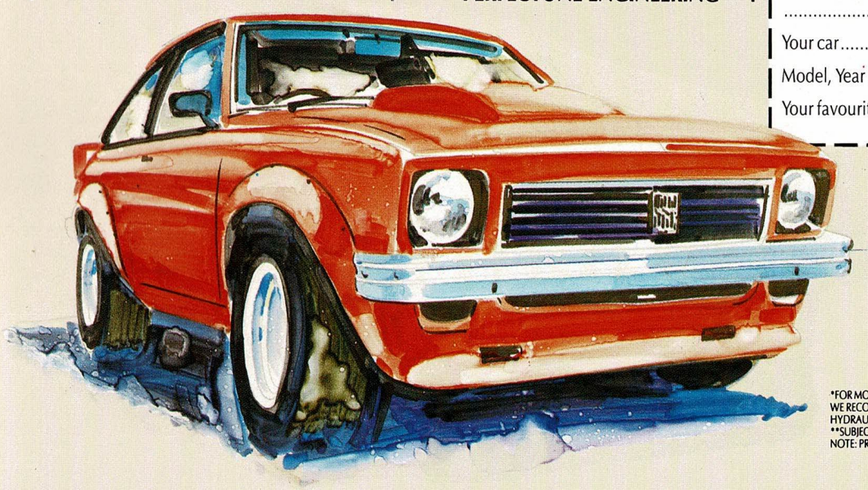
Call now and find out how you can vastly improve the performance of your 6 cylinder Holden or Ford for a remarkably low price, or write for our performance equipment catalogue – it's free!

Yella Terra Cylinder Heads
Perfectune Engineering
273 Wickham Road, Moorabbin, 3189.
Phone (03) 555 5522

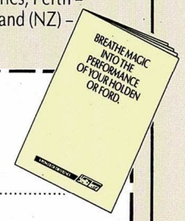
Distributors All States: Repco Auto Parts, Traders Auto Spares. Also available at: Melbourne – E. R. Nason, Sydney – Beverley Hills Performance, Brisbane – G.P. Cars, Adelaide – Aunger Accessories, Perth – Action Performance, Auckland (NZ) – Griffiths Equipment.

A POWER OF DIFFERENCE

Yella Terra
PERFECTUNE ENGINEERING



For your FREE performance catalogue



Name.....

Address.....

..... Postcode .....

Your car.....

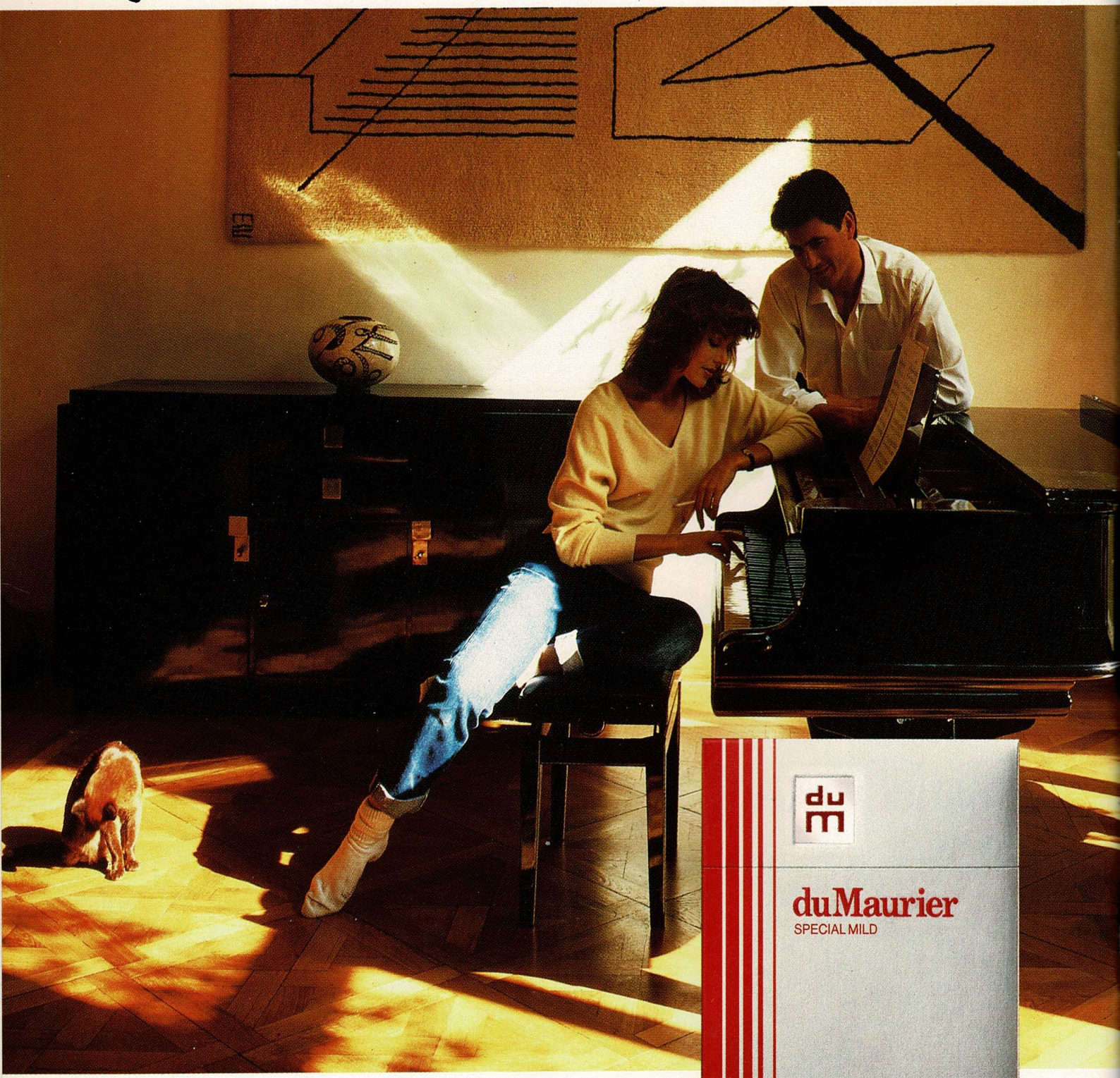
Model, Year .....

Your favourite Magazine .....

YT. LL. BROWN & ASSOC. 1497

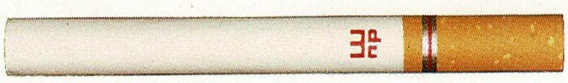
*FOR MODELS MANUFACTURED BETWEEN JULY 1976-1980 WE RECOMMEND ALSO FITTING OUR SPECIALLY DESIGNED HYDRAULIC CAMSHAFT TO ACHIEVE OPTIMUM PERFORMANCE.
**SUBJECT TO AVAILABILITY.
NOTE: PRICES QUOTED MAY BE SUBJECT TO A FREIGHT CHARGE.

We du.



du you du Maurier?

PHD/4819. CC/2170/85.



New du Maurier. Distinctively milder.

Alternative photos from the more explicit NSW/VIC version

The Calypso Queen layout (pages 97-103) replaced by the Taste of Honey layout.

there's still a chance something could go wrong.

"I'm sort of a dilettante, playing at everything. I like to be busy, but I hate being mediocre, so I've got to choose. . . I'm either going to be lousy at everything or I've got to give up some things and concentrate on what I really want to do."

Unfortunately, what Judy really wants to do is everything. She's constantly hunting for new experiences, new people, new roles to play. Somewhere in the dust behind her are two marriages. Adventure doesn't come cheap, but you do learn a lot about yourself along the way.

"Men have told me they find me very intimidating," she says. "I think in order for a man to deal with me, he's got to be very secure."

Acting remains the central love of Judy's life, but in the three years since she left *The Waltons,* she has put it on the back burner in favor of sports, taking only selected roles, mainly in live theatre. "One reason I enjoy theatre more, in a way, than television is the audience. There's that feeling of creating something that holds the attention of people. It's a form of control, a form of power because you are, for that given amount of time, taking these people on a little trip with you. And, if you're good, you hold their interest, you make them believe and care and laugh and cry with you. Then, if it all works, there's a great sense of accomplishment. You did it!"

"To me life is like a game and my whole attitude is geared to what I enjoy. Because if I'm not going to enjoy being here and living this life, then what's the point? If there's no excitement, nothing to look forward to, nothing to achieve, then I don't want to be here."

GEMINI RISING

The stars foretell an exciting future for lovely Yvonne Jaeger.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JURGEN DOMMNICH

Yvonne Jaeger is outgoing, bubbling over with energy and, above all, unpredictable. But then she's a Gemini and all members of that star sign family are pretty hard to keep up with.

Some of Yvonne's energy is channelled into her passion for all things old. On Saturday mornings she gets up early and heads for the flea markets and curio shops near her home. "I love antiques," she enthuses, "but I'm afraid that my flat is beginning to look like a bazaar!"

In the true fashion of double-sided Geminis, Yvonne combines her penchant for old possessions with a love of things that are bright and new. And that includes the future. "I like the idea of looking

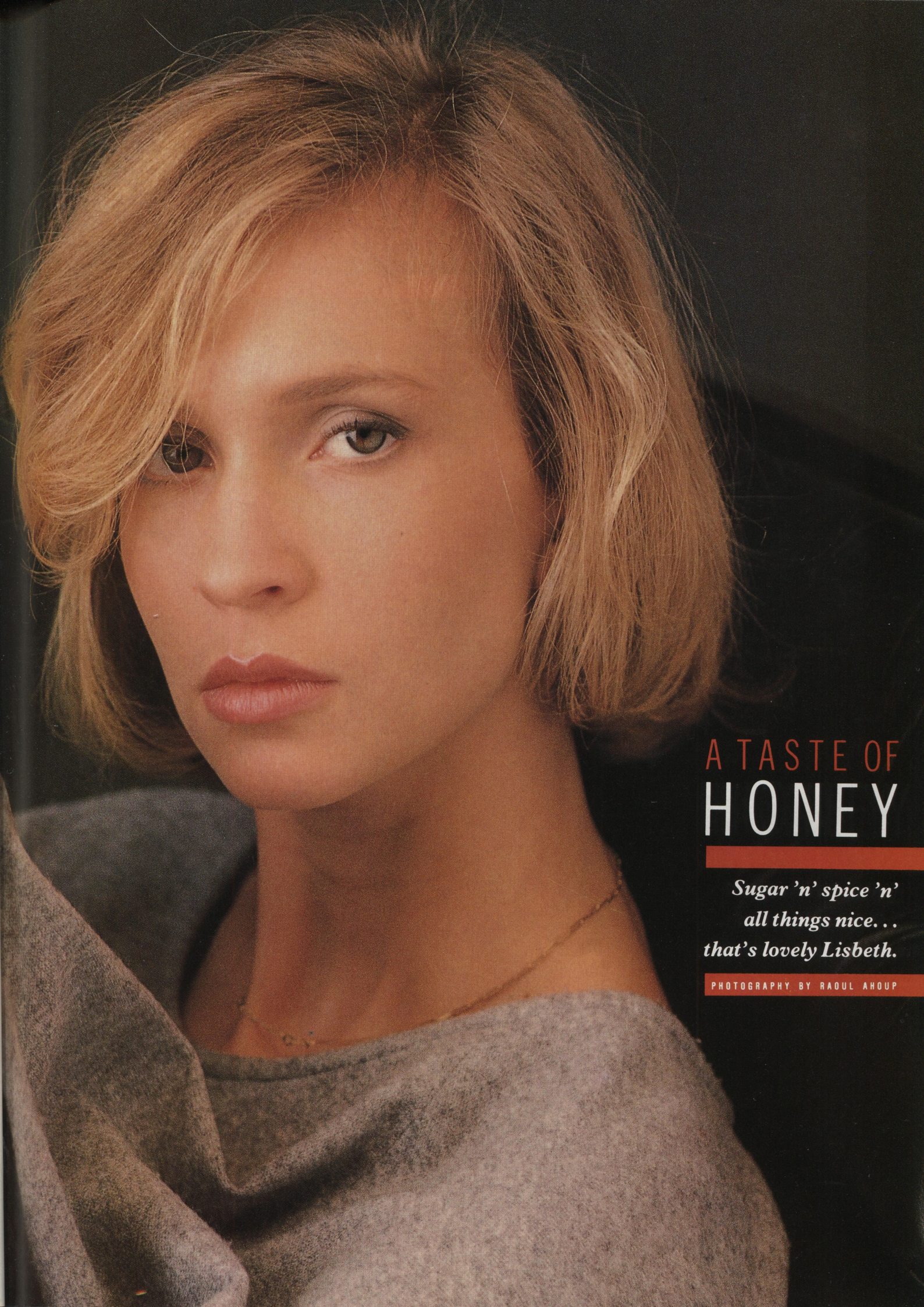
I love the chase involved in getting a man. The thrill of testing my womanly charms to the hilt to see if I can snare him. The more of a challenge he is, the better. If he allows me to get close enough I'll really show him just how much I wanted him.

Sex is very important to me. I look to it for exercise, I look to it for sheer pleasure, but most importantly I look to it for the opportunity it gives me to show my partner just how much I care.

ahead," she says, "and I'm very positive about my future. My stars look very good this year. I know that somewhere out there a special job is waiting for me. It'll be something so mentally stimulating that I'll never want to look for anything else. After three years working as a legal secretary, I've narrowed down my options. I know what I *don't* want to be and that's a glamorised typist. My own antique shop would be terrific!"

Yvonne's obvious assets combined with her fiery determination to succeed make her a formidable lady. Next time you pass by a dusty antique shop, it may just be worth your while to peep inside. . .

I'd like to marry when I'm about 32, that way it'll be for keeps because by then I will have satisfied my curiosity enough to want to settle down. I've always got an eye open for that one special man. There are a few I'm keeping tabs on!



A TASTE OF HONEY

Sugar 'n' spice 'n' all things nice... that's lovely Lisbeth.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RAOUL AHOUP

Honey-blonde Lisbeth is a shy, sweetly spoken girl who loves the great outdoors. "I'm at my most sensual in an open place," she smiles. "I love beaches, fields and lakes. I can really relate to those sorts of places. Atmosphere is very important to me. Couple that atmosphere with the right guy and I become almost uncontrollable! I dream for hours on end about what is and about what could be," muses Lisbeth. "I think it's good to do that. I often find that things that were mere whispers in my mind become solid realities. I like that small amount of control I have over my destiny."

"I detest materialistic people. They're so plastic," says Lisbeth. "I've no time for them. Possessions aren't important to me. As for men, I like them to be sincere, honest and loving."